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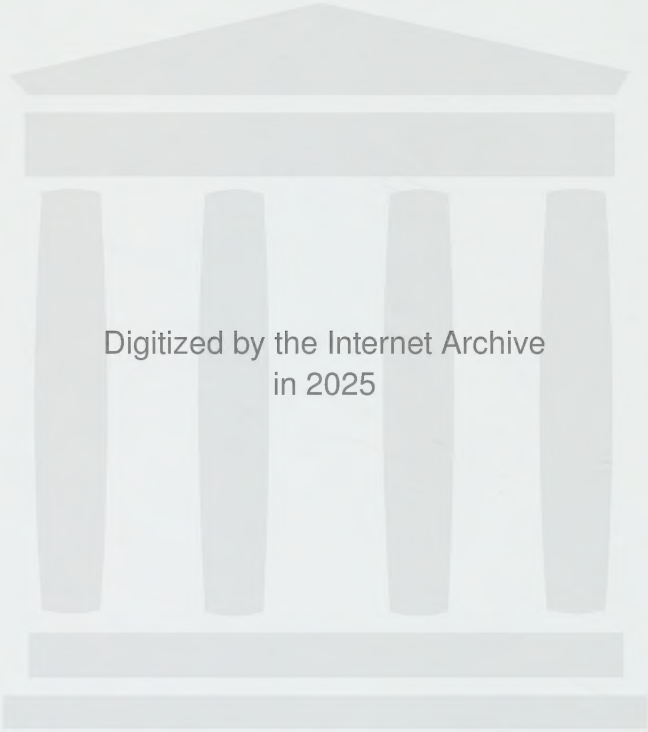
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EGYPTIAN DAYS

BY

PHILIP SANFORD MARDEN

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkl'd lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
The hand that mock'd them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

SHELLEY

PREFACE

THE primary object of this book is to be useful. To that end I have sought to simplify it as much as possible, in the hope of contributing something that might fill a reasonable want. I am aware that the number of existing books on Egypt is large, and it may seem that the addition of yet another involves some temerity on my part. But of such a book as this there has seemed to me to be a very genuine need, owing to the fact that the previously existing works on this subject have sought to tell the traveler too much. Indeed I might almost say that the reason for offering this book is not that there have been hitherto so few volumes about Egypt, but that there have been so many as to prove embarrassing.

What one sees in Egypt is not easy to understand; and yet we all must understand it, at least in part, if the experience is to bring us anything permanently worth while. I have therefore written what follows in the hope that what most of us visit in Egypt may be more readily comprehended, dealing only with the commoner sites in the Nile valley and rigorously excluding all that has seemed likely to confuse rather than clarify. With the same end in view I have included a very brief survey of the ancient history of

the land and of its religious beliefs — doubtless an indiscretion in a layman, but one which seemed to me essential to my general purpose.

I say all this at the outset, not to disarm criticism, but simply to indicate the intended scope of the book. Where the question has been of history or archæology I have frankly drawn on the best authorities I could find; and I trust that I have set down naught which is open to the charge of being without respectable backing.

The photographs and maps are mainly of my own making, supplemented, however, in several cases by admirable photographs courteously loaned me by Mr. Lyneham Crocker of Boston, to whom I have become indebted for many such favors in the preparation of other books of travel.

Let it be understood, then, that I have tried to write a book that shall be helpful to the untutored, — such a book, in short, as I myself should have been glad to discover when I first prepared to set out for Egypt, but for which I sought in vain. The form in which I have cast the chapters on the Upper Nile — the journal of an ordinary voyage by steamer such as is made by many hundred people every year — seems best suited to the scope of the present work.

PHILIP SANFORD MARDEN.

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS,
January 12, 1912.

EGYPTIAN DAYS

PART I

CHAPTER I. SOWAHEEN IN EGYPT

SOWAHEEN — the word, by the way, is Arabic and plural — is the opprobrious term by which tourists are designated in the land of Egypt. I suspect I have taken liberties in the matter of its spelling, but that is the constitutional right, apparently, of all such as write of things Egyptian. Therefore it seems to require no apology. But the fact may serve to call attention at the outset to the great and first difficulty that greets one on the threshold of a work like this, — namely, that of deciding upon any definite system of transliterating Egyptian names and other needful terms; and also to the second difficulty, which is like unto it, — that of adhering to the system once it has been adopted.

A most casual examination of a very few of the existing books, whether historical or archæological, will suffice to reveal the hopelessness of the case. What to one Egyptologist is "Cheops," to another is "Khufu." What one prefers to spell "Hatasu" appeals to another in the more imposing form of "Hatshepsowet." Who shall decide between "Assouan," "Assuan," and "Aswan"? How determine which is the more desirable, "Amenôphis," or "Amenhôtep"? These be but a few of the perplexing instances wherein rival scholars differ in their transcriptions from an ancient language, essentially obscure at best, and possessed of syllabic signs and symbols rather than individual letters. The results are chaotic, and the writer is tempted to consult his own preferences regardless alike of logic and of what others, whether experts or laymen, are going to think of it. The most one may demand in fairness of any author is that at least he stick manfully to one spelling of a given word after once committing himself thereto,—a thing, alas, which many a learned Egyptologist contemptuously refuses to do.

For the purposes of this book, therefore, I propose to adopt whatever spellings of names may seem most convenient to the needs of other "sowaheen" visiting Egypt for the first time in the same case with myself; to wit, unlearned in the archæology of the

land, untutored in the minutiæ of its history, and fairly uncritical of orthography so long as the names employed serve to convey a definite idea of an undoubted personage, place, or period. With which prefatory statement, let me turn for a moment to such introductory remarks on Egyptian travel as may seem likely to be useful to the individual "sowâh."

The vast majority of people who visit Egypt do so, I suppose, because of the intense historic interest of the country and because of the overmastering antiquity of its surviving monuments and mummies. Competent authority now awards to Egypt the honor of being the source and origin of our modern civilization, preferring its claim thereto above the claims of the valley of the Euphrates. A minority go there for serious study of ancient customs and ancient art. Still others seek the valley of the Nile for the purpose of escaping the rigors of a Northern winter or with the design of recovering health which the inclemency of other climates has impaired. All of which brings us by easy stages to a word on the climate of Egypt and to a word of caution as well which may not be amiss.

The impression prevails, and no doubt justly, that Egypt is a notable health resort. Nevertheless it will be well, before we proceed too enthusiastically to embrace the delights of a winter on the Nile, to realize

that Egypt is prone to exact the full penalty of the imprudent. Mild her winters certainly are. Her spring is the most delightful season imaginable. Even the heat of her summer is compensated by the luxury of cool and restful nights. But the fact remains that, however healthful her climate, one is not freed from the necessity of due care; and that the alternations between the heat of high noon and the chill of early evening possess their full share of dangers for the unwary. A climate that calls for tennis flannels at midday and a fur-lined wrap in the evening is often delightful, but one must respect its demands in the way of clothing and conduct. Properly used, Egypt is capable of bearing length of days in her right hand. Imprudently trifled with, she is as inexorable as New England herself. And the greatest danger of the Egyptian climate is, I am convinced, to those robust souls whose bodily vigor and boasted indifference to variations of temperature elsewhere lead them into carelessness in Cairo, or on the upper river.

It is common to refer to the climate of Egypt as rainless, and to all intents and purposes that is true. Like all generalizations, however, it is dangerous. It may rain as hard in Cairo as in any other city of the earth. Showers are not unknown in the interior and sometimes come up with startling suddenness. But

it is still true that rain is very infrequent; and as far as concerns the upper Nile it is fair to say that almost every day may be depended upon to be fine, save for the occasional intervention of the "khamasin," or desert wind, which commonly brings not rain, but clouds of dust and sand. The sand-storm is not the least interesting phenomenon of the country. It may come from either desert — the Libyan, to the south-west, or the Arabian, to the east. In either case it is sure to be a hot wind, and the air is certain to be thick with the flying dust. On the edge of the desert the particles cut like fine snow, and facing the khamasin is anything but a delight. A genuinely hot one produces a curious dryness — so intense that the ink in one's pen is dried before it can be put to paper.

The word "khamasin" — and here again one is choosing one of several spellings and is inserting an initial "k" which has almost no vocal sound at all — means simply "fifty." Mohammedans claim that it is so called because it blows most fiercely during "the Christian fast," or Lent, which they apparently conceive to be about fifty days long. But it is quite capable of blowing at other seasons, and its name may be set down to the fact that it is most to be dreaded in March, at which season it seems to be most oppressive as well as most persistent. The first

genuine khamasin generally suffices to start the tourists homeward from Luxor, and by the end of March the hostelries of the upper Nile resorts are sadly depopulated and, indeed, mainly closed. Nothing more trying than a furious and long-continued dust-storm could well be found in all the traditional plagues of Egypt, but when one has dismissed it from the table of his narration the worst has been said of the country's climate. Let it not be assumed that the khamasin is unduly frequent, or insupportable. On the contrary, it is highly interesting to watch as it sweeps in resistless billows of dust from the river cliffs and whirls across the waters and the narrow plain. It is scarcely more depressing than its blood-brother, the scirocco; and is it not one of the things that one goes out to Egypt "for to see"? Shall we condemn the rose for its thorn?

Travel in Egypt is probably simpler than in any other country on the whole surface of the globe. The reason is that, with the unimportant exception of certain unfrequented oases and the broad open plains of the Delta, Egypt is nothing but an attenuated ribbon of vivid green, winding down for something like a thousand miles through an illimitable and desolate desert, — a ribbon of green which is seldom as much as thirty miles in breadth, and beyond whose edges the ordinary traveler is never called upon to

go. For the tourist, Egypt means simply the immediate borders of the Nile. East and west are eliminated entirely from his problems. He is concerned alone with north and south. With the Delta, despite its marvelous fertility, he will have practically nothing to do. What monuments that portion of Egypt may once have boasted as referring to the ancient civilization have either vanished under the hand of an obelisk-hunting generation or have sunk to oblivion in the accretions of Nile mud.

To be sure, one may make an expedition with camels across the burning sands to the fertile inland district of the Fayum, and a railroad of sorts now serves to convey the curious to the deep-lying oasis of Khargeh, which may yet become a spot of common visitation. But apart from these, the visitor will have practically no alternatives save such as are presented by a limited choice of means in going up the river, and by the determination of what sights he will see and what omit in the long and narrow strip that stretches from Cairo to the Second Cataract. By far the greatest number are content to go no farther south than Assuan, even though thereby one is forced to miss the famous rock-temple of Abu Simbel. On the whole, indeed, that is enough. In the winding valley between the First Cataract and Cairo was enacted the major part of the great drama of our

dawning civilization, and there to-day lies the best of Egypt.

Now the ways of visiting the Nile Valley are chiefly these: One may go from Cairo to Assuan and back by rail; or one may go by various forms of conveyance on the river; or, if desirable, these two modes of travel may be combined. But that completes the list of alternatives. No highroads exist in Egypt, outside the immediate environs of Cairo and one or two of the larger towns, so that automobiles are of no possible service save to the resident urban population. Donkeys, horses, or camels serve only for brief excursions to the east or west of the river. And thus the visitor is left only a broad general choice between rail and water, with a subdivision on the water side in favor of two or three lines of regular steamers, the old-fashioned sailing dahabiyeh, or the specially chartered private steamboat. The last-named is doubtless the most thoroughly comfortable of all, and is by the same token the most expensive. The sailing dahabiyeh is, in theory at least, the most idyllic. The regular tourist steamer — whether it be Cook's or one of the others — is the most commonplace of all, and at the same time the most feasible for the vast majority of people traveling with limited supplies alike of time and money. As for the railroad, while fairly comfortable and well served, it can be

commended only as a means of carriage for those whose stay in Egypt is so deplorably brief as to make all the other means out of the question.

It would, I suppose, be difficult to imagine anything more delightful than a leisurely sail up the Nile in a well-found dahabiyeh. The very idea of it makes one's mouth water. Thus it was that Cleopatra sailed this ancient stream — and the very name of the craft means "golden." Nevertheless I will not conceal from you the fact that the dahabiyeh has its drawbacks. The favoring wind does not always blow. It may be necessary to remain for days tied up at some intermediate point along the way which offers absolutely nothing in the way of inducements to an inland excursion. With a thoroughly congenial party — alas, the very rarest of earth's blessings! — and with an abundance of spare time, this delay might not be unbearable. To those of nervous temperament, however, it is likely to prove wearing. To be sure, long purses may readily command the services of a tug, — but if one is to be towed, it might as well be decided at once to charter a private steamer and be still more the master of one's time. For the great majority the tourist steamer must always remain the popular choice, — and, be it said, the perfectly satisfactory choice. I have small patience with the supercilious disdain which superior

persons see fit to bestow on the common herd who are forced to take their Egypt under the chaperonage of either of the well-appointed steamer companies that now exploit the Nile. For most of us there is no other way — and for the reasonable traveler there is no need of a better.

It would be too much to say that Egyptian travel is not expensive. It is. The journey up the Nile is often referred to as one of the costliest voyages in the world in proportion to its length. Still, it is possible to fix different degrees of expensiveness, and the less costly will hardly be set down, even by those of moderate means, as prohibitive. One may not ask more of a country where living of almost any kind is dear — such living, at least, as that to which the ordinary visitor is accustomed. It is always to be remembered that much of the material necessary to the comfort and convenience of ordinary life, including many kinds of food, must be imported from great distances. Naturally it follows that Egypt is one of the costliest countries in the world in which to live — unless one be content with the meagre fare of the fellâh — and is still more expensive to visit as a transient.

This is atoned for, however, in the simplicity and ease of the journey. A few words of "pidgin" Arabic, easily acquired during a brief stay in Cairo, may

serve for convenience without being in the least essential to one's comfort in a land where English domination suffices to produce a surprisingly widespread use of the English tongue. The coinage of the country is readily mastered, especially by the American, thanks to the similarity in size and value that exists between the piastre with its various multiples and our own five-cent pieces, halves, and quarters. In no other country is the local money so easily translatable into the familiar terms of home. Relieved of that perplexity, and secure in the knowledge that one could no more be lost in Egypt than in a long and narrow corridor, the visitor is likely to suffer from no greater annoyance than that which arises from the flies in late spring and from the insistent begging at all seasons. The latter drawback is reported to be much less bothersome now than it was in the older days; but it is still true that the one Arabic word with which the ear is most often saluted is "backsheesh." Carriages, for the use of which one has little occasion outside of Cairo, are in that city surprisingly reasonable in cost, and efforts at extortion are curtailed by a tariff, published in three languages and placed conspicuously in each vehicle. Personal safety is a question that gives one no concern.

As for seasons, no doubt can exist that the proper

time to see Egypt at its best is "between November and May," as the guidebooks all agree in saying. But it should be added that the visit made later than early February is likely to possess serious drawbacks, due in part to the rapid shoaling of the Nile, which militates against navigation, and in part to the increasing probability of severe sand-storms which are so common in the month of March. Moreover the heat begins early in Upper Egypt, and with the heat come the most annoying of Egypt's lesser plagues, — the flies. A fly-whisk, such as may be had at any corner, becomes as imperative as a hat — which brings us to the one remaining topic of which it may be well to speak in this connection.

Probably no country frequented by travel creates more discussion among prospective visitors as to what preparations one should make than does Egypt. There is such a formidable impression made by the mysterious name of that ancient realm, there is so much that must be read, there are so many theories as to what it is absolutely essential to wear! And yet, apart from the reading, the safe rule is doubtless the one which any old traveler would give for visiting any other country; to wit, go to Egypt just as you would go anywhere else, guided by your native common sense. Unless you venture into Egypt later than March, it is not likely to be a tropical climate. Hel-

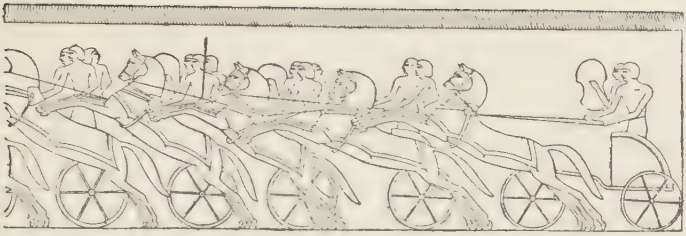
mets and "puggarees," while picturesque, are by no means essential to perfect comfort, and if worn in winter are the shameless insignia of the guileless tourist. Warm clothes are as necessary as light ones, and on the Nile steamers, as well as in most eligible hotels, all the world "dresses for dinner." Something suited to wear on donkey-back through the dust is certainly required, and if it be a riding-costume especially designed for the purpose, the effect is naturally smarter than when one takes along simply an old suit that has seen better days. The majority are content with the latter. Be prepared, in short, for a warm day, a cold night, a fashionable hotel, and a very dusty road.

Comfort demands that the hat be capable of being secured against blowing off in the gales that occasionally blow; and it is a decided convenience to have a pair of spectacles — slightly colored — with covered sides to keep the dust and sand out of the eyes. These may be procured, of course, in Cairo, where any reliable apothecary will also supply a small bottle of soothing lotion for the eyes, a thing which those familiar with the shifting sands of Egypt always insist strongly upon as a very wise precaution.

As a general rule, one may most safely avoid the water of the country as a beverage — chiefly, however, in Cairo. Away from the haunts of men the Nile

water, properly filtered as it is on all reliable steamers and in frequented hotels, is vouched for as not only harmless but excellent. Much depends on the filter, and on personal moderation. The ordinary method of filtration is to permit the water to drip slowly through the bottom of a huge porous jar, which process cools as well as purifies. Native cows' milk is only safe when properly boiled, and the safest butter is that which is imported.

These details are set down here simply because they seem to me to answer the more common and universal queries of those who contemplate visiting Egypt for the first time. Having disposed of these, we may turn with lighter hearts to something vastly more interesting, to wit, to Egypt itself, its history, its curious characteristics, its extraordinary river, and the multitude of things that are to be seen along the latter's shores.



CHAPTER II. MODERN EGYPT

IT is not without reason that the world is prone to think of Egypt as a sort of British possession. British influence in that country is certainly paramount. But it has to be remembered that Egypt is really a tributary of Turkey, paying annually something like $3,000,000 to the Porte; and that a certain degree of autonomy, more apparent than real, is maintained on the spot under the government of the Khedive and his council of state. Nevertheless England, in spite of her disclaimers of actual suzerainty, virtually protects the country, and to some extent rules it, inasmuch as her resident "agent" has certain ultimate powers over the official acts of the Khedive's ministers, and doubtless might, if an issue were ever to be forced, compel the resignation of such ministers as did not readily coincide with British policy. The common assumption that Egypt is a form of British colony, while inexact and vigorously

repudiated by the home government, has rather more basis in fact than is officially admitted.

The British supremacy in Egypt dates as a practical matter from 1882; and the *status quo* received a decided confirmation in 1904 when, by the Anglo-French agreement, it was stipulated, on the one hand, that England would not seek further to alter the political condition of the Egyptians, and on the other, that France would not obstruct, either by demanding a time-limit or otherwise, the progress of the work which England was already doing in the country.

To define exactly the status of Great Britain in her relations with Egypt puzzles the British, apparently, almost as much as it puzzles others to understand the definition. England has on the spot a civil representative called the "British Agent," who is ostensibly no more than an envoy extraordinary such as any country maintains at a foreign court. She maintains an army of occupation which seems more likely to be increased than diminished, under the direction of the Sirdar. There is also an Egyptian army, largely under English direction. Thus the government both civil and military, while outwardly autonomous, is administered under the oversight of Great Britain; and in many ways the situation resembles in its anomalies the situation of the United States in the Philippines.

Extension of autonomy, if it were possible, would presumably not be regarded as an alteration of the political condition of the people against the intent and meaning of the Anglo-French convention. But as it happens it is presently impossible, as the late Sir Eldon Gorst intimated in his last official report to his home government. Indeed, it seems probable that such measure of local self-government as now exists, though small and almost purely nominal, tends to hinder rather than advance the welfare of the country. The truth is that the present Egyptian people, both Mohammedan and Coptic, are by education and temperament unfit to administer a government of their own. And it is in the conflict between Copt and Moslem that most of the current unrest under British guidance arises. The Copts are the Christian Egyptians, and they appear to have imagined that when the Christian English came into virtual control the Coptic element would receive a decided preference in the matter of administration. No such result has followed, however, and the natural antipathy between these immiscible elements in the population has thus tended to increase, making the task of the British overseers the more difficult. Nationalist agitation seems at this writing to be on the increase, making it necessary now and then to deal with the seditious journalists of the country

with what in other lands would pass for a high hand.

The great obstacle in the way of self-government is the prevailing illiteracy, despite the efforts to extend and make comprehensive the school system. Sir Eldon Gorst, in 1911, was obliged to report that in a total population of over 11,000,000 persons, only about 600,000 — mainly Copts — could read and write. It is clear, therefore, that the average native council must for a long time to come be representative of a very small portion of the Egyptian public, — chiefly of the pashas, or wealthier class, — and may be depended upon in consequence to lend itself very easily to class agitations and schemes. No one can say how much longer the English occupation will endure, least of all, the English. But that it must endure for a very appreciable period is certain, and even then its withdrawal would probably mean nothing more than the substitution of some other alien hand. Ever since the decline of the Ramessids, ages and ages ago, Egypt has been ruled by governors from abroad.

It so happens that the British domination of the country has been of incalculable benefit, more so than has ever been true of the previous overlords from beyond seas. The abolition of slavery, the reduction of taxes, and above all the certainty that taxes will

not be collected twice and thrice over from the ignorant, the general improvement in agriculture, and the removal of the countless miseries that prevailed under the Turks, have worked almost incredible changes for the better. Unquestionably the civil service is redundant in spots, and is overmanned as most bureaucracies are apt to be. But in the main it is highly efficient and is justified a thousand times over by its works.

The one shortcoming appears to be that produced by the awkwardness of England's position. She has what odium always attaches to the name of a foreign despot without a foreign despot's power to convey the fullest measure of benefit. It seems probable that she could have done much more for Egypt if she had been able or willing to take an entirely free hand. And there are not wanting able advocates of the policy that Great Britain should step more into the open, as the part dictated both by the needs of Egypt and by the demands of sincerity and candor.

Opinions differ seriously as to whether the late Sir Eldon Gorst carried out with success the policies of the earlier and greater Lord Cromer, but probably the weight of public judgment is that he did not. What will happen under his successor is an interesting problem which the world is destined to watch with acuteness. Predictions are common that a stronger

hand will be maintained than formerly, and many will not be sorry to have it so.

The Egypt of to-day is in no wise to be compared with the Egypt of fifty years ago. Her house has been set in order. Her people have been helped to an immensely better condition. Crops have been not merely doubled or trebled, but quadrupled and more. A greater diversity of products has been secured, notably including cotton. Lands have appreciated enormously in value, owing to the change in the method of irrigation, and many Egyptians have grown suddenly rich. Railroads have been extended, electricity and steam power have been introduced more widely, cities have been cleaned and made sanitary. But it is not the Egyptian who has done this. It is the English.

Most impressive of all the public works is unquestionably that by which the irrigation of the Nile Valley has been regulated and reformed. Everybody since the days of Herodotus has recognized that Egypt is the "gift of the Nile," but it has taken a very modern generation to realize to what extent the gift could be amplified. The river, which once merely overflowed the entire country and then retreated, leaving behind a sediment of rich loam, has been harnessed and controlled. Irrigation is rapidly becoming perennial instead of purely seasonal. The

most casual visitor will probably see at least three of the great "barrages" which now span the Nile and assist in the regulation of its flowage, and will note their arrangement of gates and sluices by means of which the water, at other than flood seasons, is held back and distributed gradually through the dry months to the country below. Much speculation was indulged in when the Nile dams were first projected as to whether the water, when thus held back, would precipitate the life-giving mud and thus lose a large measure of its value. These fears have not been realized, mainly because the mud-bearing water, which comes with the earlier floods of the summer, is not held back, but is allowed to rush through the sluices without impediment. Later when the river is falling the dams are gradually closed and enough of the clearer water retained for subsequent irrigation — this time rather for keeping the muddy ground moist than for adding to the depth of the cultivable soil.

The great flood, which extends roughly from late July to the end of October, still inundates considerable tracts of territory, leaving the inland villages on their scattered hillocks virtual islands in a thousand-mile lake. But with the process of time the old-fashioned basin irrigation is disappearing and with it much of the picturesqueness of the fields. Never-

theless the country still has its dikes, or "gisr," and its basins, or "hoads," as of yore, despite the steady increase of what is known as "safiyeh," or summer, irrigation. Even under the old systems, two or three crops a year were possible, and it is sometimes stated by enthusiastic natives that they have garnered five crops under the new system from the same land. Certainly crops arrive at maturity with amazing swiftness, out of the mud and under the unclouded sun of Egypt, aided by the miracle of the water constantly lifted from the falling river by the primitive machinery which still survives the persistent advance of civilization.

The latter machinery deserves a word as among the most picturesque remnants of old Egypt. As the Nile drops, leaving its banks eighteen or twenty feet above the level of the stream, it becomes necessary to raise the water by the use of power to the channels which convey it through the meadows for the sustenance of the growing crops. This is done in two ways — by the use of huge water-wheels carrying chaplets of earthen jars and moved by a patiently plodding beast on the bank above, or by the employment of a series of well-sweeps worked by human hands. The former, an illustration of which is given here, is locally known as the "sakiyeh"; the latter and decidedly the more common in Upper Egypt, is

SAKIYEH DRIVEN BY A CAMEL

called the "shadouf." I have not been fortunate in securing photographs of shadoufs in operation, but one will be seen sharply outlined against the sky in one of the illustrations of the pyramids. The system, however, is very simple. The machine consists of a short and stubby well-sweep, one end of which is weighted with a great lump of dried mud, while the other end bears a long pole to which is affixed a leathern bucket. The operator draws the bucket down, fills it in the river, and allows the weight of the mud-balance to raise the water to a depression in the earth above, forming a little pool from which the next shadouf higher up the face of the bank may pass it on to still another — and so on until it reaches the top. In the lower stages of the river, four or even five shadoufs may be necessary to complete the lifting.

These continue to be very common despite the invasion of steam pumps, which has dotted the landscape with incongruous chimneys here and there along the Nile. Their operation is laborious, but doubtless very cheap; and the ancient sculptures reveal little or no change in the process since the days of Abraham. The erection of the barrages has not operated to reduce their numbers, although it has enabled the more equal distribution of the water to be lifted.

It is true that a price must be paid in something besides money for the present increase in Egypt's prosperity. The erection of the dam at Assuan, for example, while it has already added to the productive territory of Egypt an area not far from the size of Rhode Island, has seriously impaired the store of priceless antiquities that form a most important asset of the country. It is now proposed to add fifteen feet more to the height of this barrage, which will probably mean the final destruction of the temples at Philæ, already sadly damaged and flooded, to say nothing of other classic soil which as yet has been imperfectly or not at all explored.

Against this, much as one may regret the fact, it is useless to inveigh. Able critics have roundly berated the commercial spirit which has laid such a violent hand on the choicest of all the Nile treasures, but it is all to no purpose. The modern world simply cannot be asked to halt for the world of the long ago. And while the further inundation of Upper Egypt doubtless shuts in our faces a door that was just giving a glimpse of much that was unknown of the remote past, the demands of living humanity must inevitably outweigh every such consideration. The task of reclaiming deserts seems to appeal with uncommon insistence to our present generation — far more so than the task of unraveling tangled threads

of ancient history, especially in any case where the latter labor would exclude or long delay the former.

Meantime the work of excavating in the regions soon to become untenable goes on with almost feverish vigor, as fast as funds can be secured to prosecute it. The need of haste tinctures every appeal for aid, and it is fitting that it should.

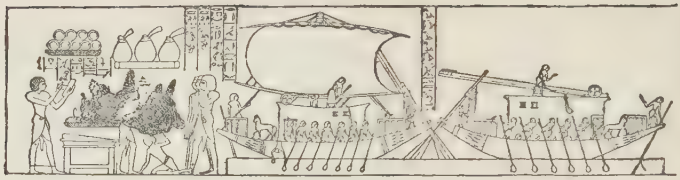
It remains to say a word of the Egyptian people themselves. I have already mentioned the two main divisions of the population into the Copts and Moslems—which simply means the Christian Egyptians and the followers of Mohammed. These are likely to be spoken of as two distinct races, whereas they are actually one. The Copts early embraced Christianity under the preaching of St. Mark at Alexandria and their present name is merely a corruption of the Greek word for Egyptian. Racially they are blood-brothers of the Mohammedan so far as the latter is Egyptian at all. One must bear in mind, however, that the Moslem population has been recruited by additions from the direction of Nubia and beyond, and at the present time contains a considerable admixture of what is loosely called "Arab," or "Berber" stock. Berber, by the way, and more especially the plural, Berberin, may be recognized as another name derived from the Greek *οἱ βάρβαροι* — i.e., "Barbarians," or Uitlanders.

The majority of servants in Cairo households, I am told, are really Berbers rather than pure Egyptians. Custom, however, leads to calling them all indiscriminately "Arabs," which is about the last name that can be appropriately applied to them.

The real Egyptian, whether Copt or Mussulman, is commonly held to be of an indigenous race, directly descended from those who in the remote ages toiled for Cheops and Thutmosis. Of the two latter-day species the Copt is by far the smarter and at the same time the less numerous. Copts are reckoned as numbering only about 600,000 souls. No one seems to like them, despite their usefulness and quickness of comprehension. They do not get on well either with the English or with the natives of the Moslem faith. But one notes a general tendency to pay tribute to their facility, — at least when working for others, — and above all to their rectitude in a moral way.

As for the Mohammedan Egyptians, forming the greater body of the fellaheen, or peasantry in the agricultural districts, they also appear to be a temperate, affable, enduring, and reasonably industrious race. They still tolerate plural wedlock, after the teaching of the Prophet, and until quite recently have divorced their wives with scandalous ease, yet appear to have established a reputation for probity among their womankind which more civilized nations

would do well to emulate. On the whole, the native population is likely to strike the observer as agreeable and happy in his demeanor; but the poor Copt continues, with all his virtues, to be despised and rejected of men, most of all by his fellow Christians who now dominate Egypt.



CHAPTER III. MOSQUES AND BAZAARS OF CAIRO

IF the reader is content to follow in my footsteps through these pages, he will be forced to pass by Alexandria with short shrift. It was our fortune to be landed there at night, after a dreary day passed within sight of its low-lying shores, a delay made necessary by the tumultuous heaving of the ocean. Smaller vessels ventured in and out through the narrow jaws of the breakwater, but for our steamer of many thousand tons no such hazard was deemed advisable. Wherefore we tugged and tossed at anchor some five miles offshore until late afternoon, when a tiny tug rolled perilously through the trough of the seas, and after a hair-raising struggle, succeeded in putting a pilot aboard.

By the time the vessel had been manœuvred into the inner port, it was already night, and the pallid walls of the city which had mocked us through the day had vanished in the blackness. The special train

was waiting on the quay. The luggage had all been passed on to Cairo, practically innocent of customs examination, and it seemed wise to follow it as closely as possible. As for Alexandria, what cared we? And what should care you? Its ancient greatness is departed. Nothing remains of its classic magnificence, save Pompey's Pillar, which was not Pompey's at all; a museum of antiquities, chiefly of Grecian date; and a cemetery that makes greater claim to antiquity than any other fragment of the past that still survives. All these might give to the painstaking sightseer a good day's work; but it is the common lot to be whisked away to Cairo by the steamboat special, leaving of Alexandria no more than the confused impression of a busy, modern port, a harbor alive with shipping, and a city so flat, stale, and modern in appearance as to cause wonder if this can indeed be Egypt.

It is a pity, however, to be forced, as so many of us are, to make the journey to Cairo in the night. The line passes through a wonderful country, albeit lacking in diversity of view. To one who has made but a casual study of the map, it is astonishing to discover that Alexandria is not situated at one of the mouths of the Nile, but lies well to the western side of the Delta on a shore so low that one approaching by sea is unable to perceive it until close

at hand. Secondly, the wonder is likely to be at finding Cairo so very far inland. It requires between three and four hours to make the journey in a train that is called by proper courtesy an express. You ride for some distance over a perfectly level country before you cross the Nile at all, and even then you are not likely to be much impressed by it. Down here in the Delta, which is nothing at all but a broad, fan-shaped deposit of upland mud, the Nile is a much-divided and subdivided stream — an extraordinary river, reversing all our notions of river life. For it is actually smaller at its mouth than in its middle reaches! No tributaries have come into it, and vast quantities of water have been diverted from it for irrigation as it has passed along. Evaporation is enormous. It follows that the Nile actually grows smaller as it proceeds, and in the Delta is likely to appear to the expectant eye a very ordinary river indeed.

To us, riding by night, all these wonders of the Delta slipped by in the darkness unguessed. A belated moon lent an uncertain light, its pale bulk reflected in the tranquil bosom of the canals that lay along the line. As we neared the Nile a ghostly mast or two rose from the river mists. But of the wondrous garden of the Delta we saw nothing. Its broad expanses of waving green faded away in illimitable

distances. Its scattered mud villages, huddling under clumps of palms, were invisible.

In almost exactly sixty minutes from the time of starting, the train drew up at the first large town — called, by some happy and appropriate chance, Dam-an-hour. It was a considerable place, glimmering whitely in the moonlight; but its station was deserted save for a few shrouded and hooded shapes who stole silently up and down the bare platform in the chill of the February night. The Arabic signs mocked our ignorance from the whitewashed walls for a moment and then the train moved on.

It was long after the midnight hour when the lights of Cairo came into view and the train slowed to a halt in the glare and bustle of the great terminal station — a magnificent building, by the way, photographs of which on occasions are exploited by unblushing newspaper correspondents as representing the palace of the Khedive, which is not nearly so fine. If the way stations had been deserted, this one was not. It was alive with hotel touts who fell upon the alighting throng and enmeshed them like greedy spiders. In almost less time that it takes to tell it they were gone, — gone to the last one, — and we stood alone on the platform with our Cairo host, "the Hakkim" — blessed man! — who had left his warm fireside in the Ghezireh to meet us in the dead of night.

A wandering porter informed us that no luggage would be unloaded that night. It would be found the next morning in the courtyard of Shepheard's, such being the pleasant but rather haphazard custom of the place in dealing with large inundations of sowaheen. Whereupon we also passed down through the gloomy tunnel that led to the outer air, summoned an "arabiyeh," or native carriage, manned by a spectral figure crowned with a turban and as black as a coal, and plunged into the almost deserted streets that led down toward the bank of the Nile.

That was an arrival never to be forgotten. The long ride led through a maze of streets lined with tall buildings, across squares aglow with light, and at last down past the museum and the barracks to where the great Nile bridge reared its imposing portals crowned with majestic bronze lions. The river flowed muddily below, giving back from its ripples the broken reflection of the waning moon. A ghostly clump of masts towered into the sky close by the palm-clad bank. The city behind was crowned with a luminous haze from its multitude of lamps. The island of the Ghezireh before bulked large with its masses of black lebbakh trees against the star-lit sky. And at the end the carriage drew up at our desired haven, a dark house looming mysteriously out of a fragrant garden. As the door opened, a silent

Arab in white vanished through its dimly lighted hall. So this was Egypt—at last!

We had been spared the sensation to which so many confess on being precipitated from the train into Cairo by the garish light of broad day—a sensation of partial disappointment which is the keener when one's appetite has been whetted for something rich and strange. It must be admitted that the immediate surroundings of the railway terminal are not particularly impressive. It is only when seen from the south that Cairo has the truly Oriental air, a fitting home for the hero of the Arabian Nights. From the Citadel, or floating on the bosom of the river above the town, one gazes upon a truly satisfying vision—a great white city dominated by a frowning fortress, from the midst of which towers a huge mosque flanked by two lofty minarets. The tawny cliffs behind afford an appropriate desert setting. The pyramids of Ghizeh may be descried, dim and majestic, to the west, behind a foreground of waving palms. It is almost a pity not to have this the first view of Cairo—the view from which the lasting impression is derived.

As things are arranged, the visitor emerges from a very satisfactory station into a square seemingly European, with a throng of cabs, a passing multitude of people, electric lights, tall buildings, and

clanging trolley cars of Occidental guise. To be sure, the throngs in the street are largely made up of those in the manifold costumes of the East. The cab drivers are swarthy and wear the tarbush. The multitude afoot is turbaned and long-robed. But the whole effect of the setting is not Oriental, and at first sight it seems as if this might quite as readily be Europe as Africa. Happily, however, this is but the impression produced by the opening portal. Within it changes speedily to something more like what one has been led to expect.

Cairo is a bewildering city to describe. In order to orient one's self it is well, as it always is in every strange city, to get firmly in mind some central focus and learn the bearings of a few great main arteries of traffic with relation to it. As it happens, the logical focus in Cairo is not a matter for debate. It is the same for all — the gardens of the Ezbekiyeh, which lie but a stone's throw south of Shepheard's and directly opposite the Continental, on the street which, under various names, leads straight southward from the region of the railroad station to the palace of the Khedive.

Let us assume, then, that the Ezbekiyeh Gardens form the centre of Cairo and consider only a few of the important highways that diverge from this vicinity. The street already mentioned is, perhaps,

the most important to start with. It runs north and south, roughly parallel with the river, but a good mile from it. It is the great centre of activity for all travelers. In it are the principal shops. Through it passes every visitor in town every day of his stay.

Four important streets lead westward from it toward the river. These are the Sharia Boulac, with its tram line, which leads to the Ghezireh ferry and the new bridge soon to be completed; the Sharia Maghrabi and the Sharia Manakh, parallel with the Boulac and important as modern shopping thoroughfares; and the Kasr el Nil, which leads in the general direction of the museum and the great Nile bridge.

Passing along the southerly side of the Ezbekiyeh Gardens in quite the opposite direction — toward the east — is a narrow highway which conducts one to the central tram station, from which busy square diverge two other streets that the traveler will need to know. These are the Mouski, the most celebrated street in Cairo, which leads straight east through the Oriental quarter and the bazaars and finally out into the desert toward the tombs of the Caliphs. The other is the long diagonal highway of Mohammed Ali, the direct route to the Citadel.

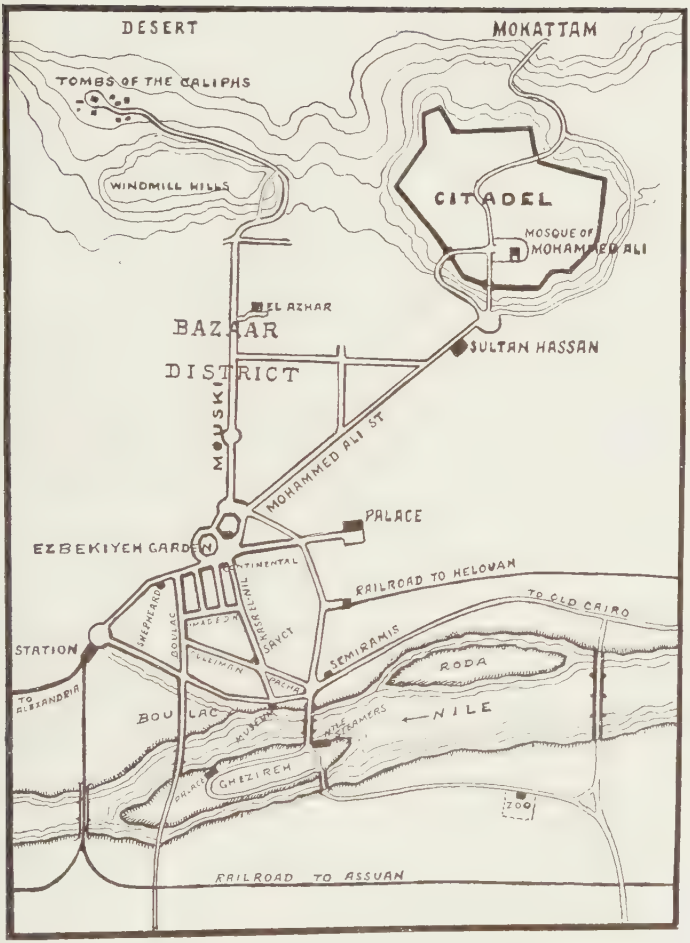
Master these and you have the cardinal points in Cairo's geography.

If there is no room for doubt as to what forms the

focus of Cairo, there is equally little hesitation as to what should form the first excursion in the city itself. The Citadel, by all means! It is the loftiest point in town and the most grandly imposing in itself. From its height you may see all the city spread out like a scroll. Nor is it difficult to reach, for the key to it is Mohammed Ali's long, straight highway, and a tram line leads directly to its foot. No better point could be chosen for the first view of the city — or the last.

As a citadel the spot long ago proved unfit. It is commanded by greater heights beyond, which one must infallibly visit later; and on occasion hostile hands have even bombarded it from the minarets of the huge mosque of Sultan Hassan just below. Nevertheless it is a splendid eminence, crowned with a grim old fort and a tomb-mosque of which more will be said shortly.

There are various ways of going in, according to circumstances. Those who ride, whether in carriages or on donkeys, are forced to make a rather circuitous ascent. Pedestrians may go straight up through the old El Azab gate which opens directly above the little round plaza where the tramway ends — and it is so far the best way that one does well, on this first of many visits, to walk. The path is narrow and steep, walled in on either hand by barrack-rooms and by the living rock out of which the ascent is chiseled.



CARDINAL POINTS OF CAIRO

Here it was the Mamelukes were decoyed and slaughtered by Mohammed Ali — of blessed memory — in the year of grace 1811. To be sure, they aver that one Mameluke escaped by causing his horse to leap through a breach in the parapet to the ravine below — but the point at which this is now said to have occurred seems inconsistent with the story of the massacre.

Persistent rascals claiming to be "watchmen" are almost certain to attach themselves to your party, no matter which way you go up, and a good deal of firmness is required to drive them away. Of course their presence is absolutely needless and their importunity unwelcome. Therefore drive them off at any cost. Your first experience of Cairo ought not to be marred by the presence of any babbling attendant, full of lies and insistent for backsheesh. As for "watchmen" to "protect you," — always the wailing plea of the designing beggar, — you need them far more in Broadway than on the Citadel.

The best of all the views is to be had from a narrow platform on the farther side of the mosque of Mohammed Ali, and to reach it you circle the building and follow a paved path, sore beset by maimed, halt, and blind. From here the entire town lies unfolded to your view, its close-packed houses broken here and there by the tawny forms of mosques with

yellow domes and graceful minarets. Its eastern quarters at your feet present a perfect labyrinth. From the muddle of streets arises a clatter and a tumult muffled by the distance. Far across the city towers the dome of the museum and away to the west the pyramids rear themselves majestically through the dust and haze. It is a fearful drop from the platform to the gulfs below, and of course they have selected the most imposing depth of all for the point at which the bold Mameluke sprang with his steed. No wonder Saladin, who was not mindful of the advent of artillery, chose the spot for his fortress in the long ago. The Mokhattam hills behind seemed far enough away for safety in 1176. Even when you go around to the back of the Citadel and look out of its narrow postern, the cliffs still seem sufficiently distant to warrant the use of the present hill as the location for a fort. Time, however, has changed all that —and to-day the sole use of the Citadel is for barracks resembling those one sees at Gibraltar, the alabaster mosque in the midst adding a most unmilitary touch to what once was grim and threatening.

What I would emphasize is that, from the Citadel, Cairo really satisfies the eye as an Oriental spot — better in fact than it is likely to do when you come to inspect it in detail below. Take a long look, therefore, from the lofty platform and appreciate the mag-

nitude of the town, its wonderful situation where the valley broadens to the Delta, and its wealth of slender towers and domes. Nothing else about the Citadel compares with the view to be had there, and even the view pales before the still broader prospect that will be had later when there is time to ascend the bare and ruddy cliffs behind. That, however, is a journey by itself. For the present be content with an inspection of the mosque of Mohammed Ali — and then go down to meet Cairo at close grips.

It is a showy mosque, built in a manner unlike that which most such edifices affect. Its surface is of a coarse-grained yellow alabaster so distinctive in tone as to give to the mosque its colloquial name — the Alabaster Mosque. A little knot of men squat at its narrow door, selling tickets of admission and tying on the necessary yellow shoes — for never may one set trim Christian boots within the ground sacred to Allah. Mohammedans must go barefoot to the shrine, and further must lave themselves at the fountain in the midst of the open court. Once, I suppose, the Christian dogs had to unshoe themselves as well, but it has been discovered that Occidental curiosity is fully equal to paying a piastre for yellow overshoes that flap, and come untied, and get themselves mixed up in the mattings with which most mosques are floored.

Mohammed Ali's mosque was built by a Greek from Constantinople, and it was not finished until 1857, so that it comes honestly by its appearance of modernity. Poor old Mohammed Ali — founder of the present Egyptian dynasty, such as it is — did not live to see it completed, and lies buried in a magnificent tomb under one of the corner domes.

The first view of the edifice reveals a broad and sunlit court, arcaded all around, paved with stone, and provided with the customary fountain. The actual building lies entirely to the east — toward Mecca. The other three sides of the court are apparently of no great importance. Within, the building gives more the impression of a palace than a mosque. It is carpeted with thick rugs, and heavy curtains are hung all about. Great chandeliers depend from the roof, and daylight filters down from the huge Byzantine lantern high above the central dome. It is like an enormous state apartment, despite its lofty pulpit at one side. It is florid and gaudy. Tap one of the panels or pilasters surreptitiously, and you will discover that it is a shameless wooden imitation of the prevailing alabaster.

Nevertheless it is a handsome building in its decadent way; but one is almost certain to like it better from afar, as it soars gracefully toward the sky from its hoary height, flanked by its two slender, pencil-

pointed minarets, and forming the culminating point of Cairo as viewed from river and plain. Let us leave it, then, scramble down the dusty footway to the square, and begin our acquaintance with Cairo at closer quarters. Let us go entirely across the town to the bank of the river, if you please, and then work backward, for thus we shall be afforded some illuminating contrasts between West and East.

One must travel something like a mile eastward from the river before reaching the distinctively Oriental portion of Cairo. The part of the city that lies close to the Nile, excepting only the hamlet of Boulac, is thoroughly Europeanized. Its streets are broad and are lined with great hotels, smart shops, churches, clubs, residences of the rich. Lebbakh trees — the most common trees of Cairo, quick-growing, short-rooted, liable to be blown down — cast a grateful shade. Bougainvillea clambers in purple magnificence over the porticoes. In all this there is nothing, save the dress of the passing natives, to recall the sights of our numerous World's Fairs, on whose reproductions of Oriental life most of us base our preconceptions of the streets of Cairo.

It is in the great highway that leads down past Shepheard's that one first meets the real East — an East that is largely on parade for the delectation of the sowaheen, to be sure, but genuine for all that.

Before the broad veranda of the famous hostelry passes a shouting and gesticulating throng of native hucksters with all sorts of wares — silver shawls of Assiut, beads, laces, scarabs, trinkets, and the omnipresent postcard. Dragomans in magnificent attire, some in rags and some in velvet gowns, solicit patronage right and left. A band of barbaric musicians accompanies the procession of one late returned from Mecca. A native funeral marches mournfully by, aged men wailing in front and black-veiled women carried in a cart behind. Tradition has even been mean enough to allege that Shepheard's has an arrangement with some local sheik whereby a satisfactory number of funerals and returning pilgrims may be guaranteed to pass every day!

For a first view of local life this does very well. Indeed, it accounts in some degree for the prestige of Shepheard's. To sit with all this motley world passing in review at one's feet is a delight. The bewildering variety of costumes — for your Egyptian is a born artist in effective color-schemes — enchants the eye. The street cries, the passing music, the wailing prayers of the funereal old men enthrall the ear.

For the real Cairo, the African Cairo, the Cairo that is living the simple life after its own interpretation of the same, you must cross the European zone that lies nearest the Nile running north and south,

dodge around the painfully modern bulk of the opera house, skirt the Ezbekiyeh Gardens, and cross the square where meet the various tram lines of the city. This marks the eastern boundary of Western civilization. Beyond that the city changes absolutely in its character. There are no more broad streets, no more fine buildings. It is one vast huddle of old structures, some of them rather fine examples of the architecture that prevailed in Cairo when the merchants were the kings. The mass of close-packed houses is threaded by a network of numberless alleys, deep and dark, yet as a rule surprisingly clean. One or two main thoroughfares cross through it — the famous Mouski, dear to the heart of all tourists, and the great artery named for Mohammed Ali, which, as we know, leads to the Citadel. But in the huge triangle that these two highways include there lies a tangle of labyrinthine bypaths wherein one may be lost for hours if willing to give up to the delights of a ramble through the native quarter, surrounded on every hand by the unstudied life of the older town, jostled by donkeys, solicited by native merchants, delighted by the innumerable bits of ancient doorways, time-worn, latticed windows, dusky shops, wayside kitchens, venders of every sort and kind. Now and then a vista opens up — a vista down a gloomy alley lined with buildings that nearly meet overhead, but

that make shift to give a glimpse of an incredibly blue sky into which soars a minaret.

Up and down the Mouski flows a tide of traffic that sadly congests the narrow street. There is no sidewalk worthy the name. Horse and foot, donkey and pushcart, men, women, and boys, natives and sowaheen, crowd to and fro without ceasing. Drivers urge their steeds through the press with warning shouts destined to become thoroughly familiar — "Ah-riglak!" (Mind your foot!) "Al-yemenak! Al-ye-*meen*-ak!" (To your right!) — and such-like jargon. The way is lined with tiny shops, some of them celebrated. But it is to the bazaars that all the world turns its steps when it enters the Mouski, and to the bazaars let us go, pushing on through the traffic. Eventually, where you descry overhead the blue aerial signs pointing the way to the shop of one Cohen, you come to the entrance, — an entrance that might otherwise easily be overlooked.

A blessed haven of quiet is this bazaar, by comparison with the constant crowd of the Mouski. It is narrow and dark, roofed overhead with mattings and light boards. No carts are to be found in it. The shops along its marge vary from mere booths to deep and dusky warerooms. In it are sold trinkets, red shoes, brasses, rugs, silks, beads — general merchandise, in brief. One may spend hours there, and will

IN THE STREETS OF CAIRO

most inevitably also spend much money, if, as is the common experience, visits are to be repeated.

But this is only one of the numerous bazaars that are to be found all about this congested district. There is another just across the Mouski, on the other side among the closely set houses — a deep lane that is even more easily overlooked than the well-trodden path to J. Cohen's. Search along the Mouski near this point until you find a green doorway that gives upon a dark and aromatic alley, whence waft all the odors of Arabia. It leads to the domain of spice, and through its incense-laden atmosphere the way proceeds to the scent bazaar, perhaps the most delectable in Cairo. But as you value your peace of mind discourage all offers of guidance. Who ventures into the bazaars attended by a dragoman of any sort invites extortion of the most barefaced kind. Go to the scent bazaar, by all means, — but go alone.

Mahmoud Suleiman, maker and vender of perfumes, sits at the receipt of customers in his little booth not far from the entrance of the bazaar. He is a bony individual with a single eye and gently smiling jaws. He squats in the midst of his wares, bobbing and smirking, and reaching with exquisite airs and graces toward an array of gummy bottles as you approach. He has just sold six bottles of attar of

roses to a wealthy woman at twelve shillings a bottle. And behold, he is pleased, for the price was about quadruple what he expected to get, and even though he must share it with the rapacious dragoman who brought milady thither, he can still afford to smile. Sit down, then, before Mahmoud Suleiman and let him smear your wrist with the perfumes of Arabia. Let him lay on first one and then another, you meantime sniffing each in turn. The flavor lasts! Wash as energetically as Lady Macbeth and you shall not remove that aroma from the back of your hands for days to come. Great is Mahmoud Suleiman, parfumeur!

Some incense, burning in a tiny crucible at his left hand, sends up a thin blue aromatic smoke which impregnates the air roundabout. You bargain with him for some attar of roses, assisted by a fat young man who has come up and who intervenes, to your displeasure, over your shoulder. You protest. The fat young man smiles deprecatingly and says, "But zees ees my fadder!"

"Old Mahmoud your father?"

"Yaas."

"Does he make these perfumes himself?"

"Yaas."

"And what do you do?"

"Prettie well, I tank you, sare!"

"No, no! I mean, what are you doing here? What's your business?"

"Oh! I help my fadder!"

And he tries. But if you are obdurate he will presently depart and leave you free to bargain with that agreeable old swindler, Mahmoud, who naturally wants to get all he can out of you, but who will smilingly sell his wares in the end at a price not so unreasonable, presenting you with a handful of incense as backsheesh, and saying, "I sell you zees so cheap because you come to me without no dragoman!" Even so you have doubtless paid him dear. But what care you? Are not all such as we made to be fleeced when we go a-pleasuring?

Everywhere through the bazaar district, whether it be in the district of the scents, or of the tents, or of the brasses and cloths, or the sugar, or the turquoises, there is delight. Note here four lusty youths, clad all in that faded blue that is so effective on the native of Cairo, who are braying mustard in a huge mortar. The latter is a stone capital seemingly from an ancient column, it may be of Roman date, and its top has been hollowed out for the base uses of modern trade. Not far away there is a wayside shop for the renovating and reblocking of tarbushes. It looks like a brass cook-stove adorned with huge, brazen dinner-bells, but if you watch you will see that each

dinner-bell takes apart and that on the inner mould a red fez has just been pressed into smart and effective shape, — a process which the Cairene dandy requires to have performed about once a week. On his "mastaba" — the little bench before every shop-door — sits a venerable and be-turbaned patriarch, pulling industriously at his narghileh. A boy hurries by with a tray of coffee for the customers of some near-by shop. A water-carrier tinkles past, his goatskin dripping coolly from across his bent back. You regret that you saw a fellow like him filling a skin that morning in the garbage-infested backwaters of the Nile bank! Still another itinerant vender offers a red liquid from a brass-bound reservoir which he bears painfully suspended on his chest. Mayhap a surreptitious vender of hasheesh sells from beneath his robe a few puffs of the forbidden smoke, for a copper or two, to a knowing native.

The police are everywhere, but they seem not especially efficient. Yonder is an incipient street fight. It looks ugly. Two men are vociferating in fluent Arabic, and each has laid a violent hand on the other's robe. Presently they will pull — if it is a real fight — and one may get his robe torn; but it is likely to end there. Fights in Cairo seldom go beyond that. Perhaps the deadliest insult would be to knock off the offender's tarbush. The tarbush is a

sort of sacred index of the emotions. In the direst straits it is torn from the head and dashed upon the pavement. If a man has lost two piastres, or if his mother has died, or if some other awful catastrophe has occurred, his utmost woe is expressed by dashing his fez upon the ground — after which nothing remains but to pick it up again, replace it, and begin life anew!

The men themselves are certain to strike the beholder at once as prevailingly handsome and, as a rule, rather a happy lot. Most of them are undeniably poor and destined always to be so. For them the basis of daily life is not so much the piastre as the millième — a coin of which the average traveler sees but little. Yet throughout Egypt the people seem as a rule fairly content. They sing at their work. They smile, displaying the most magnificent teeth in all the world. They chew bits of sugar-cane, which is said largely to account for the teeth. Their clothes are simple — on the poorest a flowing robe of faded blue, a turban, some red or yellow shoes, and very little else. The better class wear robes of a better kind — and sometimes rather magnificent gear, with touches of color which command instant admiration. The Copts — useful, apt, intelligent, and, alas, universally despised both by Mohammedans and English, despite all their good qualities — commonly go

in black. It is surprising how quickly all this Oriental costuming comes to seem a matter of course. What would arrest attention on Washington Street, or Broadway, or Michigan Avenue, passes wholly unobserved by the foreigner in Cairo. Soft-footed camels are so common as to awaken no more interest than do the host of passing arabiyehs, — the four-wheeled cabs of the city. In no city is it more easy to fall into the daily life and make it seem a matter of course, in spite of its enormous difference from the life of the Occident.

Of course Cairo boasts innumerable mosques, and equally of course the visitor within her gates must see most of these, if not all. They are all very much alike. In each case the Christian must cover his shoes with those flapping yellow slippers, lest his feet pollute holy ground. In every mosque there is the same open court, arcaded on each side, with the chief sanctuary always on the east. A deep niche in the wall, inlaid with magnificent mosaic, points the direction of the holy city of the Prophet, and enables the blind worshiper to feel his way to the only proper point for really efficacious prayer. Matting covers the floor in every direction. A magnificently carved pulpit rises from the midst of the main hall. Windows richly dight add to the effect. Backsheesh must be bestowed on leaving, and tickets are the rule at every

mosque that is much frequented. Each has its separate and distinct claim to notice, whether it be for the beauty of its exterior, the magnificence of its tiles, the age of its minarets, or the tombs of past greatness which it contains. Some are very old, like the grand mosque of Sultan Hassan, with its vast spaces, its aged doors, and its general flavor of mild decay. Others are merely magnificent, like that huge sepulchral alabaster church of Mohammed Ali on the Citadel. Others are graceful, like the tomb-mosque of Kait Bey. But in the main all are alike, and if not all can be visited there is a certain consolation to be derived from the fact.

I find it difficult to describe the mosques, even those which every one must see as a matter of course. They differ so little — yet are so different. Each has its especial claim to notice. They are scattered all over that crowded eastern quarter, and are in many cases so obscurely set that it is difficult to find them without the aid of the cabmen. I question the wisdom of an effort to hunt down every one that is mentioned in the books, and I shall certainly make no extended attempt here to recapitulate the manifold attractions which one may, by the exercise of persistence, find in these old churches of the faith.

It should be remembered that the Mohammedan treats the whole matter of worship differently from

the Christian. He makes less of formal congregations and more of individual prayer. Friday is his day of rest, and on that day Cairo shuts up shop. As for the mosques, they are built to the glory of Allah and the Prophet, or as pious memorials and votive offerings, and it makes little difference if no congregation of the faithful ever comes. Or they may exist chiefly as shelters for the tombs containing pious dust, in which case they are marked by domes.

Grandest and best of all the mosques in Cairo, though sadly ruined by time and now in the throes of restoration, is the huge and hoary mosque of Sultan Hassan. The Great Pyramid was robbed of its stones to build it. It lies to one side of the long street of Mohammed Ali just below the sharp rise of the Citadel, and its commanding situation on a shelving rock makes it a notable monument in any general view of the city. Time and the occasional earthquake have proved powerless to rob it of its intrinsic majesty; and its grim walls, crowned with massive cornices, frown steadfastly down on the babel of the narrow thoroughfare beneath.

You enter it from the street of Mohammed Ali, ascending a flight of steps to the great main door, a lofty arch, something more than eighty feet in height, and ornamented, as is so much of this ancient temple, with stalactite stonework high overhead. Few Mos-

lem edifices succeed as well as does this in producing the impression of simple, austere dignity. Whatever was gaudy or bizarre has faded. The hand of the restorer has, as yet, failed to spoil it. Nor has the rapacity of the invader, even the great Napoleon, entirely removed the former glory of its inlaid doors.

From the gateway, where a handful of swarthy men slumber in the shade, and where the usual custodian demands a fee, you pass through an imposing and lofty vestibule, vaulted and gloomy ; then through a lengthy corridor parallel with the street, which leads to the enormous central court which, as usual in such buildings, is open to the sky. On its four sides — as always — are the "liwans," or covered courts; and in the centre is the inevitable fount for ablutions. Islam demands that if one be clean of body at no other time, at least one shall be so at the hour of prayer.

To most of the massive structure surrounding you it will probably be impossible to penetrate, nor will you care to. The building is mainly ruinous and its plan intricate. But in the eastern liwan, toward the Citadel and of course toward Mecca, you may freely wander, and here you will find a few faint traces of the magnificence of an earlier day. Here are the great wooden doors from which Napoleon filched much, yet spared a single portal of great beauty, inlaid with gold, silver, and bronze, as the guide points

out with immense satisfaction. Traces of elaborate mural decoration still survive. And in the innermost recess, beneath a graceful dome, reposes all that was mortal of Sultan Hassan himself, modestly entombed. But it is not the surviving detail that makes it the most noble religious building in Cairo; it is its grand *tout ensemble*, its massiveness, its venerable majesty.

The story goes that Sultan Hassan, when he had looked upon his monument and beheld that it was very good, ordered his sword, and with it struck off the right hand of the architect that he might never again design another building to rival this. The Sultan, you observe, generally paid in full. Moreover his expedient would seem to have been efficacious, for no other mosque in all Egypt approaches this for grandeur of conception and execution.

A little study of the ground plan as it appears in the guide-books will suffice to show the development of the Mohammedan place of worship into something resembling the cruciform. Originally every mosque was merely a hollow square, open to the heavens, its sides arcaded as a protection to the worshipers. Until Mohammed made his unsuccessful attempt to convert the Jews, his followers all prayed toward Jerusalem. When the Hebrew nation rejected the teachings of the Prophet, however, Mohammed decreed that thenceforward prayer should be directed

only toward his own holy city of Mecca. From this it resulted that the eastern arcade became of major importance in all the mosques of the western district, and gradually that side of the court was amplified and extended, quite overshadowing the others, which became of very small importance in planning the shrine. But still the other three tended to grow somewhat larger than at first, until at last there came to be four well-defined transepts, forming with the central quadrangle a huge cross; and in each of the arcades the priests held forth and taught religious learning as of yore.

A still later development is to be noted in some of the smaller tomb-mosques, such as that of Kait Bey, of which more will be said when we consider the tombs of the Caliphs. In that case the central court appears entirely roofed over, instead of being hypæthral, and the several transepts diverge as before. It was a decided improvement in many ways, although of course applicable only to the smaller mosques. But with the end of the Kait Bey period — roughly between 1400 and 1500 A.D. — mosque building ceased to develop in charm, and the newer edifices of Cairo cannot be said to compare with the old. It is the time-worn structures that compel the greater admiration.

Take, for example, the so-called "Red Mosque,"

— otherwise and more accurately known as the Gamia el Muaiyad, — in the vicinity of the sugar-mart. Owing to the narrowness of the street and the press of the surrounding buildings, it is difficult to gain a view of its exterior that shall satisfy. It stands near a corner, and just outside it is the famous old gate of Zuweileh, forming a portal for the neighboring bazaar district, where the devout still hang shreds of their clothing as votive offerings for deliverance from disease. The gate and the mosque, together with the constant pressure of traffic, make a most fascinating picture, but unfortunately it is one almost impossible to photograph. I remember clambering with infinite toil upon a huge stone window-ledge just over the spot where condemned criminals were wont to be garroted in the brave days of old, intent on securing a picture of the old gate, the Red Mosque behind, the stream of passing traffic below, and the soaring minaret above, — but all in vain. It was a dismal failure. In no city are street scenes more difficult to photograph than in Cairo, where the upper air is so brilliant and the lower levels so shrouded in shadow.

The beauty of it is that one is always running across these fine old bits in rambling through the Mouski district and down through the various bazaars. In a little while you will find that very few of the mosques stand out in memory as strikingly indi-

vidualistic, but that does not minimize the charm. The ultimate result is a confused recollection of a score of unfrequented shrines, untenanted pulpits, windows of wonderful arabesque tracery, walls adorned with gilded texts, — but only in a rare instance will it be found that any such edifice stands out sharp and clear from the mass. For the most part they fit into the constantly shifting kaleidoscope of Cairo's street life, — dingy-walled, dull-tinted buildings, lofty minarets sharply outlined against the incomparable blue of that Egyptian sky, — but generally mosques without a name. In their gleaming courts but few are gathered to pray — and in some none at all. But from the platform high above at stated hours one may infallibly hear the muezzin chant his call to prayer, — "There is no God but God! Lo, God is Great!"

Perhaps the most interesting mosque of all is that of El Azhar, situated not far from the Mouski in the bazaar district, hard by the domain of booksellers and bookbinders. It is a venerable pile, dating back to about 973 A.D., but frequently restored since that time with great care for retaining as much as possible of the antique. Its present interest centres in its use as a "university" — to give it a name which it hardly deserves. Entrance is had, as in all the mosques of note, by ticket at a fixed price, not to mention the

distribution of largess here and there during the inspection at the suggestion of the guide who has his favorites.

Architecturally the building is interesting, though not more so than others. It is very large, and its columns are mainly ancient. In plan it is the usual hollow square, with some connecting buildings on either side behind the usual liwans, or arcades, in which are offices, some sleeping-apartments and a library — the latter containing some old manuscripts and venerable maps. The main sanctuary, as always, is the eastern arcade, much deeper than the others and possessing nine aisles. Obviously it has been much enlarged, as the old prayer niche directing the faithful toward Mecca is now in the midst of the building. One hundred and forty columns support the roof. It is handsome and impressive, but it is mainly for the sake of what goes on there that the visitor cares to come.

All through the spacious areas of the mosque are scattered little knots of students industriously learning the Koran at the hands of their teachers, or listening to learned discourses from other sources on the nature and attributes of God ; for the instruction in this university is primarily religious and the Moslem world regards it as the fountain head of all genuine knowledge. Just how many students one sees at a single time cannot be guessed, but there are

always many hundred. Some are sleeping in the sun of the open court, but the majority are hard at work, taking notes, listening to the readings and explanations of their sheiks, or intoning chapters of the books before them, rocking to and fro the while. It is gravely announced that the total number of the student body is around ten thousand, with over three hundred "professors." They come from all the nations that embrace Islam, and the guide indicates the several races as one passes them at their work. The foreign students sleep in the galleries of the lateral arcades.

All the students are said to remain in residence from four to six years, and the curriculum, besides religious works, includes what passes for "jurisprudence," rhetoric, literature, and a modicum of geography. The whole thing is necessarily a travesty on education and reveals the condition in which the Moslem world remains, intellectually. The aim and end of it all appears to be chiefly to enable the students to become in turn teachers of others along the same lines.

Time was when the visiting Christian was wont to be hissed as he passed through the aisles of this curious college, but that seems to have passed. Indeed, the inundation of visitors is now so great that if all were to be hissed there would be no time for the Koran and the science of religion. The whole

constitutes a very curious sight and one which is well worth seeing more than once.

One other thing worthy of being sought out while one is in this portion of the city is the "Beit Gamâl ed-Din," or "House of Gamâl ed-Din." It is only too easily overlooked, lying as it does in a very obscure side alley of the section beyond the mosque of El Ghouri. However, any small boy of the neighborhood will readily point it out, and a hundred usually offer their services, divining by that subtle instinct common to the gamin tribe everywhere, precisely what it is you wish to see. The house is a splendidly preserved old dwelling in the genuine Arabian Nights manner, rich in inlaid marbles, graceful arches, "mashrabiyehs," or harem windows, of intricate tracery, and all the appurtenances of a palace worthy a merchant prince of the elder days. Here at last is something to satisfy one's dreams of Oriental architecture, — dreams which, alas, are too often doomed to go unsatisfied in Cairo. For when all is said and done, Cairo is much less an Oriental city in its outward appearances than is Tangier. Its mosques are indeed noble. Its street life is of incomparable charm. But it is only in a few buildings like the obscure House of Gamâl ed-Din that one is allowed to hark back to the glorious days of Haroun al-Raschid.

Space and the reader's patience alike conspire

against any further attempt to describe in detail the native part of Cairo, though much remains unsaid. Possibly enough has been written here to indicate that it is the native life in the deep byways of the eastern section which gives to Cairo its undying charm. Without it the city would be voted stale and unprofitable in a few days' time. Fine as its European quarter is, and magnificent as is its museum with its priceless store of antiquities, Cairo after all falls back on her native population for her chief power to attract and hold. The tombs of her Caliphs will hardly call the traveler to a second visit. The Citadel, with its glorious view, and the Mokhattam rising still higher above it and affording what is boasted to be the finest prospect in all Egypt, will probably demand but a single inspection of any but the visitor who makes Cairo the seat of a protracted stay. To the Mouski, with its teeming life, to the bazaars, and to the tortuous bypaths that wander so aimlessly through the dense mass of eastern Cairo, even the most casual will return again and again, finding always some new thing to haunt him, startle, and waylay.

Through it all one will find but little need of Arabic. Nevertheless there are a few words so useful that it may not be amiss to mention them here — that the reader may be so much the better equipped for dealing with the street venders who are sometimes

unduly importunate, especially in the street that leads past Shepheard's. Everybody who comes to Egypt is fitted out with one word expressive of dismissal, — "Imshi!" Everybody makes indiscriminate use of it. Properly, however, it is to be employed only in the case of small boys, to whom one may with more appropriateness be impertinent. "Imshi" appears to mean something like "Go to the Devil"; and according to Arab etiquette such curtness is quite out of place in addressing a person of full age and dignity. A true regard for the tender sensibilities of the son of the desert will prompt the more precise voyager to say "Yalla!" in all cases where the addressee is more than a mere boy. And, by the way, even the term "mere boy" may require some qualification under a tropical sky, where youth matures quickly and the apparently young may be in actual fact the fathers of families. So it is doubtless more correct and rather less profane to stick to "Yalla" — which is the equivalent of "Get along with you!"

The Arabic "no" is shortly and simply "la" which, to be effective, must be sharp and staccato in its quality. Practice in its use, which is called for at almost every step in the frequented streets to repel peddlers and importunate dragomans, will speedily make perfect. But the most useful of all phrases, once you have acquired the hardihood to lie like a

man, is, "Ana mush sowâh" — "I 'm not a tourist!" This, when enunciated with a scornful and fluent utterance, will generally secure you immunity from further pursuit — unless you happen to be careless enough to have a red Baedeker in your hand at the time. Under those conditions it is certain to provoke naught but derision.

Ordinary sowaheen will hesitate to handle the ruder sort of beggars with that rough-and-ready freedom peculiar to the British resident. A sound thrashing is what the occasional beggar sorely needs, and if he is so brazen as to press his entreaties unduly on a resident, that is very likely just what he gets. Even the knowledge that the most serious penalty enforced against a European in Egypt is said to be a fine of one hundred piastres (five dollars) will hardly produce that degree of familiarity in the case of the timorous.

There is one other familiar word, heard on every hand, and so expressive that it might with profit be taken over into various other languages. That is "ma-aleish," according to the spelling of the books, but which you will find most serviceable simply as "ma-lish." It seems almost as susceptible to various meanings as the German "zug" which so entertained Mark Twain. It generally means something like "Never mind," however, or possibly, "Excuse me."

When in doubt, say "ma-lish!" It's a safe retort to warring cabbies, to importunate beggars, to crestfallen porters, to sheiks — doubtless to the Khedive himself. Farther than this one need hardly go. Still, it is interesting to learn that "al-yemenak" means "to the right," because one emerging from Egypt always had to turn that way to go to Yemen; and that "al-shamarlak" means "to the left" — because it was to the left one turned to go to the land of Shem. But the chief use of those expletives is reserved for the drivers, who use them to warn pedestrians to turn out for them and give road. It is the prevailing note alike in the Mouski and in the highways of the more modern portions of the town. And it is probably the last articulate sound the weary sightseer, as he closes his eyes at night in his hotel, hears rising above the roar and tumult of the street.

CHAPTER IV. IN AND ABOUT CAIRO

CAIRO, as already stated, lies almost at the apex of the Delta of the Nile. The actual division of the river into its two great branches, the Rosetta and Damietta, lies something like fourteen miles below the city in the neighborhood of the first of the great barrages. But roughly speaking, the capital city marks the point where the great triangle of the Delta marshes comes to an end and the long and tortuous valley of the Nile proper begins. Let us state its population roughly as including almost exactly as many people as Boston — a few thousand under 700,000 souls.

Speaking roughly again, the city may be divided into three fairly distinct sections, — the native quarter which we have just been considering and which occupies the eastern and northern parts of the com-

pactly built city; the handsome new European section which subtends the native quarter from the Nile; and the Ghizereh district, which is an island in the river devoted mainly to residential purposes by the English colony. Neither of the latter two can lay especial claim to an Oriental character and neither is likely to command anything like the enthusiasm which the tourist in search of Eastern coloring is certain to bestow on the bazaars. But if the European side of Cairo is handsome and creditable, the Ghezireh island is a wonderfully pleasant spot, with its long avenues of lebbakh trees, its shady parks, and its numerous attractive homes. Not the least of the pleasures of Cairo is the walk along the Nile on the western bank where the fleet of dahabiyehs tie up — a walk under lofty palms with a grassy parkway on one hand and the river with its multitude of ships on the other.

One crosses the Nile by a fine steel bridge, the entrances to which are guarded by imposing piers bearing huge bronze lions. It is not a bridge of surpassing beauty, and, in fact, it is much too narrow and its sidewalks are absurdly inadequate. But it is not too much to say that no bridge in the world can equal it for genuine interest and infinite variety of scene. Two hours and a half daily it is impassable, owing to the necessity of opening the draw for the passage of the river traffic; and to one living in the

Ghezireh district, a familiarity with the bridge time-table is obviously essential, or will be until they succeed in completing the second great bridge which is to span the river lower down. As a rule, the hours are from one-thirty o'clock until three, but these vary on certain days, chiefly for the convenience of the racing public.

Over the bridge from early morning until late at night passes a curious tide of travel, which probably exemplifies better than any other constant procession in all the world the primitive as well as the modern system of transportation. The camel of the desert and the patient asses of the fellaheen jog leisurely past, as they doubtless did in the days of Abraham and Joseph. The carts laden with native women from outlying villages presumably show little change from the time of the Pharaohs. The smart carriages of the rich, with their liveried drivers and gorgeous syces, the hurrying motors, the endless procession of city cabs, the occasional trackless tram, and the motley array of pedestrians make up the tale. A rickshaw and an elephant would complete it — but these never come. It would be hard to imagine a more interesting sight than that which is presented by the morning throng, hurrying into Cairo from the west, as it passes between the tall piers with their haughty lions and debouches into the spreading highways of the city proper. Every

camel and every donkey is laden with green produce until it is almost impossible to see the beast himself. Before the day is far spent, the unladen camels begin to return in a leisurely file, thronging the bridge in the reverse direction. And all the while the muddy stream close beside the bridge is filling up with the picturesque feluccas waiting to pass the draw, —feluccas that have not changed one whit in appearance since the days of earliest Egypt, rubbing elbows with the smart steamers of the Nile companies, and thus affording contrasts as vivid as those of the passing procession above. Across the river, in a stately line along the bank, are moored the dahabiyehs of a score of private owners, with some that are for hire.

It appears to be a favorite custom among a certain class of Cairenes to live for at least a portion of the year in these craft, once so popular for river cruising. Each has a long deck-cabin aft, an open space forward with a single tall mast, or rather yard, a tiny cook's cabin in the bow, and an awning deck over the cabin. In addition to these a small fleet of abandoned steamers helps to eke out the number of river residences. Whether life in them is especially pleasant may be doubted, although it is doubtless free and easy. The chief difficulty comes with the rapid falling of the river in late March, when it is

necessary to pole the boats away from the bank in order to insure their remaining on an even keel. Occasionally one gets caught by the falling water and heels over — much to the dismay of those within and the hilarity of those who are fortunate enough not to be on board. Every craft bears a name redolent of old Egypt, from Menes down to the times of Tewfik and Ismail. On the whole, I think one would much prefer the dahabiyeh in the upper Nile as a place of residence to the same craft moored alongside the Ghezireh shore. The Nile is a muddy stream, and in close proximity to a crowded city it is hardly at its best.

Beyond the Ghezireh, across an insignificant branch of the main Nile which serves to separate the island from the further shore, lies a fertile plain which stretches away to the western cliffs, the outposts of the Libyan Desert. Here is the suburb of Ghizeh, the location of a botanical garden and a most admirable zoo. Here also begins the road to the great pyramids, of which more will be said later. As for the zoo, it cannot be over-praised and every one goes to see it again and again. Never have I seen such delightful animals — even the ugliest being thoroughly charming and attractive! For this I suppose the attendants are largely responsible, for the *camaraderie* existing between keepers and beasts is

notable. Each cage is by itself in a woodsy park. As far as possible, each exhibit simulates the native freedom of the open. And to see the baby rhinoceros galloping gayly about his compound like a kid at play, the young hippopotamus gravely splashing in and out of his pool obedient to the whistle of his master, or the shoe-billed stork in his absurd dignity parading about his inclosure, is worth an afternoon any day. Go to the zoölogical gardens by all means, as you would go to the Pyramids and the Sphinx. It is on no account to be omitted. And as you are a human being with capacity for being amused, do not overlook the shoe-billed stork, *alias*, the "Bellæneceps Rex." You might as well go to Plymouth and omit visiting the Rock, or Agra and miss the Taj, or Athens and ignore the Acropolis. A sacred bird in his native land is the shoe-bill, and he looks as if he knew it. He is the most grotesque creature in the world, and at the same time stately enough for a khedive. At rest, which is most of the time, he is irresistible. On the walk he is simply, outrageously, and indescribably funny. One may admire the dancing cranes in their slim-legged ballet at sundown; one may shiver at the sinister aspect of the vultures, marvel at the antics of the monkeys, cringe before the full-throated roar of the lions — but the shoe-bill is easily the compelling

THE TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS

attraction. The Bellæneceps is, in short, *facile princeps*.

An aquarium of sorts is also located in the Ghezireh island, which repays a visit, although it is devoted only to Nile fish. One should not visit it too shortly before dining, however. Nile fish are far from beautiful and their lack of attraction is not atoned for by any of the redeeming qualities of the stork just mentioned. They are a bearded lot of monsters, unlovely, and not especially appealing to the devotee of fish dinners.

Interesting, but in a totally different way, is the eastern margin of the town. No broad plain here intervenes between Cairo and the Arabian Desert. Where the town stops, the cliffs rise almost at once, and behind them lies the waste of barren sands. A low range of foothills, composed of dust and gravel and bits of broken pottery, serves to separate the buildings of the native city from a barren plateau where lie the tomb-mosques of the old Caliphs and an array of modern cemeteries. The latter might easily be mistaken for dwellings as one passes them in the dusty tangle of streets. Outwardly they have the appearance of low houses. Inwardly they are quadrangles containing native graves. No cemetery that I know so nearly merits the name of a necropolis — a city of the dead.

Scattered among these, and lying also in detached

magnificence to the northward along the surface of the desert, rise the mosques reared to shelter the tombs of the monarchs of the fifteenth century. These are mainly in ruins, though now conserved by the Government. Their revenues are gone. But as they tower out of the yellow sands against the cloudless blue of an Egyptian day, they afford a delight to the eyes. To this pleasant prospect the weavers, or rather spinners, plying their craft over the desert plain add not a little. Possibly a hundred great reels of yellow fibre are located there, served by twice that number of youths clad in the blue garments of the country. Each bears a long spindle on which the yellow fibre is wound, and they race to and fro across the desert twisting the strands as they go. They will tell you that it is silk they are spinning — but if silk it be it is a very coarse and "fishliney" variety. The whole effect is not easily to be described, nor is it readily forgotten. The blue-gowned boys, the bright yellow strands, the tawny desert, and the equally tawny mosques, standing sharp and clear against that sky without a cloud, form a picture for the artist rather than the mere painter in words.

Of the actual tombs of the Caliphs, a few are so closely hedged about by the hovels and modern cemeteries of the vicinity that they are not especially easy to find; but once found, they well repay the

effort. For example, Kait Bey's mosque is thus hidden — a gem of a mosque, with a wonderfully graceful dome and a slender minaret of surpassing elegance. Within, it is beautifully adorned; but on the whole, as is the case with most of its neighbors, its crowning glory is its exterior appearance as an harmonious whole. The pity is that it is not more isolated, as are the other tomb-mosques of the period which lie farther to the north, well out of the nest of buildings and set in the broad expanse of the desert. The latter succeed much better than Kait Bey's, simply because of the glorious harmony of their coloring with sand and sky.

Now there are a number of these tomb-mosques scattered about in this outlying desert hamlet, but it is by no means necessary to go into them all. Kait Bey's tomb cannot be ignored — nor Barkuk's, which is farther to the north. The rest may profitably be considered only as component parts of the general picture.

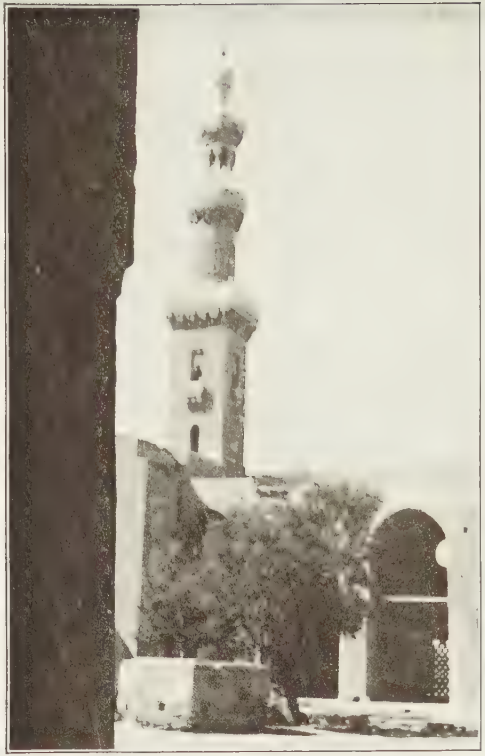
The tomb-mosque of Kait Bey has been recently and tastefully restored, — as lately, indeed, as 1898, so that it shows but little the ravages of its nearly five hundred years. Its mosaics and arabesque windows are in admirable preservation. Under a lofty dome lies the actual sepulchre of the sultan, — a rather modest affair, as were all such tombs at that

day, — and near it are some stones bearing what look like the imprints of a human foot. These are, of course, the vestiges of the Prophet. In a neighboring chamber lie Kait Bey's four wives — the modest legal number. It is a thoroughly charming structure, and it is typical of a certain progressive movement in the art of building. But I remember it rather less clearly, for all its trimness and air of being well kept up, than the outlying mosque and convent of Sultan Barkuk, with its many domes and its dual minarets, which is not well kept up at all, but is distinctly ruinous in many of its parts.

Barkuk's tomb has the advantage of being far seen. It is large. Its proportions are commanding. It makes a thoroughly charming picture both in form and color. It faces the open desert where the spinners are racing back and forth. You enter it through an imposing portal and traverse a long and gloomy corridor before you emerge in the broad open court. The latter is flanked with the usual arcades, but they are not, as is commonly the case, roofed with barrel-vaulting; the covering is formed of hemispherical domes.

On our first visit the court was far from empty. On a log that lay on the shady side near the western arcade sat a long file of very small children, all industriously sucking sugar-cane. They made a charm-

THE TOMB MOSQUE OF KAIT BEY



IN THE TOMB MOSQUE OF BARKUK

ing picture in combination with the old tamarisk tree that grows crookedly out of the pavement of the court, and I hastened to unlimber the camera with the view of making them immortal. It was a fatal thought. The children scampered away with loud squeals, — in terror, I suppose, of some sort of evil eye, — and their teacher, or sheik, or whoever he was, huddled them quickly into a dark and cavernous schoolroom, even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings. Thereafter we had the spacious courts and deep side chapels of Barkuk to ourselves.

Here, too, are modest tombs, sacred to the memory of Barkuk and his sons, resembling raised platforms more than anything else. But the chief attraction, apart from the general appearance of the whole building, is a magnificently carved pulpit and a deep, inlaid prayer niche in the eastern liwan. Carved stone pulpits like this — simply a lofty platform at the top of an imposing flight of steps — are common in all Cairo mosques, and I suppose in mosques everywhere. But few are finer than this in Barkuk's spacious halls, and it will serve admirably as a type of Moslem church furniture.

Taken as a whole, there is no more thoroughly satisfying prospect in all Cairo than this little isolated group of tombs, a cluster of yellow mosques, backed by yellow cliffs, and rising out of yellow sands,

against that marvelous sky, before which dance back and forth the multitude of picturesque spinners at their toil. This at least seems like what we have imagined the Orient to be, in coloring, in shape, in attribute. Maxfield Parrish would delight in it.

The bit of desert in which these tombs lie runs along the whole eastern edge of the city, narrowing as it nears the projecting foothill on which the Citadel is set, until it becomes a mere ribbon, and is finally lost in the sharp uprising of the Citadel road. Just to the east and along the whole distance tower the cliffs of the Mokhattam, marking the verge of the Arabian Desert proper. Their height and their proximity to the town long ago rendered the Citadel quite worthless as a fort; for any artillery, however primitive, must from the superior cliffs make but short work of the ancient keep below, and would speedily lay in ruin the magnificent mosque of Mohammed Ali, depriving Cairo of its most picturesque and conspicuous adornment. Naturally it is from the top of the Mokhattam that one obtains the very best view of Cairo — and common consent decrees it the finest view in all Egypt.

By all means combine the visit to the Mokhattam with your second inspection of the Citadel, rather than with the jaunt to the outlying tombs of the Caliphs. It is far less fatiguing. A donkey for the

entire journey can be had for a shilling in the little square where the tram line ends ; and it is well to have a donkey, as the way is not only steep, but in places intolerably dusty. Suffer yourself to be shown once more, in passing, the tomb of Mohammed Ali, the scene of the Mameluke massacre, the view from the parapet, and even "Joseph's Well" — which had, of course, nothing to do with the Biblical Joseph. And when you have passed the latter, surrender yourself to the tender mercies of your guide and the donkey to be carried out of the Citadel by a postern gate, down an appallingly steep and stony path to a ravine, the bottom of which is a soft and dusty crease in the face of the desert. In due time — it is not far — you will come to a sharp ascent along a causeway which leads directly to the top of the cliffs. Parts of it have fallen away, so that it is no longer possible to ride all the distance ; but the walk is brief, and when you attain finally the top, the prospect on every hand is so magnificent that you will thank me for urging you to come. If possible, remain until sunset, which is generally dependable to be a gorgeous exhibition.

Cairo lies at your feet, and for the first time you appreciate its vast extent. The Citadel just beneath looks rather like a toy. Beyond it spreads the huddled mass of the city buildings, an inundation of humanity and all its works overflowing the broad

39821

plain. The minarets rise here and there like needles. The air is full of a faint hum and distant cries. Far away to the north the river emerges from its hampering contact with the city and loses itself in the spreading Delta. Westward you may descry the trees of the Ghezireh through the haze and smoke. Northward in the first reaches of the meadows stands the vast bulk of the hotel at Heliopolis — the ancient city of On. Southward stretches the great Nile, flanked on one hand by the desert and on the other by the alluvial plain. Beyond it — wonder of all wonders — the long line of pyramids, tombs of a mighty past, striding along the horizon as far as the eye can see, from the distant bulk of the false pyramid of Medun to the gigantic mass of Cheops across the way in Ghizeh. There is no panorama like unto it elsewhere in the world. The line of pyramids is like a ladder down the ages. And far beyond, the inexorable desert billows in heaps of glistening sand. Many have praised the view from the Mokhattam, yet no one has praised it enough. The most that can be said is less than half the reality. To realize it in its full grandeur one must simply go to it and see with one's own eyes.

A part of the difficulty in seeking to describe such a view as that from the summit of the Mokhattam arises from the subtle quality of the coloring of the desert. To those who know the desolate wastes of it,

the assumption that it must be monotonous is impossible to understand. The sea itself is not more susceptible to mood and change. Nothing is more unstable than the shifting sands blown hither and yon with every wind of heaven. Nothing is more variable than the aspect of the undulating surface of the sand, running as it does the gamut of colors from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, and under the silent stars of night. One grows to love it, to desire it, to be unhappy away from it. And yet it is a terrible sort of beauty. There is an element of depression to be felt throughout Egypt at the constant presence of those inexorable sands, hungry and insatiable, held at bay only by the merciful rise and recession of a mud-laden stream. Nowhere in Egypt have I been able to forget those monstrous deserts, held at arm's length by a precarious tenure, capable of burying beyond recall, in a destruction that knows no human remedy; treasure-houses of torture, awful to contemplate — yet above all supremely beautiful as they are supremely terrible. Surely God created the desert for his peculiar glory! It is unearthly to look upon shimmering in the heat. Its cliffs, down whose tawny faces the old river has eaten its way in ages gone, forbid as they allure. Change as they may in the waning light, from the pale yellow of high noon to the rich tints of the rainbow in the afterglow of sun-

set, they are pallid still. Pallor is the prevailing characteristic of the shifting hues, always delicate, always fascinating, never the same.

Of all this there is but a foretaste on the Mokhattam. Civilization lies at one's feet, secure in the protecting arm of the Nile. The majesty of a great city lures the eye away from the barren desolation behind. There is little hint at so great a distance of the deadness that surrounds the receding procession of the pyramids. But as one looks away up the valley to the southward there tower the pale cliffs of Helouan, and already these grow roseate, violet, amethystine in the departing light. The pyramids grow ghostly against the flaming glory of the west. And with the dusk as surely comes the cold. Later we shall have occasion to come to closer grips with the desert and to invade the sacred precints of the pyramid tombs. For the present it is high time to seek the donkeys at the foot of the shelving path, regain the dust and tumult of the town, and seek the shelter that awaits us there.

There remains one other quarter of Cairo to be dealt with, reserved for the last because it is at once the most remote and the oldest. It is the outlying southern hamlet of Old Cairo, once the ancient Egyptian Babylon, and now a squalid village boasting little to attract save its forsaken mosque and its venerable

Coptic churches. These, however, are ample for the purpose.

You reach Old Cairo very easily by means of a tram line that runs from the central station behind the opera house at the foot of the Mouski to the ancient village itself. It is a ride affording an illuminating contrast between the old and the new, for most of the way lies through the handsomest residential quarter of the city, down by the Roda ferry, and finally comes to an end in Old Cairo, an unpretending hamlet, but nevertheless a sort of grandfather to the present capital.

In Old Cairo it is by no means amiss to hire a guide, simply because of the scattered locations of the interesting sites and their consequent obscurity. It is a long and dusty way from the tram to the first of the "lions" of the place, and no proper map exists to serve as a chart to the uninitiated. Hence it is well, on the first visit at least, to tolerate the hungry horde who may be depended upon to board the cars at the point where the highway diverges to the ancient mosque of Amr.

That mosque, sadly ruined as it is and reduced to a condition of almost complete disuse, is well worthy of your visit. Once a year, according to reports, it is still the scene of a considerable religious service attended by no less a personage than the Khedive.

But to all seeming it is as deserted as one could well imagine for the rest of the year, save for the tottering custodian who collects the fees at the entrance gate.

Most of the columns which once graced its broad open court have disappeared and are represented at present only by their bases. But on the western side of the quadrangle there are still two perfect specimens — a pair of pillars closely set, between which the visitor is invited to squeeze his body, if he can. None but the honest may succeed; and it is considerably easier for the camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for any person inclined to *embonpoint* to wriggle through that narrow portal. Apparently the Arabs do not measure honesty as the Turks do beauty — in pounds avoirdupois.

For the rest the mosque offers a huge open square, larger than most such, and planted with trees which serve to shade a fountain and suggest in a mild way the famous court of oranges in the mosque of Cordova. The main sanctuary, with its pulpit, its prayer niche, and its rows of columns, has but little of interest to show. Yet the mosque as a whole, because of its vast size, its rows of trees, and above all its great age, is an impressive remnant of a dim and misty past. Nothing that the eye now beholds is capable of making any great claim to antiquity, of course, as

the building has been the frequent prey of flood and tremor and has required to be set up again and again. But the site itself is venerable and the general picture is satisfying — from within, if not from without.

An open road leads southward for a space along an unattractive line of dust-hills to a starveling town in the midst of which lie the Coptic churches — and the latter afford the chief attraction of the place. The distance to them is not great, but the walk is a dusty one, unrelieved by any shade. Once the narrow byways of the hamlet are attained, however, the visitor finds himself deep in the cool lanes of an ancient city which proves a truly delightful spot. Every turn reveals some remnant of old architecture, doubly pleasant after the bareness of the mosque. Here, at least, it is clean — and as quaint as it is quiet and retired.

In one of these lanes lies the oldest of the Coptic sanctuaries for which the district is famous — the church of Abou Sergheh. Tradition relates all sorts of wonderful things about it which the critical will hardly accept for truth. It is impossible to believe — so say the wise — that the upper portions of the structure, despite their obvious age, date back of the Mohammedan conquest; and it is quite as difficult to accept the story that the Virgin and our Sav-

iour spent an entire month in the old crypt beneath, during their sojourn in Egypt. I entertain the belief, however, that the skeptic is always to be pitied in such a case, for he is certain to lose much, wherever he goes, by refusing to accept whatever is set before him. It is comfortable to go about this earth, if one can, with the trusting spirit of the little child, largely uncritical and equipped above all else with abundant reserve funds of credulity for use in just such places as the crypt of Abou Sergheh!

The church itself is dim and old. In arrangement it is very like the Greek churches, and the service, while conducted in what passes for the ancient Coptic tongue, differs but little to outward seeming from the orthodox Greek ritual. The priest conducts his office from the central door of the iconostasis, just as one sees him doing in Hellas. The surroundings are much the same — few seats, many gratings, much obscurity, and pervading all the subtle and fascinating flavor of vast age. When we entered it the old priest was engaged in baptizing a baby of Coptic parentage — a charming picture. The venerable clergyman, assisted by one or two boys, was apparently on the best of terms with the father and mother, and the whole effect was of a delightful personal religion quite unlike the solitary praying of the Moslems. When it was all over, the old man took a taper and led us down the gloomy

flight of steps that led to the regions below, a cramped and musty cellar, but one which I have no doubt he regarded as sacred and holy ground.

There is another large Coptic church not many rods away, gloriously furbished up and restored after the blatant manner of most restorations ; but it cannot compare with the delightful old shrine of St. Sergius, where the ancient worship still goes on as we may believe it did in the time of the blessed St. Mark, in a language which neither priest nor penitent pretends longer to understand.

I may have remarked elsewhere that the Copts claim to be the lineal descendants of the first Christians converted by St. Mark at Alexandria, and the name " Coptos " is said to be simply a Greek corruption of the word Αἰγύπτος (Egyptian) — which seems plausible. In any case it is interesting to find this old worship going on as of yore on a site dedicated from the first to Christian purposes.

It remains to speak of what is perhaps the choicest possession of Cairo — the magnificent museum. Of that, however, it is hopeless to say much in detail. The scope of that treasure-house of priceless antiquities is so vast that no casual reference, such as these pages will permit, can have any value. It is the place to which one goes again and again, day after day, striving to comprehend what it all means — to ap-

preciate its aggregated collection of past ages. There is, I believe, nothing in the world to compare with it for impressiveness, considered as a commentary on the slow and painful advance of civilization.

Like all museums, this of Cairo suffers from occasional rearrangement, which proves seriously embarrassing to the beholder who is largely dependent on published guidebooks and catalogues. The problem of grouping such a mass of relics and art treasures, some colossal in size and some incredibly fragile and minute, must have been perplexing to the last degree. The present arrangement is no doubt the best that could be devised and follows, as closely as it is reasonably possible to ask, the dictates of chronological order. Even so, it is an arrangement that demands a large store of patience on the part of the beholder — particularly such as enter the presence of that awesome collection without adequate preparation for studying the multitude of objects in the light of archæology.

Naturally no other city can boast such an array of relics of the mighty past which Egypt embodies in her history. Nearly all the great museums of the world have their dole, and many are magnificent in their richness. Here and there one such possesses a thing of even greater value to the student of Egyptian history than may be found in Cairo. But as a

Cairo Museum

DIORITE STATUE OF KHEPHRÊN

stupendous whole, Cairo's collection of Egyptian antiquities is colossal and overwhelming — statues, mummies, coffins, sarcophagi, scarabs, papyri, jewels, grave-furniture, stelæ, and carved inscriptions. If one facing such a monument as this is bewildered and confused, how much greater is the confusion of one writing of it — forced to say something, yet knowing neither where to begin nor where to end?

I am content to let the task go largely unperformed, — at least for the present, — mentioning but a few of the treasures now and considering others, perhaps, as reference to them may be appropriate when we come to explore the various sites whence they were exhumed. The carved stelæ, for example, and the grave statues, — such as the magnificent diorite image of Khephrên or the innumerable wooden effigies which fill several rooms of the museum, — must be considered more fully when we take up the description of the ancient cemeteries of Ghizeh and Sakkâra. The gems and jewels and the vast array of accessories which the Egyptian of old caused to be buried with him for use in the happy hereafter we shall have repeated reference to as we go up the Nile, inspecting tombs without number. For the present, as connected with our mention of this incomparable museum, let us consider nothing but the actual tenants of those tombs — the mummied bodies of the mon-

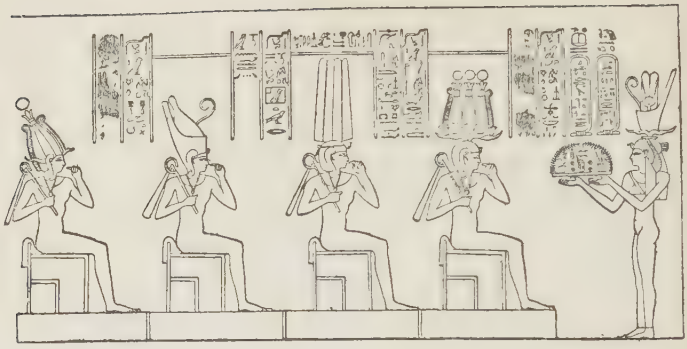
archs who ruled in a day when Mycenæ was yet undreamed of.

It is true that the mummied kings are by no means the oldest objects in the building, but their effect is unquestionably the most overpowering and impressive. It is no light matter to feel that one looks upon the very flesh and bone, the very faces and features, of Pharaohs who reigned long years before Moses led the Israelites out of bondage — long years, indeed, before Israel was even captive. Yet these are they! This is their flesh. These are the very hands that once the rod of empire must have swayed. These are the lips that gave law to a nation. And in the silence of death, after many thousand years have rolled over their desert tombs, their faces still preserve a kingly character and an individuality that is indescribable.

Over the bodies of the kings one speaks instinctively in a whisper, as at the bier of one but newly dead. And is it not fitting that it should be so? I cannot but feel something near allied to pity for these world-worn, war-scarred monarchs, dragged from the deep sepulchres in which they plotted to slumber for all eternity, and put once again on show for a gaping crowd. And so terribly real they are, these emperors of the long ago! We who have come to think of Agamemnon as half mythical are brought face to face with those brave men who were before

Agamemnon, who lived before Troy's towers rose, or Greece was great, or even before Joseph was sold into Egypt by his brethren! When this proud figure was erect and powerful, no man knew the name of Homer, and many centuries must elapse before the light should dawn in Galilee. Of all the wonderful things that the hand of prying man has garnered out of the buried fields of Egyptian antiquity and housed in the museum of Cairo, nothing can compare with this taciturn file of monarchs dead and turned to clay, here present in the body as when they were laid to rest, and bearing on their blackened faces some image of the vanished soul.

Men may differ as they will in their estimates of Greek and Egyptian art. They may quarrel over the problems of chronology. They may question the reality of Abraham and query which was the Pharaoh of the Oppression. All must stand dumb and awed before these royal corpses stretched in silent majesty upon their bier. What if they could be endued with power to speak out? How speedily those dead lips might confute our modern wisdom with all its dogmatizing over what went on in Egypt three thousand years ago!



CHAPTER V. THE OLD RELIGION

BEFORE proceeding to a consideration of the older sites of Egypt it seems essential to acquire some general understanding of the ancient beliefs, especially of such as pertained to the future life and its relation to the earthly existence of mankind. It is by no means an easy task to reduce to convenient form the great mass of existing detail on this subject, yet it must be done, because without it an intelligent appreciation of the most impressive remains of old Egypt is impossible.

Two species of survival from the dynastic times have to be considered — namely, the tombs of various sorts, and the temples. Each species is so intimately connected with the religion of the ancient peoples and their ideas of the attributes of their gods that what is

said of these things relates almost equally to both tomb and shrine as a preparation of the visitor to understand them.

By far the larger portion of the surviving relics of the remoter ages is made up of the burial-places. Such non-mortuary temples as remain, apart from the glorious composite at Karnak, date mainly from the Ptolemaic period and are therefore very late as compared with the general antiquity of Egypt. In only a few isolated instances, such as are afforded by the surviving walls of El Kab, or the fragmentary pavement at Tell el Amarna, have we anything left that in itself relates to the actual daily life of princes or people. Most of the current knowledge of that life has been derived from the paintings and reliefs on the walls of the tombs, thanks to the loving care that was lavished on their preparation and to the marvelous power of the climate to preserve their story intact.

The degree of care and amount of money spent on providing tombs, as well as upon preserving the earthly body against decay, are highly significant of the religious belief of the time. In the midst of life the Egyptian was in death — or at least his thoughts were so concentrated upon eternity that his chief end appears to have been to make adequate provision therefor. Naturally the most impressive works of this kind were those of the monarchs and of the wealthy

men who could afford the greater magnificence and the greater precaution against what the Egyptian dreaded most of all — failure to preserve the body which God had given and provide an eternal abode for it. But there is evidence enough to show that this care was not confined to the rich and great alone, and in some cases the poor laid effigies near the holy places in the pathetic hope that, since they could not afford magnificent graves there, some crumbs of eternal bliss might fall to them from the rich man's table.

In the resurrection of the body the Egyptian possessed a painfully literal belief. His theory was that man was born into this world with what we may call three essential elements: a body, a soul, and a sort of mysterious element which he called his "ka," perhaps best defined as the vital principle. At death, the functions of the ka were suspended, so far as concerned the earthly body, but it did not perish utterly. The soul winged its way to the western world, where abode the shades of the blessed, but hopefully only for a season, if Osiris should find it pure. In due time it should return to the earthly body, and the ka, kept supplied during the interval with a stated supply of food and drink, might then regain its ancient earthly tenement, to preserve which the most astonishing care was taken. That assurance might

be doubly sure, a second body was laid to rest in the same tomb with the mummy — a statue carved in all parts like unto the human body it accompanied, so that if all-destroying time reduced the original body to dust, the ka might still find ready to hand a replica of the former body which it could recognize and re-inhabit.

To this practice of providing a second body is doubtless to be ascribed the common but erroneous notion that the ka was a "double" of the person. That term is very commonly used, but the better opinion seems to be that it is improperly employed, and can be defended only as a matter of convenience. The only "double" was the secondary image provided, not as the ka, but for the ka's use in case the mummy perished.

This secondary image, wrought in many cases with remarkable fidelity and skill to resemble the subject himself, was sealed up in the tomb not far from the mummy, and the whole sepulchre was, as a rule, carefully sealed up in turn, to the end that it should not be rifled of its treasure. For inasmuch as the tenant would have need of much equipment in the world of shades, or in this world when his soul returned, a store of valuable things was commonly buried with him — furniture, chariots, jewelry, unguents, and supplies of needful food. Moreover, since

the ka also must be given the support which it received in life, an elaborate menu was provided for its use, set forth as a rule on a "stela," or tablet, in the wall of the tomb. If possible, an endowment sufficient to insure the upkeep of this provender was made by the decedent, and a corps of priests detailed to attend to the service of the ka. On stated days the survivors of the family must celebrate a feast in the tomb-chapel — which was never the tomb-chamber itself, and might even be located at a considerable distance from the actual body; and this feast amounted in fact to taking a meal with the departed shade, or with his ka, and constituted an act of pious worship whereby the living also might acquire merit. Unquestionably this sufficed to keep alive many a service which would otherwise lapse, for it was well to have friends at the court of Osiris when one came to die and have the soul weighed against the ostrich feather of truth!

The great and first commandment, then, was not only so to live that one might hope to be justified, but also to provide during life an abode which might with some justice claim to be eternal. One must have the body preserved as carefully as possible from all decay. And lest human care for this end be inadequate, a "double" must be laid to rest close by the corpse. The more durable the statue, the better. And

WOODEN STATUE OF THE SHEKH EL BELED

it is not surprising to find that the most obdurate stones were employed for this purpose, although the best material of all, considered purely as a means of making an exact replica, was wood. There are few more admirable sculptures in the world from the standpoint of one requiring pure realism than the "double" of the so-called "Shekh el Beled," now in the museum at Cairo, and few are better preserved. Its wood is apparently as perfect now as when it was carved. Its aspect is that of a living overseer, abroad in his plantations. Its eyes are astonishingly lifelike, and its close resemblance to the persistent type of Egyptian gave it the name which it has come to bear — an involuntary tribute of the bystanders, who dug it out of the sand, to its resemblance to their own village chief!

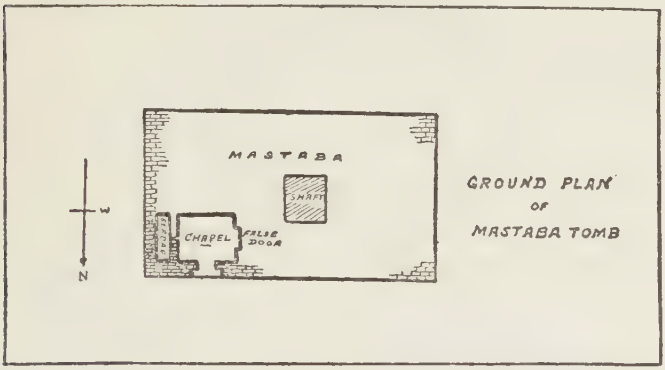
The skill which the ancient sculptors acquired in the working of refractory materials is revealed by one other statue in the same room of the museum with the Shekh el Beled, — the diorite image of Khephrên, builder of the Second Pyramid. Strictly, I suppose, this is not the same sort of ka statue, but it was found in a temple of the king, of which more will be said later; and it may easily have been meant as an alternative body, failing any other, when the ka should seek once more to resume its old abode. In any case its excellence is sufficient to make it a

worthy fellow of the wooden Shekh on the score of naturalness, despite the hardness of the black stone of which it is made.

The form of the tomb itself may profitably be spoken of here, although it must recur again and again as we go on. If it was necessary to embalm the body as no other people have been able to do it, and necessary also to supply a lifelike substitute in case the art of the body's balmer should fail, it was also highly important that the tomb itself should be enduring. Several different forms are still extant, but in every case it is painfully apparent that the care of the builders has been in vain if it was hoped to prevent desecration. Naturally the first graves must have been in the sand — and, indeed, many pre-dynastic tombs have been discovered within recent years which reveal the efficacy of this form of burial. Bodies in that remote day were mummified — even before Menes and the following dynasties — and were buried with the legs doubled up under the chin. The heaping-up of the drifting sands over the graves then doubtless led to the idea of a raised structure, which preserved the general form of the sand-dune, but made it permanent by adding a low retaining-wall sloping gently inward toward the top. From this sprang the common "mastaba" tomb, so-called because of its resemblance to the mastaba, or bench, found before

all Cairo shops. Of all early tombs the mastaba type is most interesting, partly because of the rapid development of tomb architecture during its prevalence, and partly because of the relation which it bears to the somewhat later pyramid.

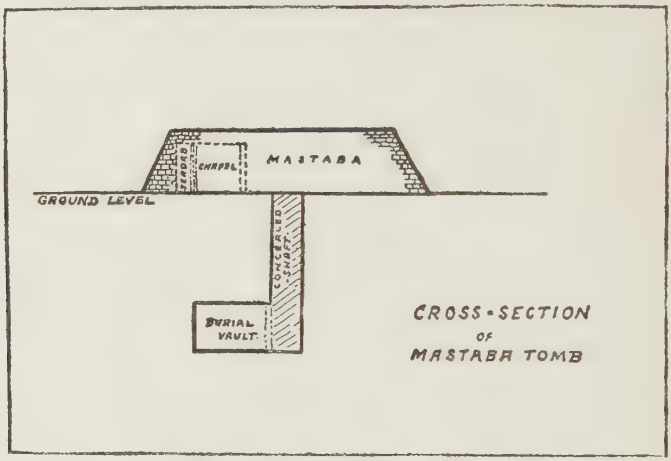
In its best estate, the mastaba tomb consisted of a rectangular building aboveground, with sloping



sides and not of great height, in which was hollowed out the tomb chapel. The body itself was buried at the bottom of a shaft sunk deep into the earth below the mastaba proper, and carefully concealed by filling the shaft with rubble and sand. Still later the arrangement of subterranean rooms, or partially subterranean rooms, became complicated, the decoration most admirable, and the development of the architecture devoted itself solely to the interior arrange-

ment of what outwardly remained a low, bench-like structure.

The development of the mastaba into the pyramid, so clearly shown by the Step Pyramid of Sakkâra,



needs no more than a word. The eye sees at a glance what followed the ambitious design of piling mastaba upon mastaba in a gradually narrowing scale. Even the drifting sands must have suggested the filling-in of the several terraces until the result was not a succession of steps but a smooth slope. The pyramid, therefore, is the legitimate descendant of the mastaba, just as the mastaba is the successor of the heap of sand. The pyramids, however, are too important in themselves to be considered in detail

here. Suffice it to say that in their case the body was laid to rest in the innermost depths of the mound of stone, while the service of the ka was transferred to a tomb-sanctuary entirely outside the pyramid itself, and even to a sanctuary that lay at a considerable distance from the imposing burial-place.

No such clear relation seems to exist between the mastaba-pyramid tombs and the cliff cemeteries. The latter seem to have sprung up as works of necessity at those points where the Nile cliffs offer steep faces of easily worked stone. In arrangement they are invariably much less complicated than the wholly subterranean tomb-chambers; but their decoration, while mainly painted instead of carved, is highly important and absorbingly interesting as throwing a strong light on the customs and sports of the living. The artist who decked these silent halls always filled their panels with scenes from the daily life, the life of the river and the field. There was no mournful note about it. If the Egyptian of old time spent this life in thinking about death, he hoped by way of compensation to spend his years of eternity in thinking about life as he had known it. And it is from these tomb-paintings that most of the modern learning as to customs in daily intercourse in old Egypt is derived.

Preferably, the tomb was hollowed out toward the

west; for even as the sun sank in that direction, so also did the souls of men depart thither. In the rear of every tomb-wall, at the back of every mortuary chamber, was carved a representation of a door, — indeed, the whole back wall represented as closely as possible the façade of a house, — and in that door the artist occasionally placed a figure of the deceased, returning from his interval passed in the world of shadows. And yet, despite the desire to "orient" tombs with reference to the occident, they soon became quite as common in the cliffs on the other side of the Nile, as those still to be seen at Beni Hassan bear mute witness.

Still another form was developed later in the time of Thebes, the most splendid epoch of older Egypt, under the Amenhôteps and their later successors, the Ramessids. This was the time when absolute secrecy had come to be even more essential than ever in order that the tomb be not despoiled. And to the end that no man should know the spot of the king's sepulchre it was hollowed out of the bare and rugged rocks of a deep, secluded valley on the west bank of the Nile — a valley practically inclosed on every hand by fierce and barren crags, in whose sandy bottom there was no life or vegetation, and whose every aspect was wild and forbidding. And it was here that tomb-building reached its final perfection as a matter of

extent if not of impressiveness or art. From a meagre entrance a long passage descended abruptly, often introducing sharp flights of steps to levels far below the surface of the ground, and deep in the heart of the mountain. Numerous lateral chambers were provided in the living rock, each decorated with a world of symbolical painting — much of it having to do with the abode of the dead, however, instead of as before with the life, activities, and sports of the living. Men had come to be anxious for the state of their souls in the dread passages of the nether world. An army of priests, slowly fastening their tentacles on the land, had fomented a host of superstitions in the minds of all, had invented a multitude of charms and incantations essential to eternal bliss, and caused the harassed mortal to care for nothing else than to be sure he knew and could remember at need the passwords and countersigns that Osiris and his train of lesser gods would demand. But the mummy was preserved as carefully as before and the service of the ka was kept up as of old — with the difference, however, that it was no longer necessary to have the mortuary temple hard by the cemetery itself.

Indeed, the care taken to conceal the entrances of these isolated royal tombs precluded any marking of their vicinity by the erection of visible shrines. It was quite as necessary to hide the body as to feed

the ka. And it is interesting to note that by this time the notion that the service of the dead must be near the resting-place of the body had so far disappeared that the mortuary temple could be several miles from the tomb without impairing its efficiency. One will look in vain for shrines aboveground in the Valley of the Kings' Tombs. The temples for this purpose all lay in the smiling plain directly opposite the city, separated from the rough valley by a spur of mountain and as distinct physically from the actual tombs as if they had been on the other side of the river. None of them ever was placed across the Nile, however, possibly because of the fear that running water might be troublesome to a disembodied spirit. But mountains seem to have afforded no insuperable barrier, and in the height of Egypt's glory thus tombs were made.

Many, of course, sought burial in the sacred precints of Abydos, where it was thought the body — or main portion, at least — of Osiris was laid. Even those who could not be buried there permanently were carried to the shrine of the God for "justification," and by this pious *postmortem* pilgrimage took sufficient merit away with them to their final abode to insure them eternal repose and a blissful resurrection.

Of the process of mummification a word must be said before turning to other features of the ancient

religion. It was a process as long and as careful as it was efficacious. Herodotus, doubtless following a trustworthy account in the main, says of it:—

First they draw out the brains through the nostrils with an iron hook, taking part of it out in this manner, the rest by an infusion of drugs. Then with a sharp Ethiopian stone they make an incision in the side and take out all the bowels; and having cleansed the abdomen and rinsed it with palm-wine, they next sprinkle it with pounded perfumes. Then, having filled the belly with pure myrrh pounded, and cassia, and other perfumes, frankincense excepted, they sew it up again; and when they have done this they steep it in natrum, leaving it under for seventy days; for a longer time than this it is not lawful to steep it. At the expiration of the seventy days they wash the corpse and wrap the whole body in bandages of flaxen cloth, smearing it with gum which the Egyptians commonly use instead of glue. After this the relations, having taken the body back again [from the professional embalmers], make a wooden case in the shape of a man, and having made it they inclose the body; and having fastened it up, they store it in a sepulchral chamber, setting it upright against the wall. In this manner they prepare bodies that are embalmed in the most expensive way.

Those who, avoiding great expense, desire the middle way, they prepare in the following manner: When they have charged their syringes with oil made from cedar, they fill the abdomen of the corpse, without making any incision or drawing out the bowels, by injection. And having secured the injection against escaping, they steep the body in natrum for the seventy days prescribed; and on the last day they let out from the abdomen the oil of

cedar which they had before injected, and it hath such power that it brings out the vitals in a state of dissolution; the natrum also dissolves the flesh and nothing of the body remains but the skin and bones. When they have done this they return the body to the relations without farther operation.

The third method of embalming is this, which is used only for the poorer sort: Having thoroughly rinsed the abdomen in syrmæa, they steep the body in natrum for the seventy days and deliver it to be carried away.[1]

From this it appears that the essential thing was the natrum bath, although the removal of the more perishable organs was an important part of the process. Still earlier methods revealed by the exploration of primitive sites appear to have involved the simple steeping of the body in a saline solution.

It should be added also that the process of mummifying was applied to certain animals held sacred, such as crocodiles and the temple beasts and birds, held in reverence as allied to the several gods — the bulls, for example, that were held sacred to Ptah and buried in such imposing sarcophagi in the Serapeum at Sakkâra.

The heart of the deceased was always carefully removed, and its place was taken, as a rule, by a large scarab, or imitation beetle, carved of stone and inscribed with efficacious formulæ and prayers des-

[1] Herodotus, II, 86, 87, 88.

tined to help the shade to a happy hereafter. And numerous small scarabs, also of stone or of some other durable material, were placed in the grave with the body, sometimes in vast numbers. It is stated that as many as three thousand have been found in a single tomb. The scarabæus was regarded as the symbol of resurrection, it would seem, because of a belief in its spontaneous generation from the earth under the benign influence of Ra.

Numerous as the genuine scarabs must have been, they have proved insufficient to supply the army of modern collectors, and one of the great industries of Egypt has come to be the vending of fraudulent imitations. The safest rule is doubtless to assume that all such offered for sale are spurious and thus avoid all doubt. Genuine scarabs, and indeed genuine antiquities of every sort, are to be known only by the expert — and not always by him. Small objects of value ranging from a few cents to many dollars may be had of the museum authorities, and from one or two reputable dealers in Cairo. But the vast majority of objects offered for sale throughout Egypt are unblushing frauds produced in bulk by ingenious fellaheen.

Some of the genuine scarabs, by the way, are not mortuary offerings at all, but are remnants of souvenir issues gotten out by ancient monarchs to com-

memorate notable events, much as a modern government would issue a special series of postage stamps. Not many of the kings resorted to this device, but Amenhôtep III authorized several such issues in recognition of his marriage with Queen Tii and of various victories achieved by him. All of which, of course, is quite beside the purpose of our present consideration of ancient religious beliefs and burial customs bearing upon them.

It remains to speak of the most chaotic of all the incidents of the Egyptian religion — its system of gods and goddesses. Nothing can be more bewildering at first sight than the array of names applied to different conceptions of deity. The mythology of Egypt is as crowded as that of Greece and Rome, and the efforts occasionally made both in ancient and in modern times to identify Egyptian concepts with the Greek have tended to produce a situation only to be described as confusion worse confounded.

It appears, however, that the question may be simplified by reducing the whole matter to a consideration of two sets of gods — those of the living and those of the dead.

To speak of either set of gods as at all savoring of monotheism seems absurd, and yet it cannot be denied that the deities of the living, although varying from time to time in numbers and often in names, did tend

most clearly to identify themselves with one supreme head and ruler — the god of the sun. It was never possible, however, to divorce the Egyptian mind entirely from the notion that there had to be other gods, less important to be sure, but still provided with functions which could not be neglected. And the result is that, while Egypt may in the long run have worshipped Ammon-Ra, the shining one, she still had a theology which generally consisted of a superior trinity heading what is commonly called an "ennead," or nine-god system. This is as true of the gods of the dead, through whose realms the sun passed at night on his way back to the east. If Ammon-Ra, or Horus, or some equivalent sun-god, is supreme in the visible world, Osiris is as supreme in the invisible.

That the sun-god should be the chief was, of course, perfectly natural and to be expected. In a country where the sun is seldom hid by clouds, where his heat is of impressive potency, where his northward march and southward retreat seem not entirely unconnected with the rise and fall of the life-giving river, — as Herodotus himself observed, — what more natural than that men should ascribe to him the supreme power? But their conception was not so much of an Apollo as of a Zeus, and indeed of a Zeus who was even more nearly supreme than the Cretan, or Grecian.

With the early confusion of myths which necessarily prevailed during the disjointed days of Egypt one would best have nothing to do. Naturally in that time each "nome," or district, had its local ideas of theological problems and its own nomenclature. But on the emergence of the nation as a bi-partite kingdom consisting of the South and the North, or of Valley and Delta, something like a coherent form begins to be discerned, with the sun-god as the central figure and generally known as Ra, esteemed by the mythologists to be the creator of gods and men.

Confusion, however, is certain to arise in one's mind on discovering that Horus, another conception of the sun-god, so far from being creator of gods and men, was the son of Isis and Osiris. And in the course of time, owing to the ingenuity of the priests of Horus in spelling out an identity between him and the various forms of Ra, one finds ultimately a new form called Ammon-Ra, seemingly regarded as a sort of amplified Horus, though not supplanting him. How this was done, by means of an intermediate conception called Re-Harakhte, "the Horus who is on the horizon," let the books tell. The confusion of the sun-myths is so great that it would be unprofitable to enter upon it here, and happily it is by no means essential to one's peace of mind to untangle it. It is enough that one shall recognize the worship of the sun-god,

whatever his name or sign, as the supreme worship of Egypt.

Entire consistency is not to be sought in the Egyptian mythology. Ptah, for example, "the artificer," the Egyptian Vulcan, a favorite deity in Memphis, is not without his special claim to be the "father of the gods." But his rôle in the national theology was not much more than local save as an equivalent symbol for the Greek idea of Hephaistos. Similarly, Khnum, the god of birth, or of "the moulding of mankind," seems also on occasion to have usurped a part of the creative functions of Ra.

The great Theban triad, the most important trio of gods at the most stirring epoch of Egyptian history, consisted of Ammon, the supreme sun-god; Mut, the fostering mother; and Khonsu, the time-measuring moon. Add to these three, Horus and Hathor, — the latter near akin to Venus, — and for all practical purposes you have sufficient unto the day.

Of course the attempt to identify these gods with the more familiar Greek and Roman deities is inexact and often muddling. Hathor, for example, is not really very much like Venus, although that is her common description. Perhaps it would be more exact to describe her as standing for the female power of nature, whence her attributes shade off into those of

Mut, the fostering mother. Moreover, it is sometimes difficult to know whether she belongs more appropriately with the goddesses of the living or those of the dead. For you will see a representation of her in the Cairo museum in the form of a cow, giving the needful milk to the happy dead who have been justified before Osiris and are thus restored to life everlasting. She is much too important a goddess to ignore, although she is not one of the Theban triad. And she divides with Horus the honor of possessing at this day the finest temples surviving in the upper valley of the Nile.

The gods of the dead cannot be dismissed in any briefer measure. Indeed, they are likely to seem even more important than the gods of the living, as befitted a country where the preparation for eternity was the all-absorbing passion. Of them all, Isis and Osiris are naturally the most important; and the legend concerning them may well be related here, though in brief.

Isis and Osiris, though brother and sister, were also husband and wife — a happy family arrangement in high favor among the human monarchs of their time. They had a son, Horus, and they were constantly at war with another pair of their kindred — their brother Set and his wife. At last Set overcame Osiris by a stratagem. He caused to be prepared a

beautiful chest, covered with gold and jewels and carved in the exact form of a man—taking for his model the body of Osiris which he had privily measured. At a convenient banquet he displayed the treasure and declared that he would bestow it upon the one who, on lying down in it, should find it to fit him most accurately. Various of the guests made trial of the chest, but it fitted none but Osiris. Whilst, therefore, he was lying in it, conspirators rushed from every side, clapped the cover upon it, sealed it with molten lead, and cast it into the Nile whereon it floated to the Delta.

Queen Isis, who was away at the time, learned of what had occurred and immediately set out through the land in search of the body of her lord. She ultimately discovered the precious chest hidden away in the heart of an enormous tree which had grown up miraculously around the stranded casket and which the Northern king, ignorant of the contents, had employed as the central pillar of his house. Isis secured the pillar, cleft it, abstracted the coffin and brought her husband's body once more to the light of day. But her troubles were not ended. During a brief absence of Isis, the wicked Set discovered the casket and the body of his brother. He forthwith fell upon the body and chopped it into fourteen fragments which he scattered over the country, obliging Isis to

renew her weary search. Once again she was successful, and various accounts say that she collected all the members of Osiris and buried them at Abydos, or that wherever she found a fragment she buried it on the spot. Thus sprang into being numerous rival sepulchres of Osiris, none of which, however, attained the celebrity of Abydos, which is generally credited with being the last resting-place of the head, or heart, of the god.

Still another tale has it that only a counterfeit image was buried at the fourteen different sites with the idea of hoodwinking the wicked Set. In any case, Osiris underwent a glorious resurrection and became the god in chief control of "those who are in the under-world." Isis, after being spared for many years, was finally slain by her own son, Horus, for some leniency shown to the wretched Set — and thereafter she shared with Osiris the honor of ruling over the kingdom of the dead. Out of all this mass of legend one may glean an idea of the reason for representing Osiris as a mummified figure, and of the significance of his traditional symbol — a stout pillar crowned with a capital.

So much for Isis and Osiris. They occupy so large a place in the mythology of Egypt because of the overmastering anxiety of the Egyptian for the repose of his soul. It was not to Osiris that he looked in

time of earthly danger — save only as he was the certain sovereign of the eternal years of god. Ammon and his train might rule in the transient world of the sun. Isis and Osiris ruled below in the world of the shades, and their kingdom was to be forever. If one must find parallels with the Greek mythology, perhaps the judgment of souls by Minos and Rhadamanthos will serve.

To Isis and Osiris as gods of the dead one must hasten to add Anubis — charming word! the jackal-headed one, officially the god of the dead; Thoth, or Thut, the familiar ibis-headed deity, weigher and measurer of souls, inventor of numbers; and Maat, goddess of law and truth, whose symbol was the ostrich feather, against which the souls of mortals must be weighed. And that should be enough. Let us have no other gods but these in mind — for from whatsoever is more than these cometh confusion!

Probably the most disconcerting feature of the whole Egyptian theology is the custom of depicting its chief divinities with the heads of animals and birds. For some reason each god appears to have been partially identified with some bird or beast, and in the fullness of time the conception of the two — god and symbol — became so merged that the sculptured figure of the deity was almost invariably crowned with the head of his associated animal. Possibly it

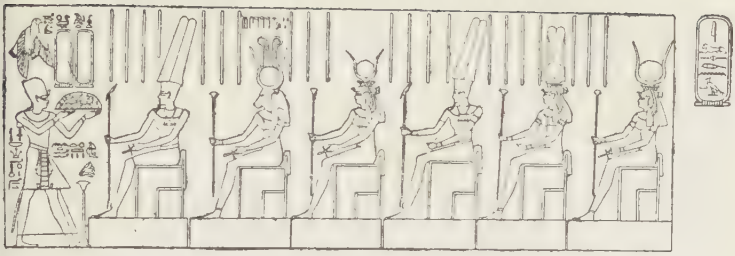
seemed a profanation to portray the august beings of another world with human features. Excellent as the Egyptian sculptors were, their skill was not equal to making attractive so grotesque a coterie of gods as these. Horus, with the hawk's head and sometimes a hawk's wings; Anubis, with the lean head of a jackal; Thoth, with the long, thin beak of the ibis; Khnum, with the face and horns of a ram; Hathor, in the guise of a cow, — all these fall far short of our modern ideas of godlike beauty and can never compare with the glorious conception which later Greece gave of her gods and goddesses. Zeus might, at his amorous need, turn himself into the form of some beast, but the Greek artist would never portray him as half man and half brute. Egypt, however, came to represent all her gods in that way, and very awful some of them appear.

Various forms of special crowns were employed by the sculptors to go with each god, as well as numerous forms of headgear to be used by earthly monarchs, a discussion of which would be out of place here. Certain common symbols must, however, receive at least a word. On every hand one meets the well-known sign of the sun between two outspread horizontal wings, often brilliantly colored — an appropriate symbol of the sun-god. And as, next to the sun, the hawk is the most familiar object in the Egyp-

tian sky, it was natural that the men of old time should conceive of the sun as winging his way across the heavens like these birds which shrilled their flight in circles high above his head. The "key of life" borne by various gods, and the "scourge of authority" which is the common attribute of Osiris, are likely to be found in the hands of any deity carved on the temple walls. Of the various crowns, the only one likely to be recognized readily at first sight by the non-technical beholder is that dual headdress indicative of the "two lands," Upper and Lower Egypt — which is accurately, but flippantly, described as a representation of a very stout bottle of mineral water reposing in a coal hod.

The whole matter of Egyptian theology may not be summed up in a word, and the generalities of to-day may be upset by the discoveries and theories of to-morrow. Nevertheless, passing over the long list of cognate divinities with their functions and symbols as being quite beyond the scope of this writing and wholly needless for the average voyager in Egypt, one may hope to grasp a few of the genuinely essential things. And in general it is enough to say that, under various names, Egypt worshiped the power of the sun and identified the chief of her gods therewith; that the chief end of man was to insure, as far as in him lay the power, the preservation of

his body and the hope of a glorious resurrection; and that of the gods, apart from the sun-deity, the most important appear to have been those whose functions relate to judgments to be passed beyond the grave.



CHAPTER VI. THE HISTORY OF EGYPT

THE immense extent of the history of Egypt is so incommensurate with the length of time which the average tourist has at his disposal that at first sight it presents an array of monumental discouragements. The ordinary mind is incapable of making a study of the records in which the Egyptologist delights. Moreover it is to most of us utterly unfamiliar ground. The annals of Greece and Rome we have met at close quarters in our school days; and while we generally manage to forget the details with discouraging speed on emerging from school and college, the names of emperors and battles are at least familiar and lend to our later travels in classic countries a form of lively interest which needs only a little historical refurbishing.

With Egypt it is not so. Most of us venture into that mysterious land with no knowledge of its past save what has clung to us from our early experiences

in Sunday School. The name of Pharaoh is likely to suggest a single personage rather than a line of kings. We recall the tales of Abraham and Joseph; our minds then make a wild leap to the exploits of Moses; and having done with him, there remains little but a shadowy acquaintance with the mere names of Rameses, Ptolemy, and Cleopatra. Of the relations of these several dim figures to the times we have little or no idea. They have entered but casually into our scheme of education. Our notions of the country itself are based, in many instances, on the psychological effect produced by a certain color on the maps of our childish geographies.

The problem before us now, therefore, is to fit ourselves for a voyage up the Nile, which may at best consume but a month or two among ruins that have a story of long ages to tell. And it is with the idea of laying down some definite and essential landmarks of history for the general guidance of the uninitiated visitor that this chapter is written. In so small a compass little can be set down but the most commandingly salient points; and as usual the great object is to omit, rather than to include, to the end that the reader may find a few points from which to take his reckoning and not be confused by a long list of names and dates. As a matter of fact, the history of Egypt is not unlike a prodigious range of mountains, enor-

mously long and possessed of numerous peaks of a very similar altitude, but broken here and there at rather convenient intervals by commanding groups which it is well to take note of and study.

We shall be wise not to concern ourselves unduly with the predynastic period, interesting as this is likely to prove as investigation proceeds. We shall do well also to leave quite untouched the long intervening stretches between the three or four really important dynastic groups. And we shall most certainly leave out of our account the more recent period of Egyptian chronology from the time of the new empire's decay, even though this deprives us of Cleopatra and her train. We go to Egypt, in most cases, for a taste of the antiquity that antedates Alexander and that makes even the Old Testament seem young. And while it is true that many of the surviving temples date in their present surprisingly complete form from the Ptolemaic period, it is with the interval between 4400 and 1000 B.C. that we shall have the most to do. In other words, we shall be more concerned with Egypt from the dawn of recorded history down to the time of Troy than we shall be with her subsequent record, important as that was, after the last of the Ramessids had passed from the scene and left the land a prey to foreign invaders and overlords for the rest of her time.

The chronology of Egypt is at best a speculative matter and little errors of a century or two either way give the experts apparently little concern. I have adopted for convenience the estimates of Professor Breasted; and the accompanying table is designed to reveal at a glance the relative positions of the great dynastic periods with which it is advisable to become fairly familiar before venturing south from Cairo, or even out to the neighborhood of the pyramids at Ghizeh.

For convenience, therefore, the history of Egypt may be roughly and somewhat arbitrarily divided into these periods:—

I. The earliest historical period, dating from the accession of Menes as the first historical king to the end of the Second Dynasty. The original royal capital at this period was at Thinis, near Abydos.

II. The "Old Kingdom," or Third to Eleventh dynasties inclusive, with the royal capital at Memphis and a prodigious royal cemetery extending all the way from Sakkâra northward to Ghizeh. This is the period of the greater pyramid builders.

III. The "Middle Kingdom," or Twelfth to Sixteenth dynasties, inclusive. This period covers the lesser pyramid builders and marks a time which was one of great prosperity in Egypt wherein both architecture and literature flourished, but which has, nev-

TABULAR VIEW OF EGYPTIAN HISTORY

Grand divisions	Dynasties	Dates B.C.	Emperors	Monuments, events, etc.
Predynastic Period	.....	4241	.....	Earliest known date
Dawn of Dynastic History	I	3400	Menes	First historical monarch. Capital at Thinis
	II	2980	.....	
Old Kingdom 2980–2160	III	2900	Zoser	Step Pyramid.
	IV	2850	Snofru	1st true pyramid.
			Cheops	Great Pyramid.
			Khephrên	2d Pyramid. Sphinx
			Mycerinus	3d Pyramid
				Rise of Memphis
	V	.....	.....	
	VI	2475	Pepi, etc.	Sakkâra tombs. Art reaches perfection
	VII–X	2160		
Middle Kingdom 2160–1580	XI	.....	.....	Rise of Thebes
	XII	2000	Amenemhet	Tombs at Beni Hassan and Assiut
			Sesostris	
				Lesser pyramids
	XIII	.....	.....	
	XIV–XVII	1788–1580	"Shepherd Kings"	Hyksos invasion Horses introduced
Empire 1580–1000	XVIII	1580	Ahmosis	Hyksos expelled
			Amenhôtep I	Foreign conquest
			Thutmosis I	Karnak temples
			Thutmosis III	
			Hatasu	Royal tombs, Thebes
				Speos Artemidos at Beni Hassan
			Amenhôtep III	Culmination of empire
			Amenhôtep IV	Revolt from Ammon
	XIX	1350	Rameses I	Temples
			Seti I	
		1292–1225	Rameses II (the Great)	Colossi
		1225–15	Merenptah	Oppression of Israel
	XX	1090	Rameses III	Conquests
Decadence	XXI–XXX	1000–341		Foreign domination
		332–51	Ptolemies	Temples Dendera, Edfû, Philæ
		51–41	Cleopatra	Roman conquest

ertheless, left comparatively few remnants in which the non-technical visitors will take an interest.

IV. The "New Empire," Seventeenth to Twentieth dynasties, in which period occurred the expulsion of the invading Hyksos monarchs, or "Shepherd Kings," who had ruled over the North for a century or so. This is really the "classic" period, the one in which the power of Egypt was actually extended to imperial proportions by the greatest of her Pharaohs. It was the time of the greatness of Thebes, of the oppression and exodus of the Israelites, of the rise of Rameses and his line.

V. The Period of Foreign Domination, which has continued with but few interruptions to the present day. It includes the Twenty-first to the Thirtieth dynasties and merges into the Greco-Roman period wherein flourished the Ptolemies, Cleopatra, and the various Roman governors.

Out of these several epochs a few great names arise to arrest attention. The rest, while essential to the technical student's account, need not, and indeed must not, concern us. As for the great and misty prehistoric time which preceded the rise of Menes, that must be left entirely to the archæologist. Suffice it to say that the earliest fixed date at present known to the students appears to be the year 4241 B.C., when the heliacal rising of Sirius was recorded and the

first definite calendar was introduced. This considerably antedates the accession of Menes, which is now ascribed to the year 3400 B.C.

Of Menes and his immediate successors but little needs to be said, and indeed but little seems to be known. His reputed tomb has been located at Abydos and his capital appears to have been, for at least a portion of the time, at the city called Thinis in that vicinity, of which practically nothing now remains. He also founded, however, the great city of Memphis much farther to the northward, now equally obliterated, to be sure, but definitely located as to its former site. The chief importance of Menes to the casual visitor is found in his having been the first of the historical kings. His name survives in the Mena House. Memphis, a word which at first sight also seems possibly to be a corruption of his name, is in reality the name of a later king identified with the Sixth Dynasty, at which time the city had risen from the low estate of an outlying fortress to the rank of a magnificent capital and residence of the court.

The "Old Kingdom" marks the rise of the builders of the greater pyramids, of whom more will be said in the chapter devoted to those astonishing structures. The important names are those of Zoser, the maker of the Step Pyramid at Sakkâra and originator of the pyramid idea; Snofru, builder of the first

real pyramid at Medun; Cheops (Khufu), who built the Great Pyramid at Ghizeh: Khephrên, commemorated by the second great pyramid and the Sphinx; Mycerinus (Menkewre), the builder of the Third Pyramid. All these, with the exception of Zoser, belong to the Fourth Dynasty, and form the first really important group of Egyptian sovereigns. With the kings of the other dynasties of this Old Kingdom period we shall have nothing to do, despite the fact that under them Egyptian art attained its highest excellence in many particulars and left us the most magnificent of the tombs at Sakkâra.

The "Middle Kingdom" is the period of the Amenemhets and Sesostrises (Usertesen), of whom Sesostris III was the most famous. Little time need be spent over these here, save to say that they are commemorated by pyramids at Lisht, Dashûr, and Illahûn, in the long line that makes such an impressive showing along the lofty west bank of the Nile for sixty miles as one journeys south from Cairo.

It is with the rise of the full-fledged empire of Egypt, on the successful expulsion of the Shepherd Kings, that the history of the land begins to be genuinely inspiring, presumably because the light thrown by recorded history on the events of that prosperous age is so much more intense than it is in the case of preceding periods. From the rise of

Ahmosis down through the long and imposing line of Amenhôteps and Ramessids, the history of Egypt is fairly well deciphered from a multitude of records in stone and papyrus. It affords us by far the most important group of names since the period of the pyramid builders; and the reading of Egyptian history at this point ceases to be a burden and becomes a positive delight.

The land begins to expand outwardly as well as to develop inwardly. Foreign conquests push the frontier southward and eastward, far into Asia. Countless small principalities become tributaries of the all-conquering Pharaoh, who adds Palestine, Nubia, and a large part of Arabia to his dominions. Meantime enormous works proceed at home, and Thebes, with her hundred gates, becomes a famous city destined to a certain immortality.

By this time the power of the priests of Ammon has increased to such an extent that their ranks appear to furnish the regular recruiting of the royal house. The great monarchs of the classic Eighteenth Dynasty are temple-bred, and their queens appear in the records as priestesses of the shrine. The rich spoils of war go to extend and adorn the already enormous fane of Ammon, which rises at Karnak a scant two miles from the twin temple of Luxor. Between these great monuments to the prevailing faith runs a

magnificent street lined with ram-headed sphinxes, and all around spreads the capital city of the ancient world, up and down the steep bank of the Nile. Now, of a truth, is the glorious summer of Egypt's rule.

By one of those rare benefactions that occasionally attend our human race, Egypt was blessed during the years that followed the expulsion of the Hyksos with a succession of extraordinary rulers, practically all of one royal house, — of a family which maintained its strength so consistently that it held the rod of empire in its own hands at Thebes for practically two centuries. It was a remarkable line, and its monument in history is a record of notable achievements. The characteristic names of its rulers were Amenhôtep and Thutmosis, the several kings alternating in those names from father to son for generations. Each name shines resplendent in at least one representative, — curiously enough, in the third of each, — and the records of Amenhôtep III and Thutmosis III will not perish from the earth.

The conquests abroad, however, did not long endure after the Thutmosis-Amenhôtep family had fallen into decay. It was an empire based purely and simply on the power of the sword. It had no geographical justification. And with the rise of the fourth Amenhôtep, a man given to dreaming and to religious speculation, the outlying dependencies fell

away. The fourth Amenhôtep, however, is by no means an unimportant figure in the annals of the time. It was he who led the revolt from the cult of Ammon-Ra and instituted a new religion of his own devising. He removed his capital from Thebes to a new city of his own building — now known as Tell el Amarna. And the whole episode affords one of the most interesting studies in the records of the empire. To be sure, the movement accomplished little in the end. The worship of Ammon refused to die at the monarch's word, even though he so far deferred to the notions of the time as still to deify the sun's disc. Ammon returned to the throne and Thebes once again became the capital. Nevertheless this sporadic foreshadowing of the monotheistic idea will not be overlooked by any thoughtful reader, and it is likely to be concluded that this ill-starred Amenhôtep was very far from being the least important of his illustrious line, despite his conspicuous failure as a potentate.

It was during the reign of this notable royal family that one famous woman succeeded in gaining the chief power and reigned for a time in her own right. This was the great Queen Hatasu — or Hatshepsowet, as the books commonly call her. She had a stormy time of it for a while, because of a constant quarrel with her husband-brother, Thutmosis III, but

in the interval managed to snatch a few lively years of power which she shared with no one. Her ability in local and foreign administration was in no wise inferior to that of her brethren, and one may still read in the painted porticoes of her terraced shrine opposite Thebes the tale of her expedition to the Red Sea, to the distant land then known as Punt.

One other very notable woman of the same period is Queen Tii, wife of the great Amenhôtep III, whose tomb, with that of her parents, formed one of the greatest achæological "finds" of recent years. Whether Queen Tii was a foreigner or native-born need hardly concern us. But it is pleasant to believe that this influential and able woman bore an important part in the affairs of her day, albeit as a consort only, and was mainly instrumental in giving to the mind of her ill-fated son, Amenhôtep IV, that monotheistic bent spoken of a moment ago, which so arrests the attention of modern investigators.

The tombs of nearly all these potent monarchs were built in the bare and desolate valley across the Nile from the city of Thebes, in what we now know as the "Valley of the Kings." Pyramids they no longer erected; but they had the same solicitude for an enduring and an inviolable resting-place that had actuated Cheops and Khephrên centuries before, and took prodigious pains to keep the location of their

dead bodies profoundly secret. With these tombs we shall have much more to do when we consider the environs of the modern Luxor. For the present it is enough to know that several of the actual bodies of these impressive old rulers have survived, and that one of them, Amenhôtep II, still lies in his original coffin, in his own tomb, in the desolate vale where modern visitors, aided by the blessing of an electric light, may look down upon his dreamless sleep.

If the Eighteenth Dynasty was illustrious, it was but little more so than the Nineteenth which followed. The interregnum between the last great Amenhôtep and the first great Rameses was not long, and fortunately was not productive of utter ruin. To be sure, the great foreign empire had sadly dwindled, but there was still life in the body of Egypt. Rameses I was not especially notable in himself, save as the founder of a new royal line; nor was Seti, who followed him, save as the father of the last really great monarch of old Egypt — Rameses II, called "the Great." Enough of a hold was still retained upon the outer world to subjugate Israel and hold its people in bondage at Pharaoh's court, and Rameses the Great strove valiantly to extend his boundaries as the great Thebans of the previous dynasty had done. He fought hard battles, the story of which he never wearied of relating in huge carvings on the walls of

a score of temples. He positively shone as a politician. He built more monuments of an enduring kind all over Egypt than any other king had done. He reigned for sixty-seven years, — an extraordinary reign for any age, — and when he came to die he left behind him seventeen sons and something like one hundred and thirty daughters! His mummy, with that of Seti, his father, lies in the Cairo museum; and while many other bodies older than his lie there also, the chief object of interest is always the mummy of the great Rameses, well enough preserved to this day to vouch for the excellence of his many colossal portrait statues.

Visitors used to be told that Rameses was the "Pharaoh of the Oppression" made famous by the Old Testament. This is no longer maintained, the weight of authority now inclining to ascribe that dubious celebrity to Merenptah, his immediate successor, whose mummy was likewise recovered from a tomb in the Valley of the Kings.

Twelve monarchs bearing the name of Rameses made up the Ramessid line, but apart from the first three they have left little behind but a record significant of the decay of Egypt. With fitful periods of renewed energy the line of the Pharaohs declined until at last the land fell a prey to the invader and became, in the time of the Ptolemies, a mere outly-

ing satrapy of the world-compelling Alexander. And while we owe to the Ptolemaic period many of the magnificent temples that still survive in marvelous perfection, — such as those at Dendera, Esneh, Edfû, and Philæ, — it will hardly repay us to spend much time in sketching the decline of Egypt farther. The close of the Ptolemaic line in the age of Cæsar, Antony, and Cleopatra brings us back to the more familiar ground of Roman history.

Such, then, is the briefest possible survey of the history of Egypt, confined to what seems most essential to our present need. Our summary is no doubt cavalier. Hundreds of notable names and events are deliberately omitted from our account. Ages are dismissed in paragraphs. Each one of these monarchs, however, we shall have occasion to refer to again as we consider in more detail their surviving works. But enough has been said to provide us with some definite landmarks without which we could hardly, with profit, push our explorations up the Nile.

It would be more satisfactory still if we could identify more closely the chronology of Egypt with that which our other studies have made familiar. Unfortunately, the Bible narrative is somewhat too legendary to admit of many absolute identifications — and those rather late in time. If we assume that Abraham was an historical personage rather than a

type, we may be sure that he came to dwell in the land of Goshen many hundred years after Cheops had built his pyramid, and doubtless saw, as we see now, those three gigantic piles towering across the level fields. When it was that Joseph served in Pharaoh's court we may not safely say, but at least the history of the grand viziers is entirely consistent with all that the Bible story claims for his power and dignity. As for Moses and the Exodus, let us assume that the latter occurred in the reign of Merenptah—although it does some violence to the Biblical account. The Pharaoh's body, at any rate, has survived to us and cannot have perished in the reflux of the Red Sea. Just as certainly we must conclude that Moses never led forth any such multitude as the legend affirms. But it is entirely probable that a large body of Israelites actually was led back to Palestine; and it is not improbable that because of a wind or other cause it was able to cross dry-shod the bed of some of the shallow and "bitter" lakes that still exist near the verges of the Red Sea. Equally certain is the truth of the story of the bricks without straw, samples of which we may still see in the treasure-houses of the Ramessid period.

It is this tendency to make our venerable Bible and the Greek classics seem young that is the really imposing thing about Egyptian antiquity. What we

have been prone to regard as books of enormous age are suddenly revealed to be much more youthful than most of the Egyptian monuments. Assuming that the siege of Troy really occurred at about the year 1194 B.C., a time of which the Greek tales are more than half mythology, it seems a very recent date when compared with the first introduction of the Egyptian calendar. By the age of Troy the really important part of Egyptian history was over and done with. We have the record in imperishable stone of events a thousand years older than Achilles. Whether Homer himself ever existed men disagree — but we have no doubt of Menes. Mycenæ, rich in gold, and the age to which she gave her name, can hardly go back to the time of the Sakkâra tombs. The palace of the Cretan Minos was built when Zoser's Step Pyramid was centuries old. And when Jesus taught by Galilee, the body of Amenhôtep, still preserved to us, had lain for fourteen centuries in its grave.

CHAPTER VII. THE PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH

MY own introduction to the great pyramids took place under conditions so satisfactory that I venture to recommend the same circumstances to others as affording the best possible setting for the experience. It was by moonlight.

We had designedly postponed the visit to Ghizeh, although the huge forms of the pyramids had tempted us by their grandeur for many days, as they revealed themselves in the dim distance across the meadows; and it was only on the full of the moon, on a gloriously crisp and clear February night, that we finally sought the tram line and began the journey to their feet.

By the way, let us not be too severe on the tram. It is a rather incongruous form of conveyance, to be sure, — or seems so at present, — more especially as it whirls along a road that is still trodden by the

leisurely camel and the patient ass, as it was in the brave days of old. Nevertheless it is a decided convenience, and it is surely no more to be deplored than the taxicab of Cairo which superior persons are wont to employ at great cost to convey them to the tombs of Cheops and Khephrên. Decrying the tram has long been a fad with the finical, who fail to see in it a mere bowing to modern progress no more to be regretted than is the erection of a first-class hotel in the very shadow of the Great Pyramid. Two thousand years hence, the traveler from New Zealand will doubtless be decrying some other new contrivance and sighing for the good old days when men rode out to Ghizeh in the romantic trolley car.

It was dusk when we neared the spot. The line had led along the verges of a canal, the surface of which was as placid as glass, giving back the sunset's gorgeous gold. Against the glowing background of the west the pyramids stood huge and purple, and their inverted images smiled up from the watery pools that lay along the track. Long trains of weary camels strode silently by in the dusk, which in the dense shadow of the lebbakhs beside the line was already giving presage of the gloom of night.

Now there was on the car a smooth-spoken Arab who invited himself, contrary to all regulations, into the compartment reserved for passengers, and who

besought us to retain him as guide, philosopher, and friend. He said his name was Hassan, which was probably the only word of truth that had escaped the portal of his teeth that day. He possessed two trusty camels stationed near the Mena House — one of them warranted to be the best for a lady to ride to be found in all Egypt. The price would be two shillings — including everything. We were new to Egypt, and believed.

There is about as much need of a camel to ride out to the Sphinx as there is of a life-preserver in the midst of the Sahara. The distance is not great and the walking, though over sands, is not bad. Still doubtless one must ride on a camel sometime — and it might as well be now. Wherefore we booked with Hassan and gave solemn pledge not to forget him, which seemed at the moment a rather needless procedure, but one which later we had cause to understand. Thus satisfied, Hassan cooed on contentedly in a voice lubricated by centuries of date-eating. To think ill of him was impossible. Tones like his would soothe a dying bed — and dwindle, and change, and blend into the music of the spheres by slow degrees.

Nevertheless, all through a very excellent dinner at the hotel the spectre of that camel ride sat on my shoulder and served to add a wholly superfluous element of awe to an occasion already solemn. We had

THE APPROACH TO THE PYRAMIDS

taken a hasty glance at the pyramids before escaping into the hotel, and they had certainly been all that was claimed for them. Indeed, the half had not been told. Ruddy and appallingly steep they had towered dimly into what was left of the sunset, and the moon, round and full, was climbing the east and silvering the desert from which the last rays of the sun had fled. When we came out again, all was dark and mysterious. The sky was clear. The pyramids rose into it majestically like gigantic ghosts. Their shadows lay sharp across the sands. The night air nipped shrewdly.

A host of shrouded figures at the gate realized our ideals of desert Bedouin to the full, and among them was Hassan. He claimed us, and his claim was instantly disputed. We took several steps forward, but with the utmost difficulty. Tumult and confusion reigned. The clamoring host surrounded us. Advance was almost impossible, as the road was blocked with men, boys, donkeys, camels, sheiks, and the sons of sheiks. We were the first that ever burst into that sunless sea, apparently. The other sowaheen were still at meat. No diversion due to the appearance of other possible customers served to divide the crowd — and here for the first time we learned what an outrageous nuisance the pyramid Bedouin are and how utterly neglectful is the Government in the matter of

regulating them. On later visits I learned that the best way to deal with this evil is to suffer and be strong.

When we had got rid of the mob, which finally happened, we found Hassan's two boasted camels reclining and ruminating in the deep shadow which the high wall cast on the gleaming road. The moon made it almost as light as day. The highway wound off into the lofty plateau of the desert in a sweeping curve which glistened like silver. The pyramids stood high above on a surprisingly lofty bluff which marked the eastern edge of the eternal sands. Here it was that we mounted, not without difficulty, yet sustained and soothed by Hassan's persistent coo.

The awakening of the camel should be a fit theme for a tone poem. It presents an infinite variety of *motif* throughout, to which the rumbling and grunting of the beast afford a droning accompaniment. The worst part of every camel ride is the beginning and the ending thereof. The downsitting and uprising of the brute is a complicated process at best, but most so when one is mounted.

I approached the larger camel and obediently seated myself on his extreme summit.

"Lean back," commanded Hassan. I obeyed.

"Look out, sah! Lean front!" I complied. Lo, we were aloft.

"All right, sah? You feel all right?" I said I did.

"I hope you all right, sah?" — this in a pleading tone that would have melted the hardest Pharaoh's heart. I again assured him — and we were off.

Perched as I was and expecting the most awful things, I dared not turn to see how Katrina was getting along with her camel, but I was aware by certain squeals and exclamations that her beast was under way too and that the cavalcade had started. And in very truth it was a cavalcade, if one may have such without horses. Each camel was led by two boys and two men, all shrouded in white. Hassan trotted alongside on his donkey. Another boy, who spoke a little English, ran at my side and disturbed me by much conversation. Had I known then what I know now, all these attendants would have been dismissed instanter. They were a needless and wholly expensive luxury, as we discovered when we got back and it was time for the distribution of backsheesh.

Meantime in a solemn and a silent row we paraded past the Great Pyramid, bore around its massive eastern face and down into a valley shadowed by the meaner and more ruinous brick pyramids of those of low degree. The prospect was incredibly glorious. Under the full moon the Nile valley, broad and dim, was fair to see; and the desert stretched afar to the southward to where Sakkâra spread her silver-

mantled plains. The three great pyramids towered close at hand, soft yet glowing in the magic of the moonlight. No other traveller was yet abroad, and the effect was so potent that all conversation was hushed in the general awe, the silent bliss of it — the indescribable grandeur of those monsters of the past and the illimitable spaces of the billowy desert. The effect of our march was much like that of passing over a recent soft snowfall, lulled by the gentle, swaying motion of the beasts and numbed by the chill of the night.

In due time we descended in silent majesty to the hollow where lay the Sphinx — never so impressive at other times as by moonlight. We were ahead of the crowd. The huge image, carved out of the solid rock of the plateau and half buried in the sands, was deserted save for our little group. The moon softened the gaze of its sightless eyes and threw the sharp shadow of its mighty back upon the face of the desert. The visage wore the mystic look which tradition insists on associating with such an object, and it was easy to forget that this was nothing but the image of a Pharaoh rather than an abstract typification of eternal secrecy. The camels stood motionless. The Bedouin squatted in their shrouds and smoked silently. Katrina and I said nothing, but gazed in awe upon this handiwork of a bygone age. Its spell was irresistible.

THE THREE PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH
(Note the shadouf in foreground)

SPHINX AND PYRAMID OF CHEOPS

Meantime, alas, the other sowaheen finished their dinner and came trooping out by twos and threes, and finally in battalions. Their coming marred the splendor and snapped the mystic thread which had bound us. Objectionable dragomans began flashing magnesium wire under the chin of the Sphinx, ruining the effect of the moonlight on that impassive face. Chatter became universal, and we turned to go — when it occurred to me to ask Hassan if his camels had names.

"Oh, yes, sah! This one you ride, he called 'Romses.' And the camel the lady ride, he called 'Lovely-Nice'!"

I exploded. It seemed a name to conjure with.

"Lovely-Nice, he been to Chicago. You know Chicago?" pursued Hassan in his commiserating coo. "And this donkey, he named 'Marka Twain.' You know Marka Twain?"

Later I discovered that almost every donkey in Ghizeh is named for the humorous American who did his merry part toward making the pyramids famous. Also that every male inhabitant of the place wishes you to believe that he is either the sheik or the sheik's son. Further, that all and several have been to Chicago and there helped to furnish forth the "Streets of Cairo." Finally, that eternal backsheesh is the price of liberty — and little of that, for we had a perfectly awful time in getting rid of Hassan and his

crew on returning to Mena. I tremble to think of the amount we disbursed to that violent and mendacious horde. The consolation, however, was that the experience was easily worth many times the money — not only the pyramids, but also the general education in dealing with the pyramid Bedouin.

Our later visits were less productive of largess. It was quite impossible to dissuade the local inhabitants from begging, but we managed to discourage undue persistence by a show of firmness that went often to the verge of violence, and generally ended in an outburst of vigorous English which had more effect than all our pidgin Arabic.

"I go with you, sah, up the pyramid?"

"La!"

"I climb the pyramid in five minits?"

"La! La! Yallah!"

"I not a guide. I watchman to protect you!"

"Oh, yallah! Understand? Yallah! Go on, get out, vamos! Mush sowaheen!"

"I not afraid of you, sah, because I Bedouin."

"Now, see here, Hassan, Ali, Ibrahim, Mahmoud, whatever your name is — do you see that rock over there? Well, you go sit on it, and if you dare to move from it until we 're out of sight, I 'll — well, I 'll do something to you you won't like. Taraaf? Understand that?"

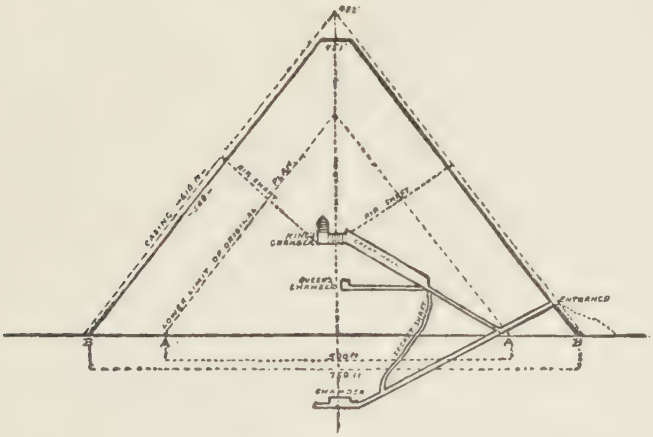
That generally ended the debate, especially when accompanied by a demonstration with the rhinoceros-hide whip, the modern equivalent of Osiris's scourge of authority as seen in the monuments.

Turn we now to a consideration of these monstrous pyramids of Ghizeh. The world needs not to be reminded that they were tombs erected by monarchs early in the recorded history of Egypt — in the Fourth Dynasty, to be specific. But there are many interesting things about them which the world does not know so well, and of which a layman may venture to speak. For example, it is not generally realized that these pyramids, the greatest of all, were not the fruit of a long experience in pyramid building, but were among the very earliest to be erected. King Zoser developed his Step Pyramid from the original low mastaba tomb, let us say, about 2900 B.C. In 2850, or thereabouts, Snofru of the Fourth Dynasty erected the first "real" pyramid at Medun — for the Step Pyramid is not held to be a real pyramid at all. The succeeding monarchs, Cheops (Khufu), Khephrên, and Mycerinus (Menkewre), erected the hugest of all the pyramids in the years between, say, 2800 and 2700 B.C. After their time, although many more of the regal pyramids were built, none approached these older monuments in

magnitude — and even the Third Pyramid, that of Mycerinus, is greatly inferior to its two enormous neighbors.

Various theories have been advanced to account for the extraordinary magnitude of the Fourth Dynasty pyramids as contrasted with those of later times. Most interesting of all, though probably fallacious, is the one which holds that these pyramids were matters of accretion — that is to say, that each king began his monument on a modest scale and added to it year after year, so that the resulting pyramid would be directly proportionate to the length of his reign. The trouble with this is that several kings, whose reigns were of respectable length and fairly comparable to those of Cheops and Khephrên, did not leave pyramids as large as theirs. And moreover, as will be seen by referring to the drawing of the Great Pyramid in section, such an hypothesis seems irreconcilable with the arrangement of the interior passages. True it is that alterations were made in the internal design as the work advanced, but so far as appears, even the original plans called for a pyramid but little smaller than that which was finally built. The point at which the tomb-passage enters the rock of the plateau appears to fix the lower limit of size in the case of the pyramid of Cheops — and it is no modest pile, even then. Therefore, while the

accretion theory is by no means dead and still finds a degree of favor among students, it seems highly improbable that it can be relied on to explain the case. From the indications it seems necessary to assume that Cheops from the first planned a structure very nearly as large as the one he actually com-



(*After Petrie*)

SECTION OF GREAT PYRAMID

Showing Lower Limit of Original Plan. (*A–A*)

pleted; and plausible to account for the subsequent falling-off in size in the other monuments as due to excessive costs or possibly a failure of engineering skill.

The latter factor in the time of Cheops was indeed marvelous, as is revealed by the nicety of measure-

ment and accuracy of orientation. The error in attempting to make the front of the tomb face the true north is practically negligible, and the same is said to be true of the slight errors in placing the four corners. Considering the primitive tools and the configuration of the land, which precluded direct sighting, the results attained were extraordinary, and could not be bettered, even if they could be equaled, by modern engineers. As for the fitted blocks of the exterior casing, while few remain, it is possible to see that their joints were of amazing accuracy, and the work in the casing of the inner hall is frequently compared for minuteness of exactitude to the best work of modern opticians.

As for the cost, it must have been great, even though the labor employed on the actual building was forced and probably unremunerated by anything save food. Quarrying, which doubtless went on all the year in the cliffs on the other side of the Nile, must have entailed an enormous expense. But the building on the spot, which was mainly carried on while the Nile was in high flood, can hardly have been as costly, since at that period of the year a vast body of the fellaheen would have no other work, owing to the flooding of their fields, and would be free to labor on the royal tomb.

Herodotus relates that at such seasons 100,000 men

were employed and that the work on the actual pyramid occupied twenty years. Professor Petrie avers that this account is entirely consistent with the task involved in conveying this enormous volume of cut stone from the quarries of Turra and raising it into position with the crude engines of that day. Besides this, Herodotus relates that ten years more were spent in preparing the platform of rock and in building the causeway up which the stone was carried after it had been floated across the flooded river. In round numbers, 2,300,000 blocks of stone, each containing about forty cubic feet, were put into the monument. Archæologists deny that the engineers of the period knew anything of the pulley, and there is a division of opinion as to whether they even knew the roller. But surely it is incredible that the latter was not employed, and, I take it, the better and more sensible view is that it certainly was. Levers, of course, were indispensable.

The sides of the pyramids are almost invariably canted at the canonical angle of (approximately) fifty-two degrees. In their best estate, before the hand of the spoiler was laid upon them, all were coated with a smooth casing of polished stone. A little of this is left *in situ* at the top of the pyramid of Khephrên. That it was common to cover the polished casement with inscriptions, as Herodotus alleges, is

now denied by many authorities, who hold that what he saw must have been "graffiti," or vandal writings scrawled on the walls by visitors. No traces of real inscriptions are found in the surviving bits of casing, and the great bulk of it has unfortunately been carted away to be used in the old buildings of Cairo—notably in the grand mosque of Sultan Hassan.

The dimensions of the Great Pyramid mean little in the abstract and are furnished by innumerable guidebooks. The length of each side of the pyramid of Cheops is now seven hundred and fifty feet, and its present height is four hundred and fifty-one feet. The Second Pyramid, that of Khephrên, is now four hundred and forty-seven and a half feet and each side measures six hundred and ninety and a half feet. The difference, therefore, at the present time is very slight, and owing to the fact that the Second Pyramid stands on slightly higher ground, besides retaining its apex, it appears from a distance to be the larger of the two. The third notable pyramid, that of Mycerinus, is but two hundred and four feet in the perpendicular and its side is only three hundred and fifty-six and a half feet. It is not to be compared with the other two for magnitude and its interior arrangements are simple.

It is, I am convinced, the height of folly to explore the interior of any pyramid, even that of Cheops. The

descent of the first passage, over worn and slippery stone, and the ascent to the "King's Chamber," over a pavement that is like "glare ice" in a stifling heat of over 80 degrees, with vehement Arabs pushing and pulling, is bad enough, but worse still when it is realized that for most of the way one is forced to crouch because of the low roofing. Moreover, the Arabs are capable of being extremely annoying to unattended women — and owing to the narrowness of the passages one is always practically unattended, save by the immediate Bedouin guides. Once the grand gallery is attained, the progress is much easier, but after all, there is little to see that will interest any but the investigator of scientific bent. Few who enter the pyramid have a word of praise for the experience, and the fatigue of it is so extreme that it generally deters one from superadding an ascent of the exterior, which is universally admitted to be well worth while. Omit, then, the exploration of the tomb within — and climb the outside in preference. The Bedouin will be offensive and unbearable anyway — but much less annoying in the open. Besides, there 's the view, which is like unto no other in the world.

A glance at the plan of the pyramid of Cheops will serve to show more of its arrangement than a visit to its depths. A steeply descending passage leads down to a sepulchral chamber deep in the

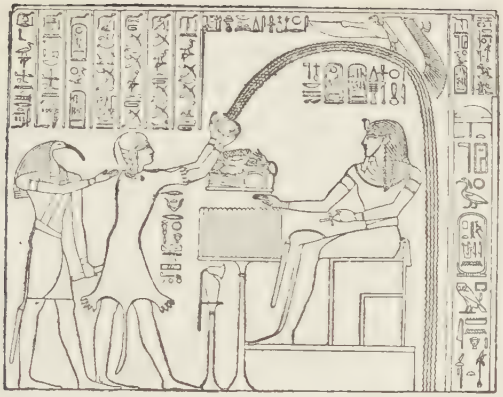
native rock. That is not shown to visitors. Instead, one takes the ascending passage that leads up to the very centre of the pyramid, part of it spacious and lofty, but most of it abominably cramped and low. Up this incline it is supposed the body of Cheops was carried on the last day and laid to rest in the huge sarcophagus that still occupies a place in the "King's Chamber." Then the huge plug blocks of granite which had been prepared were let down to bar future entry, the narrower passages were (perhaps) filled with rubble, the workmen escaped by the roughly vertical shaft to the lower passage in the rock below, the entrance in the outer casing was smoothly closed — and theoretically the grave-robbers were forever foiled! Practically the tomb was rifled within a few hundred years — possibly even during the period of unrest that closed the Old Kingdom's career in the Ninth and Tenth dynasties. The labor and cost had been all in vain. Cheops and the rest had erected for themselves tombs that would endure for centuries, — probably for all time, — but their bodies were no more secure at the last than if they had been laid in the humblest grave.

Obviously mortuary services such as the Egyptian believed to be essential to the maintenance of his ka during the absence of the soul could not be conducted in the interior of the pyramid, and as a result a mor-

tuary temple was in each case built outside. These were in turn surrounded by the lesser graves of courtiers and dependents. A few of the nobler sort built little pyramids, which have fallen into ruin and seem more like hillocks. The mortuary temples, however, have utterly perished, save only the so-called "Temple of the Sphinx," which men now believe to be a mortuary shrine of Khephrên. The connection of this structure with the Second Pyramid is clearly established by the remaining causeway, traces of which are visible in the sand, leading direct from the building to the pyramid. The Sphinx, also, is now held to be an image of Khephrên. It was no uncommon thing to carve the head of the king on a representation of a lion's body, and the great Sphinx differed from others mainly in that it was so enormous and was cut out of the native rock of the desert mountain. Its position close beside the granite valley temple of Khephrên and the discovery in that temple of the diorite images of that monarch appear to establish the identification beyond serious doubt. Moreover, recent investigations have revealed other mortuary temples in the same general relation to other pyramids, so that the uses of this better preserved and more remote one have come to be the better understood.

It seems to follow that Khephrên, rather than Cheops, is the man who left the greatest mark at Ghizeh.

His pyramid is smaller than that of his predecessor. It is not so old. It is seldom climbed — and almost never by tourists. It is not the one referred to in the catalogues of the world's tallest buildings. But it is more nearly complete than its greater fellow. It stands higher, and it looks quite as large. By reason of its association with the Sphinx and the attendant granite temple it assumes an archæological importance hardly to be overestimated. Add to this the fact that we have a splendid likeness, life-size, in the famous diorite statue of the king now housed in the Cairo museum, making him seem the most real of the monarchs of his time, and one is justified in saying that Khephrên is tardily but surely coming to his own.



CHAPTER VIII. THE TOMBS OF SAKKÂRA

IN the days when Memphis was great, her dead were buried in the verges of the western desert, which lay close at hand. Nor did the uses of this enormous cemetery cease when the capital shifted to other and more distant cities; for remnants relating to almost every period of Egyptian history have been found in those unstable sands, from before the First Dynasty down to the period of foreign domination. In a word, the desert bluffs overhanging the vast and vanished city of Memphis, all the way from the environs of that ancient capital to the distant northern pyramids, formed a mighty cemetery that was in constant use for at least two thousand years — and it

would not be safe to say how much longer. The interval between our own times and the date of the famous mausoleum of the bulls at Sakkâra, may well be shorter than the interval between the construction of the Serapeum and the erection of Zoser's Step Pyramid. This desolate burying-place was continuously used from the time of Menes to the time of Cambyses the Persian, not only for the interment of human bodies, but for the burial of all sorts of birds and animals that were deemed worthy of sepulture.

It is fortunate that Sakkâra, with its wealth of interesting tombs, lies so close to Cairo as to be within easy reach of such as have not time for the long voyage up the Nile. One who has seen Cairo, the Ghizeh pyramids, the Sakkâra tombs, and the fallen colossi of Rameses in the plain below has seen very nearly the best of ancient Egypt. He will have seen the earliest of the mastaba tombs, the oldest and greatest of the pyramids, the best as well as almost the earliest Egyptian art, the remnants of the later days of Rameses, and the still later Serapeum, which was built to receive the bodies of the sacred bulls. The grand works of the Eighteenth Dynasty at Karnak will be foregone — but he will miss little that is more ancient and little that is more impressive.

There be triple ways to take in going to Sakkâra. First and most obvious, as well as easiest, is the rail-

way to Bedreschein, from which point donkeys may be hired to cover the remaining six or seven miles that lie between the river and the desert. The second way is to wait and go with Cook, or one of the other agencies, whose Nile steamers call at Bedreschein on their way up the river. And the third, at once the most difficult and most satisfactory, since it gives a fair taste of desert travel, is to go to Sakkâra from the Mena House either on donkeys or camels. For those possessed of abundant time, a love of the desert and ability to enjoy a long as well as somewhat fatiguing ride, the last is far and away the best. But it should be added, in some haste, that there is advantage to be derived in returning to Cairo by rail; for otherwise the colossi of Rameses, which now form the sole surviving remnants of ancient Memphis in the palm-covered valley below, would be entirely missed.

On our own first visit to Sakkâra we went by rail. Prosaic as this method may sound, it had a charm of its own, due to the heavy morning mists which lay along the Nile and the adjacent meadows, from out of which towered the feathery tops of palms and the lofty yards of the feluccas moored beside the bank. It was as yet hardly full dawn, but when the sun finally peered over the brim of the eastern cliffs he touched treetops and masts with a tinge of mellow

beauty and gradually burned away the low-lying masses of the river fog.

Nevertheless it was still misty when we alighted at Bedreschein and took the road to Sakkâra across the fields. Trains of camels loomed out of the fog and strode silently by, threading their way among the groves of palms that lay outside the tiny village, covering the ground that had once teemed with the city's population. The country opened out in smiling meadows clothed in living green, through the midst of which ran lofty earthen dikes for confining the waters of the autumn floods and affording communication between the scattered villages of the region.

We were four that morning — the ladies riding ahead on donkeys and the Hakkim and I walking briskly behind. Our road lay along the top of a broad dike — for most of the outlying highways of Egypt are of that nature and are seldom practicable for wheels. As the mist cleared we could descry other dikes, — or "gisr," as they are called, — along the tops of which strode isolated groups of asses and camels bound toward the little town. Close at hand men strove with a huge net in the waters of a pool, but apparently without any miraculous draft. Indeed, the Hakkim averred that if they had caught so much as a single fish it would have been a miracle in that unpromising and isolated puddle so far from

the Nile. As for the deep basins on either hand between the ridges of the gisr, they were deserted and covered with a mantle of growing grain.

For a time nothing appeared in the way of ruins. The palm grove lay thick between us and our goal, and we should have passed over the site of ancient Memphis without being aware had it not been for the laborers digging earth and loading it upon camels by the wayside. It was apparent that they sought the salt-impregnated soil of the ancient town — soil undisturbed for centuries and largely composed of pulverized remains of an early civilization, old potsherds ground to powder and the like, which might serve to salt and fertilize the land. But of the city once so great we saw absolutely nothing, not even a wall of crumbling brick. Thus completely passes earthly glory in the land of Egypt. Durability is not to be expected of cities built chiefly of Nile mud, and even now the houses made of it occasionally crumble, "all at once and nothing first," like Dr. Holmes's famous chaise, never to be repaired. For the custom is to build anew on top of the fallen ruin — and as this process is likely to be repeated *ad infinitum*, it is small wonder that in the lapse of many hundred years the old cities are hard to find, and that even the huge stones of Dendera and Karnak have had to be dug out of a great accumulation of débris.

Two huge statues lie prone amid the trees of the starveling village of Mitrahineh, which now occupies a little knoll in the midst of the plain and is the lineal descendant of the ancient capital. These two fallen images are all that at the present time remain to mark the site on which Memphis stood. They are portrait statues of Rameses II, and once rose on either side of the grand gate of the local temple — sacred to Ptah the Artificer, the city's local god. One of the colossi has been carefully roofed over and may be seen to advantage by mounting to a platform built above and looking down upon the great bulk of it — its haughty stare, its massive trunk, and withal its inspiring grace. It is a happy fate that has preserved these mammoth images of the great Pharaoh here, for none others like them are to be seen in Lower Egypt. One becomes almost weary of them in the region about Thebes, but in the neighborhood of Cairo — except in the museum — such things are rare indeed. Needless to say they are very late, as things go in Egypt, for Rameses reigned between 1292 and 1225 B.C., and died before Agamemnon was born — which, as we are coming to understand, was but yesterday and so hardly worth noticing.

I speak of the grace of these statues, and on the whole the word seems justified. Yet I can by no means share the enthusiasm of those Egyptologists

THE STEP-PYRAMID

COLOSSUS OF RAMESES II. MEMPHIS

who affect to see in Egyptian sculpture at its best something surpassing the best work of the Greeks. The grace of Rameses lying under his poor modern roof in the groves of Mitrahineh is not the grace of Hermes at Olympia — yet it is grace. It has not the majesty of Zeus — yet is majesty. The face is at once mystic, cruel, and handsome. Men say, comparing it with the dead face of Rameses himself now preserved at Cairo, that it is an admirable likeness. It is, at all events, most serene, most impressive — indescribably august. One might readily accept that staring visage for the face of the emperor who oppressed Israel, but that we are forbid by those who now claim to know better.

It is a pity that the old temple of Ptah has perished. It would have been a splendid sight to see these great effigies erect and in their proper place at either side of the pylon. Nevertheless it is true that in their present location, prone on the earth under the shelter of the palms, they have a charm that is peculiar to the spot. Naught else of Memphis remains, save only her cemetery on the distant heights still several miles away to the westward. Toward these the Hakkim and I pushed on — our companions having disappeared on their pattering donkeys far away on the road that wandered along the back of the gisr.

We fancied we could see them just where the yel-

low sands of the desert began to heave themselves up from the greenery of the level plain. Sakkâra now lay in full view, marked afar by the majesty of the Step Pyramid, whose terraces the drifting sands had partially filled, much as snow would have done. To the north and south other and more distant pyramids appeared, most notable of all being the curious one with the double angle at Dashur. On the brink of the desert sands toward the north appeared the modern house of the excavators in charge of the work at Sakkâra. We buckled to our walk afresh, facing a piping breeze that threatened later to develop into a sand-storm — a threat, alas, only too soon made good. However, travel along the dike proved to be easy and rapid, and in somewhat less than two hours from Bedreschein we found ourselves at the verge of the desert, facing the short but laborious climb over sands ankle deep to the summit of the bluffs near which lies the Step Pyramid. Our feet slipped and shuffled. It was very like walking in soft snow. But at the top the way became easier and we passed the pyramid close on our left hand with but a scant notice. In itself it has little to offer save its curious form and its claim to being the direct progenitor of the pyramid proper. Its interior is not now accessible — and we have had one amply sufficient experience with the inside of pyramids, so that this circum-

stance can cause little regret. Its degree of preservation is notably good, especially in contrast with the half-ruinous condition of other "real pryamids" in the vicinity. But it remains a thing to view from afar, and other things at Sakkâra demand a much greater amount of time with a correspondingly greater reward in interest.

I have spoken of the mastaba tomb briefly before. It is now time to gain a more definite understanding of its plans and the manner of its use — for the mastaba tombs of Sakkâra are the most interesting things to be seen there. The name "mastaba," as I believe I have already said, is applied to this type of tomb because of its outward resemblance to the little benches which in Cairo are likely to be found before shop-doors and which are called by the same term — mastabas. The sloping sides of the ancient tomb structure, or rather superstructure, suggested the comparison at once. A plan and cross-section of a simple mastaba are given on pages 99 and 100.

It should be understood, however, that the visible portions of the mastaba tomb were not for the purposes of burial at all, but were intended to serve as a house for the ka, or vital principle of the owner, which was supposed to persist in the vicinity of the body after death, and which required to be appropriately housed and nourished with food convenient for

it during the absence of the soul. The actual burial-vault was generally a deep shaft beneath the mastaba, cut into the solid rock and terminated by a subterranean vault in which the mummy of the deceased was laid. Once the coffin had been placed there, however, the shaft leading to it was commonly filled with rubble and a heavy stone portcullis let down to bar all future entry. Thereafter the living were concerned only with the service of the ka, or *manes* of the dead; and the mastaba rose chiefly for the purpose of affording a mortuary chapel where services could be held, as well as a "serdab," or cellar, wherein to deposit the "double," or exact replica of the body in wood or stone, which was always provided as a substitute lest the mummy perish before the soul should return from Osiris and the ka resume its wonted tenement.

The mastaba, then, in its simplest form, consists of three essential parts: a subterraneous grave, a blocked-up chamber for the image, and a chapel, or series of chapels, to which the priests and relations of the dead might repair on stated occasions to conduct the prescribed rites and offer food and drink for the benefit of the ka. It appears that the mastaba chapel was regarded in effect as the ka's house, and considerable pains were spent on making it attractive and as much like a home as possible.

Cairo Museum

FIFTH DYNASTY STATUE OF SCRIBE

Now Sakkâra has several very fine examples of the mastaba tomb, which are easily accessible and are typical of the best tomb-architecture that ever prevailed in Egypt. The art of painter and sculptor never attained a higher lever than is revealed by the discoveries made in these early burial-places. Note, for example, the appended illustration of sculpture in the round, of the Fifth Dynasty period — a seated scribe, in the act of writing from dictation. Could anything be more natural, more true to life? The eyes, apart from a slight exaggeration in size, are wonderfully real. The mastery of detail is revealed in the triple curve of the mouth — a matter which it took the Greek sculptors centuries to learn, although Egypt had worked out the problem ages before. It is such instances as this that make Egyptologists enthusiastic for the Egyptian sculptor as compared with the Greek; and if such statues as the extraordinary scribe from Sakkâra were at all numerous, there is much to be said for the Egyptian artist — as a realist, if not as an idealist.

Two of the Sakkâra tombs now open to general inspection afford the finest examples to be found in all Egypt — the tombs of Ti and Ptah-hôtep. Yet neither of those worthies was a king. Each was a man of substance and power, doubtless high in the royal confidence and possessed of high official stand-

ing — but still not of royal rank. Each had ample means to expend upon the production of a wonderfully beautiful home for his ghost. It is toward these that the visitors direct the greater part of their attention. It should be remembered, however, that these are by no means the oldest objects discovered at Sakkâra, and the lower limit of the relics — the most modern ones unearthed — is well down in the days when Egypt had ceased to be an empire and had become merely an outlying dependency of Persia, Greece, and Rome in rapid succession. Some of the utensils dug up from the all-preserving sands have dated back to the time of the First Dynasty. Bodies have been uncovered that were apparently buried back in the unrecorded days, — buried in the characteristic doubled-up posture, — and in some cases I am told that it is even possible to assert with positiveness of just what malady they died! But it is neither with the very old nor the very young that the average explorer of Sakkâra has to do. It is mainly with such tombs as that of Ti and Ptah-hôtep, and the grand mausoleum of the bulls.

In view of the fullness with which the manifold details of these tombs are described in the guide-books, and especially in Mrs. Quibell's illuminating brochure on the subject, it is wholly unnecessary to repeat them here. But it will be profitable to consider

some of the features of the mastaba tombs thus revealed to us as a general matter, to the end that we may gain in advance an idea of the significance of what we are to see.

First of all it is important to know that in the chief room of the mastaba we are in the chapel in which the food and drink and other accessories of the ka were served. Here were spread the meats and drinks, here was offered the incense, here were prepared the toilet waters and pigments for the "double" of the departed. In short, this was the house and home of the ka, and on the rear wall — the western one, as being the wall toward the abode of souls — was carved the faithful representation of the façade of a house such as Egypt knew, with a false door in its centre and a carved "stela," or tablet, on either side, setting forth with much detail and as an essential part of the scheme the regular menu of the ka — so many hundred beeves, so many hundred loaves, so many pots of beer, and so on.

In the false door itself, especially in later times, it was customary to carve a representation of the deceased, either in half-length or of full stature, and in the act of advancing. But this development had not been reached, if my recollection is accurate, in the time of Ti and Ptah-hôtep. In their day it was not regarded as essential, or had not been thought of;

and in their case the builders were content with representing the door toward the west and inscribing the menu of the ka with great particularity on the stela. On other walls, as is customary in most such tombs, there is to be found at least one representation of the deceased sitting at his ka meal, while the rest of the decoration has to do with the ordinary daily life of the time, as the deceased had known it while he was still extant.

It would seem that originally the false doors in the stela wall of the chapel were meant to face in the direction of the actual sepulchre where the body lay. This certainly was not the case, however, when Ti built his tomb, for the body was laid in a deep pit below quite another chamber of the mastaba, bearing no relation to the main chapel. But the serdab, or little chamber for the double, was adjacent to the main apartment in his case, and was even provided with a tiny communicating slit for the purpose of conveying incense-smoke to the image.

That actual human food was set forth in the ka chapel on stated occasions seems unquestionable, although when that was done it was presumably consumed by those present — the priests and relations of the deceased. It must have been discovered that the ka, even if it existed and were present, never consumed any of the provender; and it is entirely prob-

able that as a result it came to be thought sufficient simply to portray the several kinds of food and drink by accurate carving on the walls, together with a statement of the quantity of each kind. Add to these a prayer carved in hieroglyphics for the maintenance and increase of the repast, and you have the ordinary stela of the period. A little imagination must have been required to spell out of the sculptured viands a satisfying and sustaining meal for the ka, but doubtless the idea could be paralleled in the notions of every child, ancient or modern, in dealing with its dolls. It is no more extraordinary that sculptured food should be thought to serve the needs of the shade than it is to find that sculptured figures, in miniature, buried in large quantities with the favored dead, should be regarded as adequate to perform manual labor and feats of arms for the departed in the hereafter, should Osiris require them. Hundreds of such "respondent statuettes" may be seen in any museum possessed of a large Egyptian collection. It seems a possible assumption, therefore, that the engraved stela set forth not only a menu for the deceased, but actual food for him as well. At least, one may hope so — for otherwise the spirit of Ti has gone for long years unfed.

One puzzling thing about these old stelæ, a thing which the archæologists seem unable to explain to

their own satisfaction, is the representation of a table such as the carvings generally show, before which the figure of the departed is seated. The table generally bears a rank of tall blades, which in the aggregate closely resemble a steam radiator. Nobody seems able to tell with certainty what these mean. It is suggested, and it seems to me with considerable plausibility, that they may represent the flat reeds with which the table was strewn, but shown upright instead of flat because the representation of objects in perspective was not understood. Or possibly they are flat loaves of bread, such as one may still see in Egypt, shown upright for the same reason as that just advanced. At all events, the table with the tall blades was a very common feature of that period, — the time of Ti, — and it was many years before the inclusion of it in the decoration was abandoned.

The other walls of the chapel and of the various corridors and other rooms were decorated, as I said before, with scenes from the daily life of the time, and commonly showed the sights with which the deceased had been most familiar when on earth. The usual arrangement of these is in long and narrow bands, or rows, running around the room, one above another. In them may be seen a great variety of interesting operations, agricultural and industrial, such as the baking of bread, the brewing of beer, the breeding

and rearing of cattle, the duties of seedtime and harvest, the moulding and firing of pottery, the building and navigation of boats, the dancing of women and the sports of men — even the building of tombs. Or the deceased himself is shown in some notable exploits of his earthly life, such as the hunt, wherein the rendering of birds and beasts and fishes is marvelously realistic. In other panels may be seen processions advancing with food for the ka. In all, the skill of the Fifth Dynasty artists is abundantly revealed, most of the figures being carved with amazing delicacy in low relief and occasionally giving convincing portrayals of intense action. Never again was such artistry excelled, although in the temple at Abydos it is closely approached on a large scale.

Considered as an art, this process of carving scenes from life developed very early indeed, and the best examples belong to the period between 2750 and 2625 B.C. Nothing could be finer than the spirit shown in the carvings and paintings — for there are paintings as well. The feluccas floating in the Nile are precisely like what one may still see. Every rope is faithfully drawn. The faces and bodies of the sailors are instinct with activity and individuality. No more graphic portrayal of the daily life of any people can well be imagined than that revealed by the sculptured walls of the tombs of Ti and Ptah-hôtep.

Men of their degree might not build pyramids, which were the tombs of royalty — but they did better. They gave us a contribution of knowledge of their times which is vastly greater in value than that of the kings with their colossal piles of masonry, from which the inscriptions, if there ever were any, have perished. And the humble mastaba has long outlasted the proud valley temples which formerly served the majestic pyramids as mortuary chapels. Ti was no ruler — but he was an important man for all that. He was a priest of the Sun, he was overseer of canals, he was chief of royal wigmakers — he was, in brief, a sort of prehistoric Pooh Bah, factotum and royal favorite whom the king delighted to honor. Doubtless Ptah-hôtep was much the same sort of personage. But in neither case was the builder of the tomb so much concerned to celebrate himself as to provide for all eternity a sure repose, sufficient food and abundant security against the incursions of the worm.

Ptah-hôtep's menu demands a plenteous array — something like 121,300 geese, for example, as well as beer, wine, and bread enough for the multitude. These magnificent estimates of what constituted proper amounts for an eternal banquet may doubtless be explained as extravagant and pious aspirations — a sort of figurative way of expressing hopes

that food might never fail the ka. But I should not be surprised to find that the carving of a picture of a pot of beer and the writing of a numeral under it — a sufficiently grandiose numeral — were held sufficient to supply the shade with drink for all eternity, even if nothing in the way of actual brew might come nigh his dwelling.

The inscriptions in these Sakkâra tombs are of small historic value save as bearing on the rites of the cult. They do not convey the same sort of message that is borne by the mightier carvings on the kingly temples of the South, as to great deeds of arms and expeditions to the kingdoms beyond the seas. But they do give a splendid idea of the life and customs of the time, and an enlightening view of ancient superstitions which must have incalculable value from the archæological standpoint. The ultimate reflection is bound to be that Egypt has changed but little from what she was in the days when Abraham sojourned in the land of Goshen. We may ourselves see daily enacted just such scenes as are portrayed on the walls of Ti's mortuary chapel. But we should look far to find an artist capable of picturing them with equal facility and fidelity.

By the way, it is interesting to note in the tomb of Ptah-hôtep the oldest signature of any artist known to man, for the designer of the decorations in

the chapel has reserved for himself his own little niche and has left his own figure neatly inscribed on the walls of the tomb — a little man seated in a boat and drinking happily from a jar. He tells us that this is "Ptah-en-ankh, chief of the engravers" — a sort of prehistoric Velasquez embalming his own memory and visage for all time along with those of his master.

Although many other tombs exist at Sakkâra, the visitor commonly sees no others than these. The stupendous work of the Serapeum is, however, always shown and is interesting in its own peculiar way, although unable because of its comparative youth to command the veneration bestowed on antiquity in Egypt. Its intrinsic impressiveness depends, not on its claim of great age, but rather on its general massiveness and its possession of the huge sarcophagi devoted to the burial of the sacred bull of Ptah. That the bull had always been the animal sacred to the local god of Memphis is undoubted, and the mummified bodies of them were buried at Sakkâra as early as the Eighteenth Dynasty; but it was reserved for the later days — the years around 660 B.C. — to provide the enormous stone coffins which still exist. By that time, Ptah, the artificer god, had seemingly become partially merged in the concept of Osiris, and the Apis bull had come to be known

as the Osiris-Apis, whence came the Greek corruption of the name of the sepulchre to "Serapeum."

Between the Mena House and Sakkâra lie the highly interesting pyramids and temples of Abusir — which most travelers like ourselves are content to take on faith. Doubtless this is a pity, for in connection with the pyramid architecture of old Egypt there is much to be learned on the spot, more especially as there are still extant several temples, of sufficient bulk to make them impressive, which once served as accessories to the pyramid-tombs located there. Indeed, it was from the light shed by the explorations at Abusir that much mystery formerly attending upon the works at Ghizeh was cleared up — including the better understanding of the valley temple of Khephrên and the identification of the Sphinx.

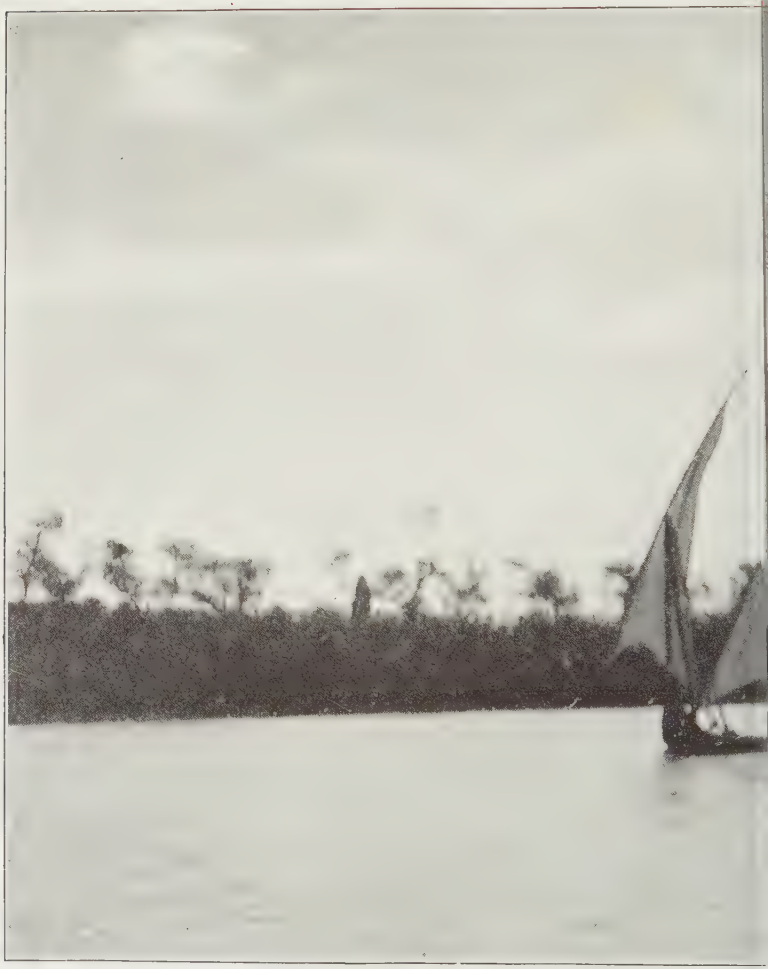
Digging at Sakkâra is still going on. It is stated that there is enough material now in sight to insure active prosecution of the work for another generation. Sakkâra was not built in a day, and it will not be exhumed in any short metre. When we were there, the active work was being pushed at a point well to the north of the excavator's (Mr. Quibell's) house, and a most amazing number of old graves were already uncovered, some deep in the rock and others more superficial, but nearly all tenanted by the bones laid there in a forgotten day. Old pots and kettles pre-

cisely like those shown on the sculptured walls were constantly coming to light, and in one case we were shown what seemed to be a sort of narrow stone runway for the use of the ka, connecting the grave with the spot where it might find its food. It was a crooked groove of stone, hardly large enough for a kitten — but doubtless quite sufficient for a disembodied ka track!

We left Sakkâra in mid-afternoon, confident of returning later. The Nile steamers call here on their way up, and we were due to be soon afloat. Wherefore we departed with the less regret and took our devious ways back to Bedreschein — the ladies on donkeys as before and the Hakkim and I on foot. We had set out that day for exercise, and we got our fill before the day was done. It is no light matter to walk to and from Sakkâra, with several laborious miles of desert-tramping thrown in for good measure. To make matters worse, a sand-storm began to blow, and in attempting a short cut to town we missed our ladies — and two trains. A fortunate meeting with a friend who had a private launch was all that got us back to Cairo for dinner — tired, but happy.

What a ride it was, to be sure! It was my first experience with Nile navigation. The wind blew a hurricane, and the sand-storm soon turned into a terrific shower — for it can rain in Egypt, and when it

does, it pours. We dodged several sandbars in the darkness with entire success and finally drew up safe and sound at the quay in front of the Semiramis. I could not have been more rejoiced to see the Capitol, or the State House on Beacon hill. The rain ceased as it had begun. The wind lulled itself to sleep. The Hakkim hailed an arabiyeh — and we jogged contentedly home under the deep gloom of the lebbakhs.

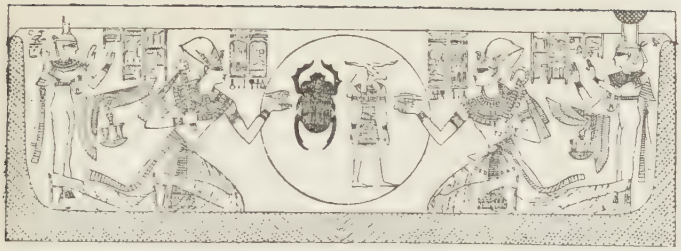


FELUCC

THE NILE

PART II

A NOTEBOOK OF THE NILE



CHAPTER IX. UP THE NILE TO BENI HASSAN

FEBRUARY 28. This morning we embarked on the steamer Egypt. We found her moored at the western shore of the Nile, alongside what is known as the Kasr-el-Nil, in the midst of a numerous company of craft. The others were mostly small private steamers and dahabiyehs, out of whose throng the Egypt towered like Saul in the assembly of the people.

Our first impressions are highly agreeable. The Egypt is to all appearance a fine ship, something more than one hundred and thirty feet long — which is as long as any Nile craft can be and still pass the locks at Assiut and Esneh. I am credibly informed also that she draws only a trifle over three feet of water, despite her size; which is desirable, because every Cairo newspaper nowadays relates that the river is falling at the rate of several centimetres a day, and

navigation is correspondingly difficult for boats of much burthen.

Our stateroom is down below — where all the double rooms are. Most of it is below the waterline. It boasts one large window, from which one looks out over a waste of muddy waters. It has two real beds, each clamped to the floor and equipped with mosquito netting; likewise a double washstand and a capacious closet. Even so there is almost room enough in it for a dance. The Professor, who is with us, has a single room on the deck above. He, too, would have plenty of room if it were not for the water — that is to say, drinking-water, of which the Professor has providently laid in a large supply. The "Ship" insists that if he must have his own private drink he must keep it in his room. He is, in consequence, an inspiring sight, entirely surrounded by gallons and gallons of "Source Cachat" — a sort of human island in a sea of bottles. Meantime I observe on the main deck rows of huge filters in latticed boxes, the same designed to supply great quantities of "môyeh Nil" — Nile water — in a proper state of purification, and I suspect we shall all end by drinking it, despite the fact that we are so abundantly provisioned.

We got away promptly at ten this forenoon to the tune of much chantey-music in the fo'c'sle. I foresee

that the antics of the crew are to be among the interesting things on this voyage, for nothing is ever done without the accompaniment of song, no matter if it is only the overhauling of a rope. Six brawny Arabs are even now laying down a huge hawser on the deck outside, grunting "Mahmoud ! Mahmoud !" in a rhythmic, growling bass as they sway to and fro. A villainous-looking pirate with a single eye is washing himself at the common tank forward, preparing, no doubt, to pray. From all appearances neither the ablution nor the prayer will be amiss.

Some delay occurred at the upper bridge which spans the Nile something like a mile and a half above Cairo's chief landing-stage, and which serves to convey the tram cars from the city to the pyramids. As a bridge it serves no other observable purpose, and one of my Cairo friends has recommended the centre of it to me as a quiet spot in which to read. If grass grew anywhere in Egypt without constant care, it might well be in the midst of this deserted structure which gave the steamer so much trouble this noon. Handling a craft as large as the Egypt in a narrow draw, hardly wider than her beam, and against a good stiff current is a task of some little difficulty — but we managed it somehow to everybody's admiration under the voluble direction of a swart pilot in a turban high aloft in a birdcage of a pilothouse. Once

past the bridge we went along rejoicing toward Bedreschein, the landing for Sakkâra.

It was during the progress of an early luncheon that we had our first taste of the eloquence of our official dragoman — Raschid. It required some little time for him to get everybody quieted down, but when he finally succeeded he gave us a speech about what was going to happen in the afternoon, beginning, "Now, my ladies and my gentlemen, if you please," and ending with an appealing vision of a "good cup of tea" which would be found waiting on our return. I listened unmoved, for I had no intention of going to Sakkâra to-day. I've been. Moreover I've walked every step of the way, to and from, in a sand-storm. I know that it is all of six miles up and fully as much back. I feel no incentive to add to what little knowledge I already have of the ancient cemetery of Memphis, the fruits of which I have already set down in writing. Seriously speaking, Sakkâra is entirely too splendid a place to be seen in the hurry and bustle of a Cook's party mustering seventy strong. But the Professor had n't been to Sakkâra, being newly arrived in Egypt, and Katrina agreed to go along and take care of him. In fact, they have already gone. As for me, I write.

I did manage to board a donkey and ride him out to the site of the ancient city for one more look at the

colossi of Rameses now lying prone under the trees which mark the site of Memphis. Hence I had a foretaste of what our Nile expeditions are destined to be. We made an imposing array as we swarmed along the bank — riding along, seventy strong, bumping into one another and belaboring our steeds, jabbering the while in a various language, for among our seventy are all sorts and conditions. To think that we, after all we have said and written, should at last be following the Man from Cook's!

For the third time within a month I have traversed the road up from the river, through the mud village of Bedreschein and out across the gisr — and I shall forever associate the memory of it with the thought of a sand-laden gale. For the khamasin, as before, was our portion. It sprang up at noon, and by the time we were well on our way to the palm groves of Memphis it was blowing full and strong. I am glad now as I sit in the close-shut smoke-room of the Egypt recording these words that I did not again assail Sakkâra; and I can only pity Katrina and the Professor, begoggled as they are, beating against that blast from the Sahara in the midst of a hurrying host. To have ridden out to the colossi is proving to have been quite sufficient for a first essay. I suppose I rode altogether not more than four miles this afternoon on the ridgepole of a scrawny donkey, but as I

sit here I am made aware that to attempt more would have been unwise. Some historian informs us that Henry VII was "almost constantly in the saddle," and adds that "so restless was he that he seldom sat down at meals." I can readily believe it. There was a reason!

I had the inevitable fight with the muleteer, on returning alone to the ship, over the undying question of backsheesh. The rascal demanded as usual thrice the fee, and when denied made moan. He called me "Pasha," "Governor," "Prinz," "Good-Kind-Mister-American," and other endearing terms, and finally broke down and wept bitterly. It was a magnificent bit of acting — the wretch! And when he found that it had no effect he broke into a sunny smile and went away — perfectly content.

The others came straggling back through the dust at about five of the clock, and that cup of tea was very welcome, I have no doubt. They came tumbling down over the steep bank of the river, pretty well blown and grimy with the sand, headed by a wonderful old lady of rising eighty years, who hails from the Blue Grass, and who utterly refused to be balked of her canter by such little things as sand and gale. Heaven give more of us her spirit! She came back in rather better condition than did Katrina and the Professor, who struggled down to the boat attended by the usual army

of warring donkey-boys clamoring for excess backsheesh. It had been a "glorious ride," they said, eyeing my indolent immaculateness with deep reproach — and they forthwith reduced the Professor's visible supply of Source Cachat by one whole bottle each.

During dinner to-night we ran upon our first sandbar. The vessel had sailed promptly on receiving back her tired company and boomed merrily along through the dusk. Nor did she tie up when darkness came, but steamed on into the night — a night of inky blackness and super-brilliant stars. We sat down to our first leisurely meal. All at once during the entrée there came a sudden, sickening hesitancy, a faint shivering and trembling of the ship. The white-robed, red-sashed Arabs, swarming hither and yon, set down their trays and embraced the nearest stanchions. Followed a horrid, grating sound, a clattering of the engine bells, a strong backward lurch — and we had struck. The Professor's bottle — alas, not Source Cachat this time — started incontinently toward me in company with some roast turkey and mashed potato. Every one grabbed his plate, his glass of wine, or whatever he held most dear at the moment. General consternation was succeeded by hearty laughter. There was no serious upset. Most of the food remained on the table. The glass, I trust, was fully

covered by insurance. The boat backed off successfully, and we went on.

I fancy this occasional contact with the African continent under our feet will become so common an occurrence that we shall soon pay little heed to it. Indeed, we have "smelled of" other bars during the evening before finally coming to anchor, and we have already learned, when we hear the bells ring and feel the engines stop, to lay hold of the nearest fixed object and brace ourselves for the coming impact. It is likely to happen at every crossing of the river as we follow the channel in its tortuous course, and to-night the Professor has busied himself with a plan for a new and improved Nile steamer which shall be a sort of cross between a cheese-box on a raft and a Democrat wagon!

We have tied up at last, however, in the middle of the stream, and the dynamo has shifted to half-speed as a warning that all lights are shortly to be extinguished for the night. So ends the day.

March 1. There is to be no excursion ashore to-day, for which all are devoutly thankful. Apparently several other amateur equestrians have found the experiences of yesterday somewhat trying, and only Raschid is able to plump himself down with entire assurance that it is n't going to hurt. Raschid is every-

where, chiefly at the feet of the ladies. He is a handsome fellow, clothed in the traditional garb of the dragoman, long-skirted and tarbushed. He hunkers at your feet so gracefully that you wonder whether it would n't be a good idea to abolish all such things as chairs. He speaks excellent English, fair German, admirable French — and of course all sorts of queer Oriental tongues. In his wake, as a sort of swarthy satellite, follows his assistant, hight Mahmoud, a lithe, alert, erect young fellow, with a lean, intelligent face.

All day there has been little to do but look at the river and inspect our fellow travelers — men and women with whom we are destined in these next three weeks to have much to do. They are a mixed lot, — a few Americans, many Germans, a fair number of English, and a Frenchman or two. Up to date the Professor and I have found as kindred spirits two British stock-brokers, the dean of a well-known cathedral, and a peppery little Irish colonel of dragoons (retired), whose strong Jesuit propensities have already brought on one hot debate with the Church of England in the smoke-room. Apart from these there has been no excitement to-day. The ship is working steadily up the Nile against the current and the blasts of a quartering khamasin, which continues to blow. The channel shifts from bank to bank, and Mark Twain's Mississippi River stories are taking on

a new meaning to me as I watch the pilotage. We are constantly ordering out the leadsmen — two tall Arabs with long white poles, who stand on either side of the bow and feel for the bottom. The poles are painted with rings of red, and apparently the steersmen watch the depth of water from above, for nothing is said by the men in the fo'c'sle. As the water grows shoaler and shoaler along those painted rods, the engines are slowed — are stopped — and we drift, drift, drift, slower and slower against the boiling of the current. Everybody lays hold of something. Nobody breathes. It seems as if a shadow had fallen upon the ship.

And then she "smells" the bar. Bang! go all the bells at once. The paddles churn violently in the back-gear. The whole vessel groans and travails, strains consciously backward — and we are clear again. We start forward once more, scent the bar again, and once more back off. At last we find the place, — a low place, — where we grate for a moment and glide over into deeper water again. The leadsmen put up their dripping poles. The bells sound "Full speed ahead!" — and we relapse into our reading, talking, and looking at the banks.

Occasionally we get on too hard for immediate release, or get too close to the bank to turn promptly — and then it's all hands to the poles in a mad

endeavor to shove her around. At these times the singing grows most enthusiastic among the men. For ordinary uses the song in most favor is an antiphonal chant which sounds like "Illy-Haley — Allah-Hé! Illy-Haley — Allah-Hé." Raschid says it does n't mean anything, so far as he knows. I suspect it has some sort of pious aspiration in it, a sort of prayer to boost the work in hand along. For more strenuous occasions the men have a quick-march song which the Professor and I call "Soulless Alice," because that is what it seems to say. Raschid says the latter part is really "Allah-yessa," and possibly there 's a pious invocation in it, too, — although they tell me it is n't safe to inquire too deeply into the literal translation of all these fo'c'sle ditties. Two or three times to-day the men have struggled manfully to get the boat clear, and I shall fall asleep to-night with that guttural "Soulless Alice" ringing in my ears.

As for the shore, we have seen little of it all day. The sand has been driving off it to our westward side like a raging blizzard, effectually concealing the majestic line of pyramids that run along the horizon. It is amazingly like a snow-storm, this constant, driving cloud of fine sand which cuts like a knife when you face it. It billows far out over the water like a fog. It sifts off the edges of the banks as snow blows

off a wall in a New England winter. Overhead the sky is blue. On the eastern side of the Nile you can see volleys of sand scurrying up into the deep ravines and wadis of the Arabian cliffs and disappearing over the mountain wall. The water is of a brownness that suggests a rich chocolate sauce.

The nights are cold. Lightly dressed women — for of course everybody "dresses for dinner" here — are safe only when provided with warm wraps, for we spend our evenings in the great open space in the upper deck where there are plenty of wicker chairs and a poor old piano that has seen better days. Forward there is a sort of inclosed lounge as wide as the ship, generally stifling, to be sure, but affording a splendid place from which to look at the river as we sail majestically along. Altogether our lines have fallen in pleasant places.

March 2. This morning soon after breakfast we pulled up at the eastern shore, where a huge scow afforded wharfage for Beni Hassan. The customary rabble in charge of a multitude of asses stood behind a rail above on the edge of the steep bank, ready to pounce on us as soon as we should land. By the time the side-saddles had been unloaded, — for the ship carries her own, — the pack were in full cry. I shall certainly buy me a rhinoceros-hide whip at Assiut,

for it is rapidly dawning on me that I can find uses for it.

Every one went to the rock-tombs of Beni Hassan to-day, although most of us still bore the scars of the Sakkâra jaunt. The ride was short, — not more than a mile each way, — and a day cramped up on ship-board had made us all keen for a bit of exercise. We made a most imposing company as we rode grandly away from the few huts and houses of the modern village and out into the open sands of the desert, under the protection of a splendid soldier mounted on an Arabian steed. Evidently he pictured himself as captain, or colonel, or knight of arms, for he insisted that we advance in a formation technically known as "company front," the while he led us like an army of invasion. Everybody entered into the spirit of the thing — even the asses; for as we caracoled over the soft sands that intervened between river and cliff, riding in a long and undulating line, every donkey lifted up its voice and brayed — brayed as it never brayed before, as if its whole soul were in the cry. It was impossible not to laugh, and laugh we did, much to the chagrin of our warrior, who hated to have his little hour of pageantry spoiled by the revelation that, after all, we were but sowaheen, mounted on prosaic beasts, instead of the knightly host his fancy painted.

It proved not to be far to the first of the cliff caverns, now known inartistically as the Speos Artemidos, or Cave of Artemis, which of course it is not. We found it located in a little wadi between abrupt cliffs. Obviously it was not a tomb, but a temple sacred to some ancient divinity which the later Greeks identified with Artemis — probably Pasht, the pussy-goddess of the Egyptians. It is simply a great rock-hewn chamber in the face of the mountain, with an imposing portico graced with rude columns, but three of which remain, marked with old cartouches of Thutmosis III and Seti I. The latter monarch, being much later in time, simply carved his signature over the original one of Queen Hatasu (Hatshepsowet), who was the real builder of the shrine in company with Thutmosis III, her husband, and later the great monarch of his line. Within, it had little to interest us. The reliefs which remain intact seemed to have more to do with the cult of Ammon-Ra than with Pasht — but they are probably relics of the Ramessid times rather than of the Eighteenth Dynasty.

Naturally we were not detained long by the Cave of Artemis. It was not the main attraction of the locality — and indeed the natives commonly refer to it now as the "Stable of Antar," a term which seems to be employed all over Egypt to describe such a structure, much as we of New England fill our glens with

"Devil's Pulpits" and "Devil's Footprints." We prowled through the dusky caves behind the portico and soon emerged to take the road again.

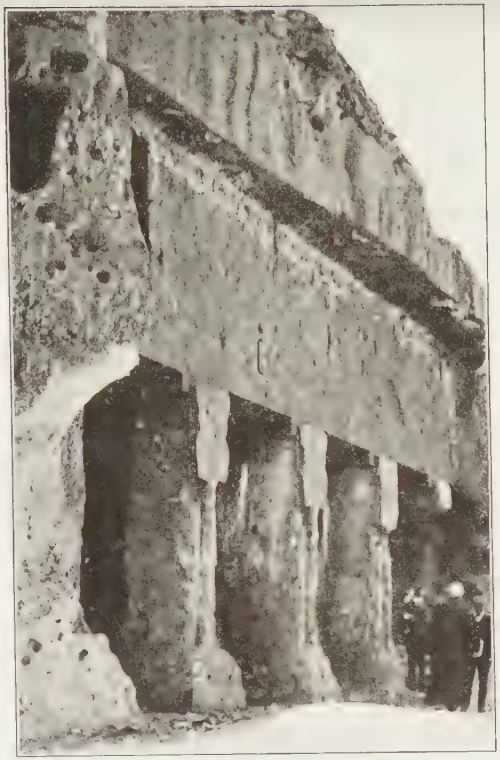
Once more the soldier marshaled us, but in Indian file, and led us by a dusty path along the foot of the cliff to the northward, cantering blithely, save for occasional halts made necessary by somebody's stumbling and having to be readjusted. I particularly rejoiced to see the fat valet of an Austrian count sadly unhorsed by a stumble and left, like Mahomet's coffin, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, unable either to rise or fall. With much laughter he was hoisted back to the saddle by all the king's men — and we proceeded.

To the actual rock-tombs of Beni Hassan it proved necessary to walk. We abandoned the donkeys at the foot of an abrupt slope leading up to some long rows of holes that pierced the face of the cliff high above. It was a hot and dusty scramble, for the sun was well advanced, but the distance was not great and the climb was amply repaid by the view no less than by the tombs. In fact, I think the view was almost the better feature of it all, for the sand-storm had departed and the air was as clear as a bell. Directly across the river we could see the heaving masses of the ruddy western cliffs, and beyond them the yellow sands shimmering in the heat. Below poured the broad flood of the Nile, its muddy color turned for

the nonce to azure under that incomparable sky. Down through plains of vivid green it wound in a broad and sinuous ribbon, and on its bosom floated a score of winglike sails. Raschid let us gaze on it for a time unmolested, — then called us to the tombs.

The latter we found all carefully gated to keep out marauders, and duly ticketed in painstaking fashion by the archæologists, who have latterly done so much to make Egypt easy for the uninitiated. Each consisted of a single chamber hewn out of the living rock, with a separate corridor and sunken shaft for the actual burial-place. The main chamber above was undoubtedly for the same general uses as the chamber in the mastaba tombs as seen at Sakkâra — for the service of the ka, or *manes* of the dead. Thirty-nine tombs of the kind are known at Beni Hassan, all opening from this lofty terrace along the face of the cliff, from which terrace a long, inclined chute once led down to the plain below, opposite each tomb-door, for the better hauling of coffins. In date, let us say, these all belong to the Twelfth Dynasty — the period of Amenemhets and Sesostrises.

Of course these were the graves, not of monarchs, but of persons of high rank or considerable wealth, as was the case at Sakkâra. In most of those that we entered there were lively traces of the painted decoration which adorned them when they were new, and



SPEOS ARTEMIDOS

PROTODORIC COLUMNS

(Beni Hassan)

greatly inferior in execution to the decorations in the tomb of Ti. But it was not these that interested me so much as the occasional existence of "protodoric" columns in the porticoes — squat stone pillars with round bases and square capitals, polygonal in form, and in some cases smaller at the bottom than at the top. This latter feature, a curious reversal of our ideas of what a column should be, I have seen in old Mycenæan ruins in Greece, and more especially in the palace of Minos in Crete; and I have always understood that this form was the result of an Egyptian influence, which had devised pillars of this kind by analogy to the sharpened wooden stake. But as we have hitherto seen no such columns in Egypt I had begun to lose faith — a faith which is now, in some measure, restored since I have seen the protodoric columns at Beni Hassan.

No less interesting was the combination of octagonal and polyhedral columns in the same tomb-chamber. It spoke of a later development of architecture than we have seen hitherto. But in the main there is nothing in the tombs of Beni Hassan to compare with the admirable work in the tomb of Ti. It was evident that the general idea of these tombs was the same, however. On the walls one might read the same general aspiration for an eternity of plenteous meals; for the governors, monarchs, and wealthy citizens of

this vicinity were just as much concerned for their thousands of loaves, thousands of geese, thousands of beakers of beer, and so on, as ever were the Memphian aristocracy. But they added something more than that — a form of laudatory epitaph, relating certain virtues in the deceased. One of them, for example, takes pains to relate, "I was a man gracious and full of compassion, who loved my city and ruled wisely therein. . . . I never defrauded the widow; the laborer I did not oppress; I constrained no poor man to bondage; and the hungry I have not sent empty away, no, not even when the food failed us and the lean years came."

The rude paintings on the walls appeared to have much the same general significance as those in the Sakkâra tombs. Most of them represented scenes familiar to the deceased in his lifetime, or some notable event in his career as a magistrate. I noted especially pictures of men engaged in the usual occupations of the time — the making of bowls, the weaving of ropes, the work of ploughing, the snaring of birds, the dancing, and the playing of musical instruments. In the tombs of the local governors there were scenes from the daily duty of such an official — most notable of all the reception of a band of Semitic pilgrims who bore gifts, or tribute, or wares for sale, such as eye-paint, spices, and aromatic gums.

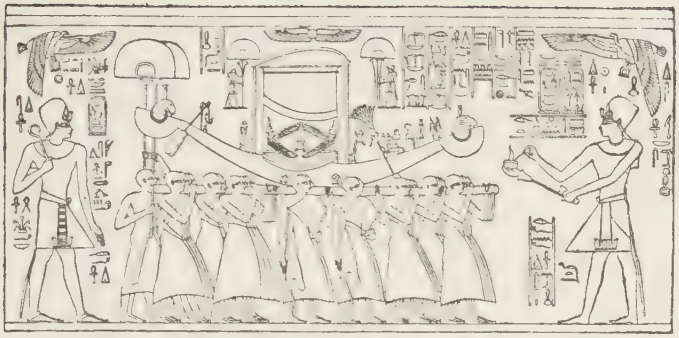
In at least one tomb, that of Kheti, there appeared a fine example of the lotus-bud capital, in which the column, composed of four lotus stems bound closely together, is capped with unopened buds. I understand that lotus capitals are not often to be seen in Egypt at the present day, most of the great temples being adorned with the papyrus columns, either with buds or open calyx capitals — which made these very perfect specimens of Beni Hassan the more interesting.

There were also shown us some stone cleats in the floor and walls of the tombs, which were variously explained as possibly for the tethering of cattle, — for these were also "Stables of Antar," — or, which to me seems more plausible, for the securing of the ropes employed in hauling the heavy sarcophagi up the steep slope without and lowering them into the subterraneous vaults below.

Out of it all I have been most impressed with the continuity of the idea of caring for the shade of the deceased. In Beni Hassan, if men did not erect mastaba tombs, but hollowed them in the face of the adjacent mountain, they had no less of solicitude to provide an everlasting feast for the ka. Each tomb, as before, furnished an eternal house for the vital spirit, and on the walls of each was set forth a menu for the sustenance of that spirit while the soul was away. Each was

duly decked with the abundant praise of the dead, with the customary scenes from his own life and the society of his time — in pictures of which the color is still fresh and lively.

Not all could afford such tombs, to be sure. But in the huddle of graves below were laid the bodies of the poor — the poor who could not build great homes for all eternity, but who at least might lie close by them in the pathetic hope that some overflow of the abundance of their masters might fall to them in their lower estate. Nevertheless I cannot but feel that the Egyptian religion denied equality of men, even when they were dead and turned to clay.



CHAPTER X. ASSIUT

MARCH 3. They start early on this steamer. Long before the phantom of false morn has died, we are dimly conscious that the paddles have begun their churning and that the boat is off and away. Oddly enough, one sleeps better when the engines are at work. The nocturnal noises of the ship are then hushed and drowned in the steady drone of the paddles and the rapid wash of the water. During the early evening, after we have anchored, the only sound is the purring of the dynamo and such clatter as is made by belated passengers turning in. Later, all is still, save for the stertorous breathing of one's neighbors. For even the dynamo shuts off at eleven, and thereafter there 's not a light to be had save candles and an oil lamp or two in the dim vastness of the corridor outside our door.

As we go southward the scenery begins to be finer. The past two nights have found us anchored under the shadow of frowning cliffs, one of which, by the way, bore the significant name of Gebel-el-Tayr. It requires but little imagination to discover a derivation for Gibraltar in that, and Raschid maintains that the names are identical. In any case it was a wonderfully fine cliff, crowned with a Coptic convent, from which they say the pious monks of other days were wont to cast themselves down headlong to the muddy waters below — in quest of backsheesh from the steamer-folk. Judging by the impressive bulk of the height in the darkness I imagine the high dive from its top would be well worth paying for — if it were actually done. Possibly the dragomans are romancing a bit, as our peppery little colonel insists they are doing. None, at any rate, has dived for us, although I understand the convent is still tenanted.

I begin more and more to appreciate the length and narrowness of arable Egypt. We have left the Delta many miles behind and are threading our way up a winding river that meanders in vast curves through the defiles it has worn in ages past. Now on the right bank and now on the left, and sometimes on both at once, is a narrow strip of vivid green, invariably backed by the tawny heights of the

desert cliffs. Now and again the latter approach to the very edge of the water, and on their steep sides we may see men breaking off stone and tumbling the rock down to the shore where tiny shallops are loading. The channel is forever shifting from one side of the river to the other at every bend; and when it shifts we obediently follow it, feeling our way across with much sounding and frequent bumps.

The mud banks of the river have been left high above the present current and tower black and hard-baked in the sun. Along these have begun to appear the innumerable "shadoufs," or improvised well-sweeps for lifting the water by easy stages from one level to another, until at the top it can be poured into the trenches that serve to water the fields. At every bend the natives have erected flimsy retaining-walls, or *revêtements*, of broken stone, laid without binding of any sort, and subject to be carried away in times of flood, as constant breakages along the way reveal to us.

Thus far most of the greenery has been along the western bank, and as a rule the Libyan Desert lies several miles away on that side — so far away that we are seldom conscious of it. The bank is heavily fringed with palms, and here and there a tiny mud village huddles under the trees. I can imagine nothing more squalid — but at a distance they are

undeniably picturesque. All these settlements we have passed without a landing.

Now and again we catch a glimpse of the railroad, which up to this time has kept religiously to the western shore. It is about the only thing that dispels the illusion that we are out of all touch with familiar civilization, and for that I pardon its intrusion of friendly semaphores and unsightly telegraph poles into a landscape otherwise absolutely different from any I have hitherto seen in any country.

As for the desert, which now and then crowds close upon the thread of the river, we are beginning to appreciate it more than ever. It seldom reveals itself to us as a barren waste, but generally appears as a towering and decidedly abrupt cliff, stratified and scarred, battlemented and turreted, its irregular top sharply outlined against a blue with which its buff hues contrast admirably. But it is at sunset that the great cliffs are at their best. Then their tawny notes change, and become all sorts of magnificent colors — magnificent, but always pale. The blue above deepens to an indigo. If the giant cliffs below contrasted admirably before, they are indescribably grand now. The afterglow is on them in all the marvelous clarity of the Egyptian air. They gleam pallidly against that background of night — and as you gaze they insensibly fade, fade, and grow ghostly,

WING AND WING

until all at once a certain moment cuts the deed off — and the night has come. In the west there 's a newborn crescent and a single star, so bright and so distinctly five-pointed that you can hardly believe it is Venus. In the presence of so much grandeur the chattering of the ship's company ceases. All stand in rapt awe of this vast handiwork, and it needs but the evening chant of the muezzin — "There is no God but God! Lo! God is great!" — to give voice to the common feeling in every breast — German, French, English, American, Australian — all who stand bareheaded and silent before this mighty monument of nature.

The passing feluccas add enormously to the picturesqueness of the river by day. They pass by in scores, either drifting in the rapid current, or, if the wind be fair, with sails aslant like the wings of enormous birds. Occasionally we find them troublesome, because, as in every land, the slow-moving sailer has the right of way over steam. Our whistle is constantly being invoked to exhortation, warning, protest — even a mild sort of profanity, such as whistles know. Thus far we have successfully avoided collision, although yesterday while the Professor was taking a quiet nap on the after-deck, with his feet extended toward the port rail, we raked the yard of a passing craft and tore away a bit of the rigging,

missing the Professor's stout shoes by the merest hair.

It was early forenoon when we hove in sight of the great barrage at Assiut. There it lay across the stream in a massive yellow line, a lofty dam pierced by a hundred gates. From a few of these water sluiced in a brawling flood, but the majority were partly closed, making the level behind them somewhat higher than below. Across the top, sharply silhouetted against the sky, strode a train of asses loaded deep with "barseem" — the native clover on which all beasts are fed. Close at the western end a horde of feluccas clustered waiting for passage. Along the bank a host of ragged children danced and shouted, and as we drew nearer we heard what it was they said, — "Backsheesh!"

It was our first experience at being "locked through" the barrage, and it was accomplished with surprising ease. Our craft could not have got past had she been six inches longer. The gates swung to behind us. Other gates opened in front — and we sailed out and onward.

Assiut lay just before — a big town crowning a low hillock by the stream and gleaming white in the forenoon sun. It was the pleasantest looking city we had seen above Cairo — and, indeed, the only one of considerable size, for it is rated as containing some-

thing over forty thousand people. There is no larger town in Upper Egypt.

The steamer sidled into her berth — a wharf made by tethering a huge scow below the frowning rim of the bank. And such a crowd as there was drawn up to receive us! The upper reaches of the shore were lined with dusky Arabs and Copts, — at least, I suppose they were Copts, — all shouting frantically and all displaying wares for sale. The main exhibit was, of course, "Assiut shawls" — those marvelous creations of net-and-silver which the past few years have made so familiar to all the world; but there were many other things to be had, such as pottery articles, amulets, fly-whisks, mummy-beads, and whips of rhinoceros-hide. The tumult was prodigious and the prices fabulous — subject, however, to sweeping reductions as the time came for departure.

The Professor and I plunged through the mob for a stroll uptown, but quick as we were, the little colonel was quicker. He was a sight for wondering eyes, fully equipped for a tour in the heat and dust, as well became the veteran of Indian campaigns. His dust-colored uniform sat snugly upon him. His helmet was of a whiteness from which the sun was reflected with more than Oriental splendor. His legs were encased in puttees. To crown it all, his head was graced with a sort of lambrequin of green — a

very coarse veil designed to discourage the onslaughts of flies. I was more impressed by this array than I should have been had the little colonel revealed himself in the full panoply of Arthur's court. Why have we come without helmets and pugarees?

Somehow or other the Professor and I managed to get past the ranks of banditti without buying anything, or hiring a steed. We were determined to walk. We had heard great tales of Assiut and its bazaars, and we wanted to see them before the rest of the sowaheen got at them. But we had not reckoned on the heat, or the distance, or the dust, or the flies. The latter were painfully persistent and it was only by constant waving of handkerchiefs that we were able to see — or breathe. Nothing more annoying than the flies of Egypt can well be imagined. They have been trained to regard man as a harmless sort, tolerant of whole congregations and synods of flies, and unwilling to brush them off. After seeing several children covered with the pests we did not wonder. Nor did we greatly marvel at the tale told us in Cairo by the medical authorities, to the effect that, of the people in that neighborhood, something like eighty-five per cent suffered from the worst of all eye diseases! If any country stands in need of an anti-fly campaign, it is Egypt.

I am reminded that the work of the British med-

ical men in Egypt in dealing with this form of trouble has been amazingly successful. As one of them lately remarked, "The reason is, these men don't ask any miracles. If you were to save a small portion of a man's sight at home he might not thank you much. But here all they ask is to be able to see their way along the street — and we're able to do much more than that in many cases. So we have ophthalmic hospitals scattered all about, and the results are highly satisfactory both to them and to us." More would be accomplished, however, if the flies were n't allowed to swarm at will over the diseased eyes and wander on to others.

By keeping everlastingly at it along a dusty high-road, we passed the palaces — they were no less — of a great multitude of foreign consuls, came to the railway, crossed it, and turned to the right at last into what proved to be the main street. It was not at all a bad street, either. A few dilapidated carriages standing about testified that the town recognized the needs of the sowaheen and argued the presence of a road outside of the town — an uncommon thing in Egypt. But the shops were not up to expectation, and the bazaars, when we finally located them, were not remarkable. They were grouped in a narrow lane which led off to the left from the midst of the main thoroughfare — a lane which proved deliciously dark and

cool after the glare of the outer world and its blazing noontide heat. Overhead, it was covered with a roof of light boards and skins. Beneath, it was being sprinkled from a water-skin borne by a panting Arab. On every side were booths, all small and tidy, from whose walls depended barbaric rugs and shawls — but no such shawls as one sees at the landing-stage. In fact, those shawls were the hardest things to find, save at the wharf, in all Assiut. Much more common as a staple article of trade appeared to be the rude, coarse rugs of the kind commonly called "kelîm."

Bargaining in the bazaars proved to be immensely difficult and was largely conducted by a show of fingers. Moreover, as Huckleberry Finn remarked of Miss Watson's prayers in the closet, "nothing come of it," and we passed quite unladen to the other end of the bazaar district and out upon a winding highway that led in and out among white buildings, all dominated by a minaret, whence at that moment the muezzin was calling the attention of the faithful to the fact that it was noon and that Allah was in his heaven.

We struck some sort of bargain with the driver of a broken-down depot carriage and got ourselves carried back to the ship. It was much too hot to walk — and besides we had an excursion ahead of us for the afternoon. At the time I had a feeling

that Assiut had been overrated — but that feeling has gone now, as I think of the view we had of it later from the desert heights, a white town on a gradual hill under the bluest of afternoon skies.

The experiences of the afternoon were not in themselves exciting. They amounted to marching up a hill and marching down again, after the inspection en route of some rock-tombs, which Baedeker sees fit to glorify with his laudatory asterisks, but which are really quite inferior to the tombs at Beni Hassan.

Disdaining the donkeys, Katrina and I rode out in another of those decrepit carriages to the foot of the cliffs, over a road which I imagine cannot be duplicated for all-around roughness in all Egypt. It was simply a broad path lined with trees, along the ridge of a convenient dike. The Professor, who must needs mount a donkey every time one is offered him, regarded our luxury with an air of superior disdain, but was speedily humiliated before us all by the breaking of a girth-strap — an accident which did no harm, but which added to the gayety of the assembled nations. I shall not soon forget the spectacle of that surprised and bearded savant, prone on his broad back in the dust of the highway and gazing reproachfully up into the face of his steed — who, in turn, gazed reproachfully down.

As for the rock-tombs, they are reached only by a

sharp scramble up the face of the cliff on the slopes of a mass of convenient detritus that has fallen from the upper rocks. They resemble the tombs at Beni Hassan without being nearly as interesting to the novice. Of course they also are called "Stables of Antar," because that is to be expected of every cavern in Islam. Only two of the several tombs in the vicinity are shown to visitors, and neither is likely to make much impression after the finer examples already seen in other sites. The decoration is not nearly as good, and apparently it has little interest or value even to the student. Some mummified birds and animals were shown us, and even the mummy of a babe — which was offered for sale. No takers.

The view from the shelf of rocks in front of the tombs, and especially from the heights above them, is more splendid, however, than the view at Beni Hassan. Raschid made us climb up higher over the slope until we stood well above and commanded a broad sweep over the fertile plain, in the midst of which Assiut rose on its white hillock like the boss of a shield. Below spread the level fields of the Nile bottom stretching out for many miles. The eastern cliffs retreated to the far horizon and left such a smiling intervale of verdure as we had not hitherto seen in the upper reaches of the river. On this prospect we feasted our eyes until it was time to go — then

MAIN TEMPLE OF DENDERA (FAÇADE)

BARRAGE AT ASSIUT, FROM ABOVE

descended past a tiny, modern cemetery and rode back to the landing.

And what a chaffering was there! Assiut shawls had cheapened visibly since morning. Rawhide whips were quoted weaker. A panic had swept the pipe-bowl and pottery market. Mummy-beads were off at least three points. Amulets, charms, figurines, and the omnipresent scarab could be had almost for the asking.

Some people will be so unkind as to tell you, no doubt, as they told us, that these so-called Assiut shawls are made in Vienna, or in Connecticut. But why believe that? Do they not look truly Oriental? Are they not, at all events, sold in Assiut? Have they not there a magnificence such as is revealed at no other spot on earth? Are they not of a weight and fineness nowhere else paralleled? What if your cigarette-holder of red clay turns out to be unprovided with any orifice through which to inhale — even as mine has done? Did you not buy it at Assiut of blessed memory? Are not the mummy-beads and scarabs of Assiut at least as genuine as those of any other locality? What matters it? In short, "ma'alish!" The one important thing is to feel that one has driven a good bargain with those swarthy captains of industry on the bank.

I gather from T. at our table, a Briton frankly com-

mercial, that those heavy net-and-silver shawls are valued according to weight, "so that all you need know is what they weigh and what is the proper price per gram." A little calculation will then reveal what you ought to pay. Nobody, however, ever does know all that, and nobody ever stops to figure it up until long after — when the proper data can be got. And when it is done, the inevitable result will be that Mahmoud on the mudbanks of Assiut is shown not to have sacrificed aught.

To-night the steamer is still tethered to the wharf. We are awaiting the mail and some belated passengers by train from Cairo. Meantime there is still chaffering going on over the side. We have all acquired rawhide whips, which we are advised to leave hanging outside our rooms, as with time and confinement they will tend to exhale a disagreeable odor unless they have been properly tanned. Whether mine has been or not I don't know — but I suspect that several bothersome small boys up river will be within a few days, whatever be true of the whips. But let that pass. It is evidently time we were all in bed!

CHAPTER XI. ON TO DENDERA

MARCH 4. A terrible thing happened to-day to the valet of the Austrian count — the same who at Beni Hassan fell half off his donkey and could get neither up nor down. He has hitherto sported some amazing side-whiskers — but to-day they are no more. It seems that during the forenoon, while we were steaming steadily up river with nothing much to do, he saw fit to make use of the opportunity to visit the barber-shop for the shaving of such portions of his fat visage as are permitted to remain innocent of hair. Unfortunately, whilst the barber plied his ministering art, the ship ran full upon an unsuspected sandbar, throwing everybody down, and by a sudden slip of the razor, one half of those luxuriant Burnsides we're so proud of were sliced off neatly at one fell swoop.

Auguste, for I believe that's what the Graf calls him, sprang from the chair, dashed across the upper

deck where we were all congregated looking at the scenery, and made a bee-line for the count's *cabine de luxe.* He was within — and from the recesses of the apartment, after a surprised pause, there came such a roar of Homeric laughter as I have seldom heard, mingled with the valet's anxious protests and a chorus of "Gott im Himmels!" and "Um Gottes-willens" — ending with the crestfallen emergence of Auguste, who repaired to the barber again to sacrifice his starboard muttonchop! In a trice 't was done — and the Nile has lost one of its most picturesque features for this voyage. But I must say that Auguste is vastly improved. He looks less like a Methodist Episcopal bishop of the old school than formerly, and it leaves the gentle Dean of St. Phylactery's in sole possession of the outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual grace. Auguste, however, does not realize it. He cannot reconcile himself to the idea that his appearance is exactly modest; and his shamefaced attitude recalls that of a pet poodle in summer when first clipped.

There is nothing to do to-day but look at the river, for we pass none of the notable sites. Nevertheless it has been one of our most wonderful days because of the increasing magnificence of the eastern cliffs, towering almost from the water's edge and rearing majestic summits against the sky. To my shame I

have never looked upon our own Grand Canyon, but I imagine the panorama of this day must in some degree have approximated it, more especially at sundown when the particolored veil of evening fell across the massive face of the stone and converted those tawny mountains into glowing gems of prismatic color — prismatic but always pale under the indigo dome of the night.

It is a lazy life we lead on such days as this, but it is inexpressibly delightful; and the Professor, who is probably the most active man who ever held a sedentary post, is constantly referring in terms of glowing praise to what he is pleased to call "roughing it on the Nile."

This being Saturday we have had a dance on deck, while lying quietly at anchor in midstream opposite a town named, ineuphoniously, Sohâg. The cracked-voiced old piano has been mended with string, in some mysterious way, by the Herr Doktor Ritter von Schwartzenkopf, or whatever his name is, — a versatile young gentleman with a very charming "bride," as our gossips have called her for several days. To-night it developed that she has a four-year-old boy at home! But in any case she dances divinely, and the Herr Ritter proves to be capable of extracting undreamed-of harmonies from the instrument, now that he has mended its inward parts. The Austrian

Graf stood his trick at the keys also, like a man, and gave us the "Blue Danube," as became an exalted resident of Vienna. Later, when all the pianistic talent was seemingly exhausted, the old lady from the Blue Grass, she of the eighty summers and indomitable spirit, sat down at the keyboard and played as untiringly and as mechanically as a pianola until the lights went out.

So much for the pomps and vanities of this world. To-morrow the Dean is to preach in the forward cabin.

March 5. We have had our sermon, and the Dean outdid himself. I confess I do not now remember the exact text, but it was a moving discourse on the foibles of modern society — dress, and especially dancing. I suspected the presence of a twinkle in the ecclesiastical eye when he considered the latter folly, in view of the experiences of last evening. Of course there was a collection, — for the hospital at Luxor, — and while it was not large it will hopefully be bettered next Sunday when we have another service, conducted, as usual, by the Dean. I find him, on smoking-room acquaintance, to be a delightful man, by the way, — one whose travels have been extensive, who knows and delights in America, and who tells a story inimitably.

Since church there has been nothing to do but loll on the warm decks and see the panorama unfold itself — the gigantic cliffs, the palm-clad banks with their mud towns and lofty pigeon towers, the tireless creaking of the shadoufs. The landing for Abydos we have passed without a call, leaving it for the down-trip, and noting as we passed only its deep intervale of spreading green.

This afternoon we passed the railroad bridge which conveys the line to the eastern shore at another of those cacophonously named towns — Nag' Hamadi. I note that sugar refineries of a modern aspect begin to be very common along these upper reaches, intruding lofty steel chimneys that sort curiously with the landscape. By sundown we made our mooring for the night at the landing-stage of Dendera, not far from the ancient temple. Opposite lies the considerable town of Keneh, the usual alighting-place of such travelers as come to Dendera by rail. Such, no doubt, have small difficulty in securing ferrymen and beasts for the journey to the temple, but it is surely easier to tie up, as we have done, within two miles of the shrine and on the same side of the stream.

Dendera seems to me a charming name, well suited to the uses of the Egyptian Aphrodite — for such I like to believe Hathor to have been. Already we have had a glimpse of her distant pylon in the ruddy

evening glow — tapering towers seen dimly across fertile meadows. We are to visit them to-morrow. For this evening we have had to content ourselves with a scamper on the bank, the whole ship's company availing itself of the opportunity to take a walk on the tops of little dikes that serve as foot-paths through the waving grain. There is a bit of a mud village close by the landing dominated by a few scrawny palms, and tenanted by a tiny population with a horde of noisy dogs for company. The river has fallen far below the top of the banks. Off toward the west the plain undulates, under a lush growth that is already waist-high, to the temple and the first great dunes of the desert.

The creaking of a belated shadouf drew the Professor and me away from the throng and down the river shore. It was a triple machine, raising the water by successive stages to the top of the lofty bank, and the men toiled at it naked, save for loin cloths, although the evening chill had long succeeded to the heat of the day. They paused from their labor as we came up and besought a little backsheesh, indicating the arduous character of their task by melting sighs and groans. The thinnest of them, pointing to his meagre arms, ejaculated, "Skin-nee! Skin-nee!" Then, having sounded the depth of our charity, they returned to their shadoufing, and it was interesting

to see how it was done — pulling down the empty skin buckets by main strength against the weight of the mud-ball counterpoise, and allowing the weight to raise the filled skins by its still superior ponderosity. The machine was creaking away patiently when we came up from dinner and continued so to do far into the night.

March 6. We visited Dendera to-day. K. and I rode off early before the rest, partly because of the greater coolness, but more because we wished to avoid the confusion and the dust. It is disconcerting to be riding contentedly along musing on the prospect — and then to have some wildly enthusiastic and more experienced horsemen come dashing up behind, with the effect of startling your own beast into a mad gallop for which you are totally unprepared. Therefore we bolted our breakfast and got well across the plain before the last of the passengers had even gotten to the table.

It was glorious in the early morning, that fertile plain, cut into numerous basins by dikes and diversified here and there by little clumps of trees. A refreshing breeze blew from the northward and the sun smiled with level rays across the river. Our two donkey-boys kept to themselves in their long blue gowns, content to indicate the way and let our don-

keys amble along without undue urging. Far ahead towered the gigantic propylon, or fore-gate, of the shrine, glowing ruddily in the morning light. Behind bulked the main temple — the first of its type that we have yet seen. And close behind it, crowding on its walls, came the desert dunes, forced back after their age-long encroachment by the hand of the excavators.

We were vouchsafed a satisfactory interval to prowl about before the advent of Raschid and his valiant Seventy. A few beggars and venders of "antiques," presumably manufactured in the neighborhood, hovered about, but were not obnoxious. The custodian of the temple prepared to open to us, and on the display of our monument tickets did so. For the time we had the vast fane of Hathor to ourselves, and I would here testify that this privilege is worth the extra effort of an early rising. Valuable as the dragoman's interpretations doubtless are in pointing out details, there is an advantage in wandering absolutely alone through those dark aisles under the lofty stone roof and among the mighty pillars, quite regardless of the meaning of their hieroglyphs, and mindful only of the magnificent repose of it all — a repose that speaks of worship, let us say, not of other gods, but of God under other names.

The temple of Dendera is of a type common in

Upper Egypt, although it lacks the fore-courts which the canonical style calls for. For some reason these common preludes to the great *pronaos*, or covered vestibule of the temple proper, were not provided in this case — possibly because of a lack of means. On the whole, it seems to me the temple gains by their absence, as the open approach from the great entrance pylon permits an unobstructed view of the façade.

Like all the marvelously preserved old shrines in the upper valley, this one dates from a comparatively late day in the history of Egypt — that is to say, from the time of the last Ptolemies, or the first century B.C. Indeed, the Roman occupation had much to do with restoring the temple itself, and the Emperor Domitian is credited with the construction of the entire northern pylon. If he did it, however, he at least built it in the Egyptian manner — a lofty gate with sloping sides, although not a pylon such as we expect to see in the older temples of Luxor and beyond.

In appearance the whole temple is immensely dignified, despite the decoration of its frontal columns with huge heads of Hathor as capitals. I cannot bring myself to admire the Hathor column as an architectural member. But the great entrance hall is full of them, — twenty-four in all, — massive boles of stone like stout trees, and each adorned with the

broad, flat face of the goddess high above. The front of the temple, by the way, is not left entirely open, for the spaces between the pillars are walled to half their height with solid stone capped by a heavy cornice, and only the central space is pierced by a great door. The idea, no doubt, was to admit sufficient light, while at the same time keeping off the gaze of vulgar eyes. The Egyptian did not relish having his religious rites overseen by the crowd ; and his temples were commonly walled about like fortresses, the actual ceremonies taking place far within the depths of a Holy of Holies, protected from the outer world by a multitude of partitions.

The walls and columns we found decorated with deeply incised reliefs representing the kings, duly besprinkled and incensed by Horus and Thoth, but these kings were Roman emperors rather than Egyptian monarchs of an elder day. The massive ceilings were also decorated with curious designs — one, I remember especially, being a representation of the goddess Nut (or shall we call it Newt?), the deity of the sky, swallowing the sun at nightfall and bringing it forth again from her lap at the dawning of another day. All these details and many more, which unfortunately went in at one ear and out the other, were explained by Raschid when he and his host had clattered up to the gates. I take note of the zeal of the

PROPYLON AT DENDERA

Germans, in particular, for the absorption of information of this kind. The common practice is for Raschid to talk in English — but he is besieged by the Teutonic members immediately after, and even when we are ready to start for home they always crowd around him for one more draft from the well of his wisdom. Raschid is a patient man. Every day, despite his explicit warning, the expedition is held up at the door of some tomb or temple by the failure of some of the party to bring along their monument tickets — comprehensive passes bought in advance at Cairo and required at every wicket-gate in all Egypt before you can go in. To-day three old ladies forgot theirs and were immensely tickled to be let in just the same as Raschid's "wives."

Behind the pronaos at Dendera comes the hypostyle hall — and here begins the temple proper. The Greeks would call this part of the shrine the "cella." It is a complicated building divided into many parts and possessing many little side rooms which the experts now denominate storerooms, treasuries, and laboratories. With these one has small concern, being much more impressed with the hypostyle hall in the midst of the temple — a lofty apartment, once traversed by the formal processions sacred to the goddess Hathor, and supported as to its roof by some more of those magnificent pillars. Hathor-crowned as

before. Light is admitted by apertures in the roof, for little illumination could ever hope to penetrate from the northern front. In this we took more than a passing interest because it was our first hypostyle hall — name long productive of awe-struck expectancy because of the celebrity of the great halls of Karnak. Doubtless that in the latter temple is immensely more extensive, but it will be difficult, surely, to afford a more impressive sight than that dim and lofty corridor in Hathor's fane.

Penetrating still farther into the shrine, you come to a series of great antechambers, facing the last of which is the actual sanctuary of the goddess herself. It occupies the very centre of the building and is open only at the front. When the religion was in its power, only the king might penetrate to the Holy of Holies — and he but once a year. All about the central chamber we found a narrow corridor, from which opened a dozen small apartments once used by the priests for various purposes, doubtless in part as robing-rooms and storehouses for the temple treasure. Everywhere was the omnipresent hieroglyphic record, a sealed book save for the interpretations of Raschid, representing the various phases of the worship — the goddess carried in procession in her silver boat, attended by priests and dignitaries.

I cannot now remember all that he told us, and I

am not sure that it would be worth while. One would be hopelessly dazed if one attempted to memorize all these carved and painted representations that adorn the walls of Egypt. But I have gained, I think, a lively conception of the Egyptian temples as they stood in the later days — majestic stone buildings, totally inclosed in high outer walls, and containing, after passing many courts and antechambers, one dark and narrow cell in the heart of the huge structure, which was the very pulse of the machine, so to speak — the sacred place where abode the god or goddess, and where none might go save only the high priest and devotee of the god.

Taken as a stupendous whole, such a temple is highly impressive, its golden-brown stones mellowed by time, its majestic proportions fully satisfying the eye, and its grand propylon admirably setting off the picture. To have seen one of these great places of worship in the time of its glory, the throng of worshipers streaming to and fro, the royal priest advancing in procession with all the attendant trappings, and the banners of state flapping from the six tall staves that once were set before the massive pylon — must it not have been truly glorious and inspiring?

At Dendera one is permitted to ascend to the roof above and to the crypts beneath — and each is well worth doing. From the roof, which is reached by a

long and gradual staircase in the massive thickness of the wall, you may gaze far out over the billowing desert to infinite distances under the glare of the sun, or back toward the river over that carpet of vivid green. Besides, you get a better idea than before of the massiveness of the temple with its roof of solid stone. In one corner of the level roof there is also a tiny and graceful shrine sacred to Isis and Osiris, for one might not ignore those potent deities even in joyous Dendera. And in the inclosure below there lies in abject ruin, half buried in the intruding débris, a so-called "birth house" devoted to the children of the goddess.

Everybody goes down to the crypt, — or nearly everybody, — although the way thither is very narrow and excessively steep, not to say fearsomely dark. Our Seventy had a difficult time deciding which should go first, for the dragoman would admit no more than fifteen or twenty at a time, owing to the constricted quarters below and the difficulty of seeing well what decoration remains. Our party descended in successive squads with many squeals. By the light of magnesium wire we were allowed to view some very ancient paintings on the stone walls which are as fresh and fair as if laid on yesterday ; but it is the freshness that is chiefly remarkable. Merely as art, neither the paintings nor the carvings on the walls

of Dendera rank with the magnificent work at Sakkâra, whatever shall prove to be true of the kindred temples we are daily approaching in the South. In short, it is not the detail that one finds most impressive at Dendera, but rather the grand *ensemble* of the temple, especially when seen from within as one gazes down its vistas of dark aisles amid the forest of massive columns. The one bit of detail that seems to have impressed everyone is the incised carving of Cleopatra and her son Cæsarion, — the great Julius was his putative sire, — which are still to be seen on the rear outer wall of the shrine. It should be remembered, however, that these are by no means "portraits," so that not much historic interest is to be awakened by them. They are simply huge and rather grotesque carvings representing a world-famous queen and her son.

The Professor, Katrina, and I rode leisurely back to the ship together, rejoicing in having seen at last something that spoke of joy and life. Hitherto we have been shown almost nothing but tombs and mummified remains, and the shadow of it had fallen across our otherwise blithe spirits. There really is something rather gruesome about traversing a mighty cemetery, hundreds of miles in length, marked only by empty tombs hewn out of the eternal rock, without a vestige of the cities and abodes of the living

men of that past day. Dendera has given us something new — a glimpse of the worship of that joyous goddess whom the Greeks identified with their own deity of love and delight.

We left at noon. Late in the day we came to rest at the long landing-stage of Luxor, the goal of many dreams; and to-night we lie moored safely below the long line of glittering hotels. We are away ahead of time, because, as Raschid says of our pilots, "they are very skilled men, very smart; they have not stuck on no sand-bars!" Of the lions of the place — the temples — we have of course seen little as yet. That is reserved for to-morrow and the days thereafter. Sufficient unto the day has been the wandering through Luxor's narrow streets and the inspection of the deep gardens of those famous hostelries, where grows real grass!

Besides, there is the prospect of a moon — and moonlight visits to Karnak are said to be among God's last best gifts to man.

CHAPTER XII. KARNAK AND LUXOR

MARCH 7. It seems difficult to realize that this smiling plain which spreads out to the northeast was once the site of a teeming city. Surely there is nothing in the Luxor of to-day to recall Thebes of the Hundred Gates. It is a small town, remarkable for nothing but the number and excellence of its hotels. Such of its bazaars as we have visited are of little or no account, consisting of a mere open market place for the vending of produce. The shops along the water front are numerous, but have been spoiled by the sowaheen, and the attempts at extortion far surpass the practices at Assiut.

Of ancient Thebes, once the proud capital of Egypt, the resort of poets and philosophers, the home of mighty princes, the chief abode of priestcraft, nothing now remains save the ruins of temples so magnificent as to dwarf all other similar monuments in the land. And even these seem to have lain for ages only half suspected — buried deep under

such an accumulation of débris that the huts of the peasantry actually stood on the very tops of the columns, just as was the case at Dendera.

There is a story that a Luxor peasant, who had somehow come into the possession of a little money, undertook to hide it according to custom in a hole in the floor of his hut. He scraped out the earth and dropped his coins in, but was amazed to hear them fall to a considerable distance and clatter on a stone floor far below. Attempting to recover the money, he fell through himself — and was later rescued with much toil from what proved to be the paved court of a buried and forgotten shrine. Excavation has since removed almost every trace of this superimposed hamlet, and has bared the temples in all their magnificence to the light.

This day has, indeed, been one to mark with a very white stone. It has afforded us our first view of the stupendous temple of Karnak, which divided with the temple of Luxor the honor of being the chief shrine in ancient Egypt — indeed, the chief shrine of the world. And although we gave up our morning to it alone, what we had of it was but the most cursory view, — like what Baedeker calls an "orientation drive," — to be filled out and supplemented later on repeated visits devoted to considering its wealth of detail.

We rode over to Karnak, which lies about two miles to the northward, some in carriages, and some on asses. The vast majority of us elected the latter, for we are destined to several days in the saddle and it seemed well to become posted as to the merits of the available local steeds. Already we have made friends with our muleteers — or rather they have made friends with us in the hope of constant patronage, not only now, but also later on our return from Assuan. My man says that his name is Abd' Allah, and his donkey — a poor beast who does his patient best, but who has a bad case of what our farmers would call "the heaves" — rejoices in a variety of names which change with the passing hours. He started out this morning as Rameses and returned to-night after manifold permutations as "J. P. Morgan," in compliment to a famous gentleman who has been here within a day or two, and whose little steamer we met only yesterday on its way back to Cairo. To-morrow, no doubt, the poor brute will appear as "Marka Twain," for that is the name of more than half the donkeys of Egypt. Nor is any disrespect intended to the memory of the gentle humorist, for the average native appears to love his beast as the immortal Sancho loved his Dapple, and the bestowal of celebrated names upon him is deemed a compliment alike to man and steed.

The Professor has acquired a gigantic mount in which he takes profound delight — a tall donkey possessed of numerous gaits and attended by the black pearl of donkey-boys, hight Joseph. The latter's coat is appropriately patched in many a shade of faded blue. He is, to outward seeming, about eleven years old, but inwardly I suspect he is already the proud parent of a family as large as the Professor's — larger, maybe. It is the way of the world hereabouts. As for Katrina's beast, it boasted the familiar name of Minnehaha to-day, was occasionally referred to as "Lily," and is, curiously enough, of the sterner sex. Thus mounted we rode away.

It required something like half an hour to ride to Karnak, although the distance is not great. After leaving the confines of the town the road made straight across the plain, roughly parallel with the river, toward some distant pylons whose many towers reared their forms in rosy majesty from the midst of waving palms. Passing along, we doubtless rode through the very heart of ancient Thebes, and for part of the way at least along the grand avenue of sphinxes which once led from the one temple to the other. But of its vestiges we found nothing, although a few sadly mutilated sphinxes do still exist at the Karnak end of the road, in the immediate vicinity of the first temple of the Theban triad. When the site

was in its glory, avenues of sphinxes led up to each of the several shrines, and at least one of these — the avenue of approach to the great main temple of Ammon — is intact and splendid still.

Now, the great gods of Thebes were three — Ammon-Ra, Mut, and Khonsu, the time-measuring moon; and it was Khonsu's shrine that first revealed itself to us, behind an imposing portal sixty feet or more in height, with a gorgeously decorated cornice. As a matter of age, this imposing gate proved too youthful for words, being the work of the Third Ptolemy (Euergetes) in the third century B.C. As a work of art, however, it was as splendid as anything of the sort we had yet encountered, and admirably preserved, as indeed all the Ptolemaic structures are.

The little temple behind, which is a considerably older work, we found both beautiful and interesting. It cannot be compared, of course, with the great temple of Ammon for grandeur; but its low halls furnished us our first intimate acquaintance with papyrus capitals, both of the closed bud and open calyx type — the latter, to my mind, one of the most successful architectural forms ever designed. It is almost unfortunate that the bud capitals so generally outnumber the broader open-flowered style — the latter being commonly employed for the loftier naves of the great temples, while the bud capitals serve for

the lower aisles. They are so strong, and so free, and so impressively magnificent as compared with the close-bound buds which, to the eye unfamiliar with the papyrus, are likely to suggest nothing so much as stalks of asparagus.

I say the temple of Khonsu is older than its gate. Rameses III built it, so that it is later in time than the best Theban period; and a mark of its lateness is to be found in the use of fluted columns in the rear courts, a decided innovation in a land where hitherto smooth round columns had been universally preferred because of their greater utility for bearing hieroglyphic decoration. A few windows with stone gratings likewise appeared — but these were not unknown to the older architects, and fine large examples of them survive in the great temple of Ammon hard by. As a further peculiarity, I noted that this temple of Khonsu, instead of having a deeply inclosed sanctuary, was open at both ends — seemingly not as holy a spot as most others.

It was pleasantly cool in the shade of those massive pillars, but we were not permitted long to remain there because the rapidly increasing warmth made it advisable to hasten on to the huge shrine of Ammon-Ra — the most notable as well as the largest of the Egyptian temples, dedicated to the greatest of the gods and constantly added to by the most

AVENUE OF

ES, KARNAK

puissant of Pharaohs during the empire's proudest period.

We rode up to its western gate through the broad avenue of ram-sphinxes — an avenue gleaming white under the pitiless glare of the sun. Before us loomed the huge frontal pylon, two massive sloping towers inclosing a lower gateway, bare and tawny and as grim as a fortress. It was the first of five great pylons like unto it, ranged at wide successive intervals within, itself the youngest of the five and Ptolemaic in date. The others beyond increase in antiquity as you penetrate to the temple's inner shrine.

I find it difficult to convey any adequate idea of the tremendous size of the temple alone, not to mention the vast district of which it was the soul and centre. Raschid told us something about "ten thousand acres of ground" being devoted to the worship of Ammon, — an amazing statement, which, if even approximately true, must refer to the entire circuit of many-gated Thebes. The great temple of Ammon, even as it now stands in semi-ruin, is somewhat over twelve hundred feet long and about three hundred feet wide, — a grand and composite structure representing in sum the successive additions of a long series of Pharaohs.

The best way to understand the temple is unquestionably to make a first uncritical inspection of it as

we have done to-day, and then return without the dragoman, after having pored over the ground plan of it which every guidebook gives. The first visit is mainly important as enabling one to visualize as one studies the map. In the light of the latter I begin to have a clearer conception of it than I had before.

Seemingly complex at first view, the great temple at Karnak is made much more simple by recognizing that it is virtually a temple of two parts, the first, or innermost one, dating back to the Eighteenth Dynasty, and the second, or outermost one, to the Ramessids. Each grand division is not far from six hundred feet in length. The first mentioned is the temple proper. The second is in the nature of a gigantic forecourt — or rather a succession of courts — including the world-famous hypostyle hall.

One should remember that the use of this site for the purposes of Ammon-worship goes very far back into history, however, — much further than the time of the Eighteenth Dynasty monarchs, to whose hands we owe the older visible portions of the surviving building. The first mention of a temple on the spot appears to be in the time of the Amenemhets and Sesostrises who made up the Twelfth Dynasty, and who ruled, roughly, about 1900 B.C. They built a temple, a few fragments of which still remain to us from the remote age of the Middle Kingdom.

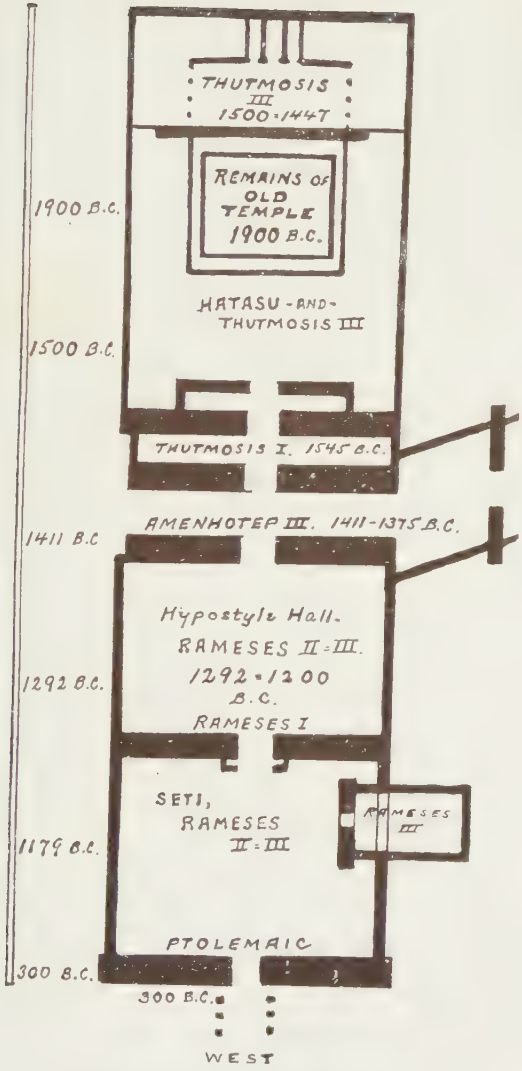
Four hundred years later, when the Eighteenth Dynasty arose in Thebes, the first Thutmosis appears to have felt that the old shrine needed embellishment. Wherefore he erected in front of it, toward the west, two huge pylons with the customary intervening court, to serve as a new vestibule for the ancient fane. And in so doing he inaugurated a scheme of building which endured for many centuries. His children added to his achievement by building a huge inclosing structure all about the original nucleus, and the resulting temple became a monument partly to Queen Hatasu and partly to her great husband-brother, Thutmosis III. The old temple of the Middle Kingdom times was thus swallowed up in a huge inclosing mass, much as the church in the valley below Assisi has surrounded the Portiuncula. In the time of the great Thutmosis, 1501–1447 B.C., this was the entire extent of the temple — almost exactly half what we see now.

When Amenhôtep III came to the throne and began that notable reign which placed him also among the great monarchs of Egyptian history, he added still another pylon, standing a short distance west of the existing temple, and presumably designed to be its most imposing portal. What it actually became, however, was the rear wall of the forward half of the temple which the Ramessid Dynasty was to build in

succeeding centuries. For the Nineteenth and Twentieth Dynasty Pharaohs practically doubled the size of the structure by adding first the huge hypostyle hall with its noble pylon, and still later a vast open fore-court surrounded by columns and statues — this part of the temple dating, say, all the way from 1300 to 1179 B.C. And the Ptolemies capped it all by a perfectly enormous pylon, which now marks the extreme western verge of the temple, fronting on the avenue of sphinxes that leads down toward the Nile.

Hence, as the visitor enters from the west and passes through the temple toward its back, he runs the gamut of something like seventeen centuries, — from Ptolemy to the Twelfth Dynasty, — perhaps twelve of which have left behind imposing monuments of stone, like tide-marks on the sands of time.

These related epochs we little understood, I fear, as we rambled over the ground this morning on our first visit — but another time the spot will mean infinitely more. To-day the first great impression was on the eye, and it would be difficult to exaggerate it. The first pylon is magnificent only in its commanding proportions and its massiveness. The fore-court within proved huge and bare and hot, for all its colonnades and its incidental side temple built by Rameses III. It was the imposing magnificence of



CHRONOLOGICAL PLAN OF TEMPLE AT KARNAK

the hypostyle hall that drew us on — and held us spellbound from proceeding.

Artists and enthusiastic writers have conspired to give to the world some adequate conception of the great hall of Karnak, but in vain. The half has not been told and never will be. It is one of those things that defy alike the pen and the brush. To be sure, it helps us to be told that the "entire cathedral of Notre Dame could be set down in the midst" of this one stupendous apartment, which in itself is less than a fifth of the entire temple. The mind gains a slight conception of what is meant by imagining such a vast space sown with a forest of one hundred and thirty-four columns, the loftiest eighty feet or so in height and topped with broad calyx capitals. But no adequate idea of the magnificence and sublimity of the harmonious whole can ever be had by the mere wandering of the desire. It has to be seen — not once only, but many times.

Few of the temples built with hands which it has been my fortune to visit have ever impressed me as does this one hall of Ammon. The celebrated fanes of Greece are more graceful — more beautiful, perhaps, in their refined, Hellenic way; but the hypostyle hall of Karnak is inexpressibly grand, strong, awe-inspiring by reason of sheer bulk and mightiness — in short, is well worthy the worship of a Supreme

Being, just as the great woods are, or the bare mountains, or the desert spaces. Temple architecture in Egypt culminated here — under the inspiration of Ammon-Ra.

It would be infinite to attempt any detailed description of the inmost portion of the temple that lies beyond — largely in ruin. I cannot bring myself to essay it. It is forbidden alike by the complexity of the shrine and the chaos into which so much of it has unhappily fallen. Pylon succeeds pylon, court succeeds court; and last of all, far away against the eastern wall of the rearmost building, is the actual sanctuary of the god, — like that at Dendera, deep in the heart of the temple, closed to the vulgar eye and hedged about by the festal halls erected ages ago by old Thutmosis. Out of that chaos and labyrinth there towers in my present recollection but one thing with really vivid clearness — the slender surviving obelisk[1] of Queen Hatasu, still in its wonted place, still soaring into the unclouded blue, and mourning, no doubt, for its ruined fellow which now lies prone

[1] Obelisks, by the way, were always erected in pairs by the monarchs of Egypt, and were employed as monuments marking the thirtieth anniversary, not of the king's accession, but of his original designation as heir to the throne. In at least one case this happened to coincide with the accession of the Pharaoh, but as a rule it did not. Comparatively few remain *in situ*, and those that have been removed to other lands commonly acquire such outrageous names as "Cleopatra's Needle."

IN THE TEMPLE OF AMMON, KARNAK

GREAT COLUMNS OF THE HYPO-STYLE. KARNAK

in the rubbish near by. Surely it is good to find at least one obelisk extant in Egypt, standing on its own appropriate spot where it really means something, instead of gracing remote plazas and squares in Rome, London, Paris, or New York.

At Karnak we have come at last upon those high girdle walls which later custom dictated should always be erected around the sacred inclosure, partly and indeed chiefly to exclude the profane throng, but also in all probability to afford ample spaces on which to carve the chronicle of the monarch's mundane glory. The great conquerors of old did not scruple to record on the walls of their churches the warlike deeds which Ammon had blessed in dominions beyond the sea; and great has been the importance of this form of writing to delvers in the field of ancient history, despite an obvious tendency toward fond exaggeration on the part of the various monarchs when it came to setting down their personal share in the conflict. These enormous mural decorations, inscribed on the outer surfaces of the temple wall, we have been over with care in connection with some of the famous battles described in the modern books. It is a quaint form of illustration, but it adds a certain element of reality to the dry chronicle — this huge picture of the Pharaoh charging in his chariot, the enemy fleeing in rout, the captives in chains. One

head in particular was interesting — an admirably carved face, full of character, and bearing an amazing likeness to the late Mr. Disraeli. As for the cartouches of the monarchs, they are everywhere and are bewildering. But the simple sign-manual of Amenhôtep III we have already learned to recognize among ten thousand.

We have seen much — almost a surfeit — of the laudation of Ammon-Ra in a host of surviving hieroglyphs. We have ascended to the summit of the loftiest pylon and surveyed the temple and those vacant acres which once were crowded Thebes. We have circumambulated the sacred lake. We have invaded a tiny temple in the outer verges of the sacred precinct in which there resides a black statue of the "pussy-goddess," still enthroned and doubtless looking precisely as she looked to thousands of her worshipers in days long fled. We have inspected, although cavalierly, a small shrine sacred to the remaining member of the Theban triad — the fostering-mother, Mut. But the overpowering memory is of those dark, deep aisles of Karnak's central hall, with their mighty pillars and impressive distances — a memory which cannot fade while reason holds its throne.

In proportion as it is less extensive than Karnak, the temple of Luxor demands less time for its initial

inspection. Moreover, it is so close to the town that one may run in there at any time. It is always just around the corner. And while the encroachments of the modern village have been painstakingly cleared away, there still remains in one end of it a hillock of rubbish, accumulated centuries ago, on which stands a mosque which the impious hands of archæologists have left intact.

Like the temple at Karnak, this at Luxor is the work of several hands. But it differs in the important respect that Rameses, the greatest of all builders, did not complete his projected work, although he added considerably to the original shrine. What we see from our deck — a row of tall papyrus columns (although Professor Budge calls them "lotus") — were meant to form the nave of a noble hypostyle hall which unfortunately was never finished. The result is a temple connected with its fore-court only by a narrow, but very imposing, colonnade.

If Amenhôtep III was content with adding only a massive propylon to the temple of Karnak, he spent much more effort in enlarging the temple at Luxor. The main part of the shrine proper is his work. As was the case with the other temple, this building simply inclosed and embellished an older temple on the same spot, dedicated as a matter of course to the great Theban triad, Ammon, Mut, and Khonsu. I suppose

the original structure was practically coeval with the original shrine at Karnak — Twelfth Dynasty.

In Amenhôtep's day the building was much smaller than at present, and even in that remote age did not approach for magnitude the major temple to the northward. It was then, as it is now, little more than half the size of its enormous fellow. It consisted, as any proper temple must, of a main building designed to inclose the actual sanctuary of the three gods, together with the essential antechambers and robing-rooms; and before this a vestibule (pronaos) opening on a large colonnaded court, — which latter, in turn, ended in a pylon. Such it was when Amenhôtep completed his share in it.

Now, at some distance from its ancient front and making a slight angle with the axis of the main temple, there stood a little chapel, also sacred to the three great Gods of Thebes, which Thutmosis III had erected before the time of Amenhôtep. The comprehensive scheme of additions which Rameses II developed in his later age happened to include this aged temple, and rather than disturb it he caused the final colonnaded court which he designed to adapt itself to the different angle — thus producing a sudden bend in the line of the axis at its northern extremity. The effect is unfortunate in that it mars the general unity of the result. His first contribution — the nar-

GRAND COLONNADE. LUXOR

row colonnade which was meant to be the lofty nave of a broad hypostyle — runs straight from the pylon of the older building. But the broad fore-court bends noticeably to the east, in order that its rear wall should not deviate from the line established by the smaller shrine attributed to Thutmosis.

Rameses erected the great entrance pylon which still stands, partly buried in the hill of the modern mosque, and for once we have been spared anything Ptolemaic. This temple belongs almost entirely to the eighteenth and twentieth dynastic periods.

We have as usual been somewhat mazed in the mass of hieroglyphic lore which Raschid has poured forth to us as he pointed to various pictured writings in the different courts. I am beginning to be a little weary of Ammon-Ra, and the Professor has begun to speak of Ammon's consort contemptuously as "Mutt." What pleases us most is to ignore the minutiæ of the sculptured record and give ourselves up to the glory of these massive columns glowing in the evening sunshine and throwing their mighty shadows athwart the courts. The colossi of Rameses, which serve to make this temple rather more humanly appealing than that of Karnak despite its general inferiority of size, are highly interesting. Most of them are of red granite, and beside them is generally represented one wife, — supposedly the favorite queen,

— who is always shown as a miniature figure hardly reaching the king's knee, although standing erect. Several of these colossi are still *in situ*, standing between the columns, one leg always advanced and the face always wearing the haughty stare of royalty. Likewise there are sitting colossi before the last great pylon outside. Rameses certainly allowed no opportunity to go unutilized for making portraits of himself —and he lived long enough to make very many. He reigned, as I recall it, sixty-seven years, and died leaving Egypt covered with his buildings, his statues, and above all his progeny, for he had seventeen sons and one hundred and thirty-three daughters. He tore down ruthlessly the buildings of his own ancestors when he needed either their space or their material. He chiseled out their cartouches that he might put in his own. And then had the hardihood to carve enduring prayers in the stone that no follower should do like violence to his own memorials.

The walls of Luxor's temple are utilized to relate the king's marvelous feats of arms against the inhabitants of Kadesh, including the inevitable "poem" of Pentaur — a famous ode lauding the exploits of the king, which Rameses was wont to engrave on every temple of the neighborhood. But I gather from the histories that he was really less a fighter than a politician when it came to foreign conquests.

PORTRAIT STATUE OF RAMESES II. LUXOR

One thing that has constantly impressed us here is the engineering operations which must have been necessary to handle such great masses of stone. Not only the pylons and the pillars, but also the great beams of the architraves are so massive that the blocks of which they are composed must have presented serious difficulties when they came to be lifted into position. We are asked to believe that most of them were raised on piles of earth, the latter constantly augmented as the building rose, and dug away when it was all complete.

Two such temples in a single day have given us all we can assimilate, even as an "orientation view," — and, by the way, speaking of orientation, I am reminded that it seems to have been a much less important matter with the followers of Ammon than it was with the Greeks, or than it is with the Mohammedans, who must pray toward Mecca to be thoroughly effective with Allah. That the Greek turned his temples toward the east, varying their axes only with the season at which the god's high festival was celebrated, was evidently for the purpose of illuminating the innermost recess of his shrines at sunrise. The Ammonite had no such consideration to bother him. He left openings to light the interior of his temples, sometimes providing them with stone grillwork, and allowed the temple to face in whichever

direction seemed most convenient. Luxor faces the north, and Karnak the west.

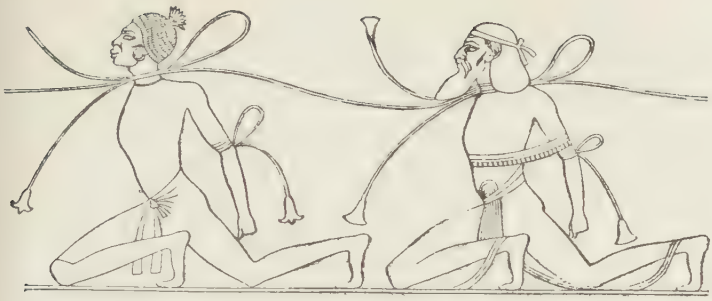
This evening we have been promenading on the bank watching the natives. From their midst there suddenly appeared a tall and lanky Arab who sought out the Professor and touched his arm.

"How you do, sah? You satisfy with boy Joseph?"

"Yes, indeed! Joseph nice boy! Are you Joseph's father?"

"Oh, no! I the father of Joseph's sister!"

Good heavens! This sounds a bit questionable. But in any case the Professor is well content with Joseph, and piously proposes to meet him on the other shore when we gather at the river in the morning.



CHAPTER XIII. THE WEST BANK AT THEBES

MARCH 8. This has proved to be our most fatiguing, and at the same time the most thoroughly enjoyable day of our experiences in Upper Egypt. We have begun our acquaintance with the famous western bank of the river, and in particular have been exploring some of the royal tombs in the inclosed and barren valley that lies among the outthrust spurs of the Great Desert.

Because the season is already well advanced and the noonday sun sure to be hot, we got away very early. I have heard much of this journey to the Tombs of the Kings as being the most trying of the whole Nile tour, but apparently much depends on the weather. We were fortunate in having a fresh northerly breeze which made the day a delight. Dusty, indeed, was the road, and fairly long. Like-

wise there were the inevitable flies. But the latter we have now come to regard as a matter of course, and the dust of our cavalcade is nothing to a sand-storm — which latter we have been mercifully spared for many a day.

The western shore presented a splendid picture when we rose. It stretched away for several level miles, its sands interspersed with fields of green, until it reached the point where the desert cliffs rose in their mountainous majesty ; and its foreground was bright and gay with a numerous company of natives, assembled to man the donkeys and sand-carts for the excursion. They presented a kaleidoscopic array of colors, even from a distance, grouped as they were in a long line just above the rim of the bank.

We were ferried over in detachments to the accompaniment of much "Illy-Haley" and "Soulless Alice." The current was swift, and we had to be tugged manfully a long distance up river in the slack waters of the Luxor shore before it was safe to put out into midstream — and even then our progress to the other bank was crabwise. Lazy feluccas swept past us floating with the racing current, whilst others, bound up river, were towed by chanting crews along the low western bank, straining their limbs to the sagging hawsers as they trod gingerly in the slushy sand.

Abd'allah, Joseph, and Hassan were dancing up and down on the top of the bank when we stepped ashore, crazy with anxiety lest we forget them. Their steeds were tethered to a long fence that recalled the horse-rail of an old-fashioned New England meeting-house. There was an incessant bawling, a universal scrambling, a mighty tightening of girth-straps and adjustment of stirrups. Katrina, the Professor, and I leaped forthwith to the saddle and galloped all three — the muleteers tucking the ends of their flowing gowns into their mouths and scampering after. We headed northward.

For a space the road lay along a dike, which at the present low stage of the river is well inland across a broad stretch of beach. Along this we clattered in single file with but a wondering sidelong glance at the broad expanses of the plain, from the midst of which towered the distant colossi of Memnon and various half-hidden ruins. It must have been an imposing place in the day of it, for here lay the mortuary shrines of the greatest of the Imperial Pharaohs, no longer built hard-by their graves as in the days of old, but sagely separated from them by miles of rugged mountain, to the end that the shrine of the ka should no longer draw attention to the actual resting-place of the body with its much spoil and temptation to secret thievery. Of these temples

we could descry almost nothing as we rode, save only the commanding site of Queen Hatasu's terraced shrine at the very base of the sheer cliff.

After a ride of something like two miles along the level reaches of the river, we were permitted to alight at Kurna for the inspection of its sole surviving temple — a sadly ruined shrine, which, however, we found in the ministering hand of the restorer. The machinery of the engineers somewhat impaired its native impressiveness and made the inspection of its ruined colonnades less satisfying than it is destined to be in a year or two when the work is complete.

The structure which survives is only a portion of the main part of an old Ammon temple, whereof the fore-court and propylon are completely obliterated. It was built by Seti I, son of the first Rameses and father of Rameses II, called "the Great." Indeed, the latter really finished it, to the glory of Ammon and the loving memory of his father's ka. Inwardly it bore reliefs of magnificent workmanship setting forth representations of the usual subjects — the worship of Ammon and the functions of various other venerated gods of Thebes, with Seti, of course, always in evidence as their favorite. And yet, curiously enough, it seems to partake of the nature of a mortuary shrine for Rameses I and Rameses the Great as well, for there appear to have been side chapels for each on

either hand of the great apartment sacred to the god. The rest of the building was made up of a large number of antechambers surrounding the sanctuaries. In general plan, therefore, it was rather like the non-mortuary temples such as we have seen at Dendera and Karnak, although on a somewhat smaller scale. I take it this following of the general plan may be significant of the fact that the apotheosized Pharaoh thought it not mockery to make himself equal with the god.

From Kurna the road branched off into the west, winding around the outlying projections of the desert spurs and very gradually ascending. It proved a pleasant, though dusty, highway, steadily creeping into a deep and secluded vale as desolate as that through which Childe Roland sought the dark tower. The desert cliffs loomed high overhead, and on either hand rose sharp foothills of rock that served to inclose the last resting-place of the kings. The surroundings were utterly devoid of vegetation. All was bare, yellow rock, pitilessly giving back the heat of the sun. It seemed a fit setting for some awful tragedy — as wild, and bleak, and forbidding a valley as that of the shadow of death, which it really is. Of the inclosed bowl in the midst of the mountains where lie the tombs, there was no hint until we had passed the imposing portal formed by a narrow pass be-

tween two jutting cliffs — and then it opened out in all its fearful majesty.

Nothing we have yet seen in Egypt has been more tinctured with austere sublimity than this secluded vale. Down through the midst of it wound the road, — glaring white, — and from it here and there diverged tiny paths to little holes in the mountain-side, which resembled rabbit-warrens. These must be the tombs, then, — the portals of the subterranean caverns hewn out of the living rock and so carefully concealed, when the regal funeral was done, that they might hope to remain forever inviolate.

As I reflect on the experiences of the day I find myself more impressed with the general grandeur of the valley than with the four or five actual sepulchres which we visited. There is a certain sameness to the latter, wonderful as they are and magnificently decorated with painted figures that neither moth nor rust have corrupted. The idea in each case was the same. The variations on the theme only lend themselves to confused memories. But to climb the lofty side of that huge amphitheatre as we did and gaze down into that appalling gulf on all the tombs at once is an experience never to be forgotten. Surely there could be no place more suitable for a royal cemetery such as the greatness of Imperial Egypt demanded. Moses himself had no grander sepulchre

THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS

on Nebo's lonely mountain — nor one more secret from the eyes of the profane.

The tombs of this valley were dug with terrible secrecy. It was Thutmosis I, founder of the Eighteenth Dynasty, who set the fashion, for his tomb is the earliest now known to have existed there. His architect records with much pride in an inscription that he "superintended the excavation of the cliff tomb of his Majesty, alone, none seeing, none hearing." Did they kill the poor slaves who did the work, I wonder? Did Thutmosis reward his architect, after the manner of Sultan Hassan, by striking off his hand?

Thus from about 1550 B.C. to the year 1000 did the kings of the Theban period contrive their burial-places in the desolate valley; and so successful were they in keeping the tombs a profound secret that we possess to-day most of their mummies, although it is true that robbers have partially looted almost every one of these recovered sepulchres in ages past.

At least one of these ancient potentates — no less a personage than Amenhôtep II — still lies in the very spot and in the very coffin provided for him when he was laid to eternal rest in 1420 B.C. The other mummies have been removed to Cairo. I shall therefore consider here only the tomb that is still tenanted by its august builder, for it was this one

which impressed me most of all despite the fact that others in the vicinity are agreed to be much more magnificent. Here at least was one Egyptian monument of vast antiquity largely undesecrated by the hand of the spoiler, though robbed of much of its incidental treasure in the long ago. The body, at least, was still there, and wrapped in its original cerements.

Constant passage of men bearing smoky torches through the subterranean corridors of all the greater tombs has led to the installation of one rather startling modern improvement — the electric light. It has been deplored with Byronic fervor by many a writer, but I cannot bring myself to echo their complaint. The smoke blackened the roofs so badly as to impair the paintings which adorn the walls and ceilings, and it seems to have been a choice between losing the decorations altogether and devising some innocuous method of illuminating the tombs. Let us, then, endure the electricity with the more equanimity, incongruous as it is to see an incandescent bulb shining over the forehead of a monarch who died three centuries before the sack of Troy.

To Amenhôtep's grave we descended in silence. It was fearfully hot and musty, like the interior of the pyramids. The passages were vast and gloomy despite the scattered lamps. There were long suc-

cessions of corridors and occasional steep flights of wooden steps leading down to still other corridors with side chambers, until at last we reached the burial-vault in the very bowels of the mountain. Wonderful as had been the painted decoration of the passages, interesting as were the long incantations and selections from the Book of the Dead which adorned the sloping halls, we forgot them all in the presence of the body of the king.

There he lay, garlanded as on the day when he was buried. His accessories were gone — stolen by vandals, no doubt. There was nothing left of the gold and ornaments. No respondent statuettes stood ready to do his bidding in the nether world. But the important thing was that he himself lay there in his original sarcophagus of sandstone, his face charged with some degree of majesty still.

Of course this was not such a tomb as we had seen before — not a combination of sepulchre and ka temple for the service of the shade. It was a burial vault alone, with the ka temple far away in the smiling plain across the desert spurs. Apparently by Amenhôtep's time the dual arrangement of the old mastaba had been definitely split. The subterranean tomb was the survival of the old hidden burial-shaft, immensely enlarged and handsomely adorned with all sorts of inscriptions designed to help the awakened soul in

its passage of the underworld. But the other essential of the mastaba — the chamber where were set forth the meals and incense of the ka — had come to be placed far away in a spot more convenient for the living. I take it there is a direct analogy here to the practice of the pyramid builders, whose mortuary temples were separated from their tombs, with the difference that at Thebes the temples were far away, while at Ghizeh the ka temple lay close by the pyramid and was connected with it by an ascending causeway. At Thebes there is no possible connection of a physical kind between the temple and the grave. Apparently none was thought necessary — a considerable advance, surely, from the time when men felt it essential to provide a little runway for the shade to reach his home, as we saw done at Sakkâra.

There have been unearthed in this whole valley about forty-five royal tombs, seven of which are held sufficiently interesting to be lighted. We visited five of them, the finest in point of decoration being those of Rameses III and Seti I. It would be too bewildering to attempt detailed descriptions of them all, however, and I shall be content with registering here only the impression we received from the grave which is happily still occupied by its regal tenant.

By the way, the wholesale use of the talismanic literature of the Book of the Dead, or the Book of

Him Who Is in the Underworld, is a decidedly imposing monument to the growth of priestcraft as it had come to be in the time of Amenhôtep and Thutmosis. No tomb was complete which did not embody on its roof and walls a host of passages from those works. They were engraved on the backs of huge scarabs inserted in the place of the heart. They were conned over and over again by the living that they might be remembered in the realm of the dead — and the surroundings of the body heralded forth the more essential passwords and countersigns in imperishable writing, lest in his long sleep the dead man should forget what he had learned. Added to these were long inscriptions illustrative of the passage of the shade through the kingdom of Isis and Osiris — all very illuminating on the score of what Egypt thought of the hereafter in the days of the empire. All these aged paintings, laid on fifteen centuries before Christ, are of a most surprising freshness, though seldom of artistic beauty when judged by our modern standards.

With the mortuary temples — the other essential of the tomb — we had very little to do on to-day's excursion. Those are reserved for to-morrow. For the present we have been concerned chiefly with what lay below ground — the actual burial-places of the monarchs so sedulously concealed from the know-

lege of men. I should add, however, before passing from the subject, that all this care proved ineffectual in the end, just as it had done in the case of the pyramids. In nearly every recent excavation clear evidences have been found of previous invasion and robbery. A part of this vandalism was perpetrated ages ago. A part of it was more modern. And at one time, so rapacious had the thieves become that it was apparently found necessary to remove the mummies from their original graves and mobilize them in a single spot for the better prevention of pillage. Out of the tomb of Amenhôtep II, for example, were taken no less than nine royal corpses, including the most august of all, Amenhôtep III, most illustrious of that name. These are now in Cairo. But in a tiny antechamber adjacent to the vault, where the sole remaining Pharaoh lies sleeping, there are still three bodies, presumably members of the monarch's household.

We took our leave of the desolate valley by a mountain path that leads directly over the rocky spur to the plain, thus avoiding the long ride around it and coming in the shortest possible time to the terraced temple of Queen Hatasu. The beasts were led over after us. It was a magnificent walk, made the more enjoyable by the fact that the north wind continued to blow, mitigating what would otherwise have

been intolerable heat. The views increased in grandeur as we ascended, until finally we had spread out at our feet the entire bowl of the valley with its two-score of open tombs scattered all about — a perfect paradise for excavators. I suppose no similar area on earth has proved more gloriously rewarding — and the end is not yet. Only yesterday we passed the returning steamer of Mr. Theodore M. Davis, an American, whose endeavors in this field have given us some of our chiefest treasures, and who is still actively at work here. In particular we owe to him the magnificent array of articles taken from the tomb of Queen Tii's parents, — that is to say, the parents-in-law of the greatest Amenhôtep, — which are displayed together with the mummies in an upper room of the Cairo museum. Even so, with all the riches that this tomb discovered, it afforded ample evidence of having been plundered ages before by marauders, who were seemingly interrupted in their work and who left their projected booty lying all about. It is far and away the most complete collection of tomb accessories we have seen, including, besides a store of golden ornaments, a nearly perfect chariot, a bed, and some chairs. These are relics one seldom sees. The more ordinary accompaniments of the mummy — such as the scarab and the host of "respondent statuettes" designed to do menial labor for the de-

ceased should Osiris require it — are common enough in any well-equipped Egyptian collection.

Our walk over the hills led for a space along the ridge whence one might see both the valley and the plain. The way was enlivened by songs wherein the Professor and I joined our voices to those of the muleteers — to their intense delight. We "Illy-Hal-eyed" and "Soulless Aliced" with the best of them, and incidentally the Professor was inspired to teach the natives to yodel after the Swiss fashion. Nothing like it had ever been heard before on the banks of the Nile — and I doubt that anything like it was ever heard in Switzerland. But it aroused tremendous enthusiasm in the native mind, and if the art becomes prevalent it will unquestionably revolutionize all Nile traffic.

In half an hour or less we came to the point where we could look directly down on Hatasu's temple, three hundred feet or more below us, at the very foot of the cliff. From that altitude it had the look of a toy — a glittering white toy in a wilderness of naked yellow rock. Its terraced courts blazed hot in the glare of noonday. The shadow of its diminutive arcades was grateful to behold. And hard-by it, nestling in the sands, lay the rest-house where it was appointed we should lunch.

The afternoon we gave up to the terraced temple.

HATASU'S TERRACED TEMPLE, FROM ABOVE

It is a shrine entirely different from any we have seen before in Egypt, and more grandly situated than any other. It is approached from the river by a gradually ascending avenue, once, no doubt, lined with the customary sphinxes down to the high-water landing-place. Of this, however, little or nothing remains — and as little trace of the great pylon-towers that once formed its outermost gate. Instead there is naught but a succession of three levels, one above another, each reached by an inclined causeway and backed by porticoes sustaining the court above. The central terrace is by far the most extensive. Portions of the colonnades which marked the bounds of the several courts are in admirable preservation, especially the one at the rear of the central terrace which serves to support the raised hall above. These colonnades are the distinguishing feature made familiar by photographs. But it is the painted decoration of the porticoes that is most interesting on a closer inspection, particularly the series of paintings, now somewhat faded, which relate the story of the great queen's famous expedition to Punt — a region on the Somali coast bordering the Red Sea to which the monarchs of Hatasu's day were wont to send parties in quest of incense, eye-paint, gums, and other luxuries. The way to it was long and arduous, extending from the Nile Valley across the Arabian Desert by desolate

wadis, or ravines in the eternal sands; and the keeping open of this track, the provision of convenient watering-stations, and the policing of the highway afforded a considerable task to the monarchs of old. Hatasu's expedition was a great success, and it appears to have been the exploit of which she was most proud.

Consequently in the depth of one portico in her new temple she caused to be depicted many a sight which her envoys saw in that distant land — beehive huts perched over the water, cattle grazing under wonderful and exotic trees, gold and myrrh being shoveled into great balances for weighing, and a multitude of trees set in tubs for importation into Egypt — indeed, for this very temple. Hatasu had conceived the idea of creating at her mountain shrine "another Punt," and to that end she caused to be hollowed out scores of depressions in the rocky floor of her extensive terraces wherein to place mud from the Nile for the support of many an incense-bearing tree. It must have been a thing of rare beauty in its prime, this artificial oasis in the arid and rocky plateau that underlies the precipices of the desert, well above the alluvial plain of Thebes and giving a splendid view across it. Nothing of that magnificence remains save the bare terraces, the pillared walls, and the depressions carved out for the transplanted garden.

In the third level, smallest of the three, there was once a hypostyle hall which has entirely perished. There remain only the recesses in the living rock behind, — sanctuaries sacred to the gods and to the memory of Hatasu and her consort-brother, Thutmosis. The latter, as we know, survived his sister-wife and reigned long and wisely in his own right; and it is a pity to discover that when he came to his belated but stupendous power as king, he mutilated sadly the shrines erected by Hatasu both at Karnak and at "Dehr-el-Bahri," as the terraced temple has come to be called. Her image in many of the decorated rooms has been deliberately chiseled out, along with her cartouches and sundry references to her greatness. Few portrait-reliefs of her remain, even in her own temple.

What does survive, though battered and faded by ages of exposure, still affords a very good idea of the art employed. Pictorially, the skill of the painters was remarkably great, especially in the rendering of grazing animals. My chief regret is that the light in the porticoes proved insufficient to enable photographing the paintings of the expedition to Punt. In the sunlit courts without, the low walls of which are still standing, it was possible to obtain some very good views of painted soldiery, and in one of these I found an aged altar dedicated to Re-Harakhte —

"The Horus Who Is on the Horizon" — still standing on its original site. I doubt that any other altar in the world can claim a continuous antiquity to compare with this.

The modern Arabic name, "Dehr-el-Bahri," means simply "the northern convent." It refers to a Coptic church in the neighborhood, which of course has no connection, near or remote, with the temple itself. But there is a much older temple than Hatasu's hard-by, dating from the Eleventh Dynasty; so that Hatasu merely did what the others had done at Luxor and Karnak — built a more stately mansion to the honor of her gods on a site long dedicated to them. Whatever Thutmosis may have done to obscure her fame, he at least failed of depriving her of the credit and glory of this extraordinary temple to which her name is inseparably attached. I only wish that our modern Egyptologists could bring themselves to agree on a single spelling of it, for it is confusing to find this remarkable woman variously called Hatasu, Hatshepsut, Hatshepsowet, and Makewre — to mention no more. For myself I prefer to stick to the simplest and doubtless the least defensible of them all — Hatasu.

We wended a leisurely way back to the boat at dusk, passing the ruin of the Ramesseum unvisited — mainly, I suppose, because it is well not to mix

one's dynasties too much. To-day has been sacred to the classic period of the empire, — the Eighteenth Dynasty, — and the Ramessids are mere youths by comparison.

March 9. To-day's experiences, while pleasurable, have by no means compared for variety and general impressiveness with yesterday's jaunt to the Tombs of the Kings. As before, all our attention was concentrated on the western plain; but this time we had to do with the mortuary temples rather than the actual graves — the sumptuous palaces set apart for the worship of the ka, or *manes*, of the deceased emperors. I have hitherto remarked the apparent advance in religious conceptions which in the Eighteenth Dynasty permitted the removal of the ka temple to a great distance from the abiding-place of the mummy, instead of insisting that it be close by and often physically connected. But I can find no instance in which the mortuary chapels were permitted to be built on the opposite side of the Nile — perhaps because of a notion that souls and kas, like witches, might be balked by running water.

Be that as it may, the great monarchs of the time, from 1550 B.C. down to the last of the Ramessids, consented to let their bodies be interred in the desert valley two or three miles away, and kept their mor-

tuary shrines conveniently near to and in full sight of many-gated Thebes. It was to these latter that we went to-day, ferrying over as before in the early morning to the western bank where abode the donkey-boys with their steeds. We still retained the same servants. Abd'allah, indeed, has grown quite fond of me. He dares hope I will buy him some shoes at Assuan, and above all else he desires that I hire him for some more lucrative excursions when we return from the Cataract. All day he has besought me with the persistence of a Jacob to tell him my name, and to write it down in a book of testimonials which he bears in his bosom; and since I have done so I hear him constantly pattering on behind the donkey muttering to himself, "Missa Philipp, Missa Philipp" — that he may not forget.

As for the numerous shrines we visited I am forced to admit that there was a certain sameness about them all — certainly nothing as distinctive as the terraced shrine of Hatasu. And out of all that we have seen in the past dozen hours the most vivid memories are of the twin colossi which dominate the meadows in lonely magnificence, and of the fallen image of Rameses the Great, a giant who must have been a noble sight in the days when he was erect.

As a matter of course we went to the Ramesseum first and spent much time there, not only in the ruin

of the temple proper, but also in the highly interesting group of ancient buildings that cluster around and behind it — treasure-houses, presumably. Raschid, pointing out the known date of these structures and the obvious fact that their bricks were made without straw, will have it that these are the very works of captive Israel mentioned in the Biblical accounts. Of course I believe. I make it a point to believe every such thing if possible. Nor can I see any inherent improbability in holding that these may be the self-same bricks which the taskmasters of old compelled the captives to produce.

It is a matter for deep regret that the temple of Rameses II should have fallen into such a ruinous state. The lust for quarrying has all but destroyed the faces of its propylon, save on the inner side where the well-worn story of the battle of Kadesh, of which the king never tired, is told over once again in gigantic reliefs now familiar to us from frequent repetition. The temple's greatest remaining glory, however, is the fallen colossus of the Pharaoh — only a fragment, to be sure, but so huge as to arrest attention. A cartouche on its massive shoulder serves to identify the image as indeed that of the great king, although the face has perished. One may still recognize an ear, which is over three feet long, and a portion of the breast. It is stated that this statue when complete

must have been fifty-seven and one-half feet in height, exclusive of its pedestal — which would be the more notable if Professor Petrie had not found another fragment of a similar statue in the Delta indicating the existence of another colossal portrait of the Pharaoh which must have towered more than ninety-two feet in air. The twin colossi of the western temple — for there were two, one on either side of the entrance — put the numerous standing effigies of the same king at Luxor to blush. The latter are as nothing by comparison — and yet I still prefer them because of those little incidental portraits of the royal wives, standing hardly knee-high beside the stupendous figure of their lord.

The second courtyard of the Ramesseum is in fair preservation. It was once flanked by colonnades of "Osiris columns" — that is to say, columns in the form of a mummified body, typical of Osiris, with arms folded across the breast and bearing in the hands the key of life and the scourge of power. Some of these caryatids remain intact. Behind the court and slightly raised above it comes the canonical hypostyle hall, once a worthy fellow for its enormous prototypes of the eastern shore, and like them composed of a lofty nave and two lower side aisles. I have been much interested to observe the obvious relation between these hypostyle halls thus arranged and what we have

RAMESSEUM. FALLEN COLOSSUS IN BACKGROUND

come to call the "basilica" type of religious architecture. I suppose we have at Karnak the very oldest known example of that general style.

Behind the great hall with the columns comes the main part of the entire sanctuary with two smaller hypostyle apartments and the labyrinth of chambers for the priests, which are common to all temples of the period. This part of the building is in a sad state of ruin. But enough remains to make it clear that Rameses simply followed the established style of temple architecture in erecting his mortuary shrine, — just as Seti did at Kurna, but on a more elaborate scale.

The uses of the shrine were undoubtedly the regular ones common to all ka chapels, ancient and otherwise. If there was a difference it was in the exaggerated scale. The Pharaoh established for his maintenance through all eternity a truly regal menu — a Gargantuan feast of fowl, beeves, pheasants, geese, beer, bread, and so on. It was to be served in a house worthy a deified king. Let the common herd be satisfied with reproductions of earthly mansions for their shades; Rameses would have for his eternal abode no mere palace, but a temple of the faith, — more modest than Ammon's, perhaps, but only a trifle more so! And to the end that food and drink should not fail, he provided immense treasure-vaults and cellars for the supplies, both within the temple and all around it.

To this magnificence had developed the modest little room in the ancient mastaba of the desert.

We passed from the Ramesseum to a kindred shrine a mile or so away, inspecting but briefly as we went a small Ptolemaic shrine sacred to Hathor, remarkable for little save its extraordinary mural decorations. The ultimate goal was the temple now commonly called Medinat-Habû, which is in reality the mortuary temple of Rameses III.

Of this one may say in general that it is a later replica of the Ramesseum, built by a succeeding monarch for precisely the same purposes and on the same general plan. In many ways, however, it is better preserved than the Ramesseum and affords in consequence rather more pleasure. Its walls and towers relate the mundane glory of the Pharaoh's reign, his conquests abroad and his splendor at home. In its remoter chambers and courts, now flooded with sunlight, there are innumerable reliefs portraying scenes from the life here and hereafter, involving a bewildering succession of sculptures and a perplexing array of gods and goddesses.

In an especial manner it served to help out our conception of the general scope and purpose of the Ramesseum by presenting its plan for a second time with greater completeness. Its perfection largely supplies the defects which time has wrought in its older

prototype, and gives the clearest idea of the last development of the ka temple before the decline and fall of the Egyptian empire.

I have been trying to reconstruct mentally the appearance of the western bank in the day of its glory, in the light of what we have been permitted to see. It was the official and visible necropolis — a sort of proxy for the real cemetery over behind the hills which was so carefully hid. The broad expanse of the plain was sown thick with the sanctuaries of a long succession of Theban monarchs whose graves were otherwhere. At the northern end of the line we have seen the shrine of Seti. At the southern end we have seen the similar but grander sanctuary of Rameses III. Between, we have passed the vast temple of Rameses the Great. But of the other shrines sacred to the earlier Theban kings, such as Thutmosis and Amenhôtep, we have seen almost nothing because almost nothing remains.

There is, however, a notable exception, namely, the two sitting colossi of "Memnon," which are in reality the defaced and irrecognizable portrait-statues of Amenhôtep III, that once adorned his shrine. These two seated giants we passed on our way to the ship, alone in the midst of the meadows and terribly mutilated by time. Of the gate and temple which these figures adorned there is nothing left. As por-

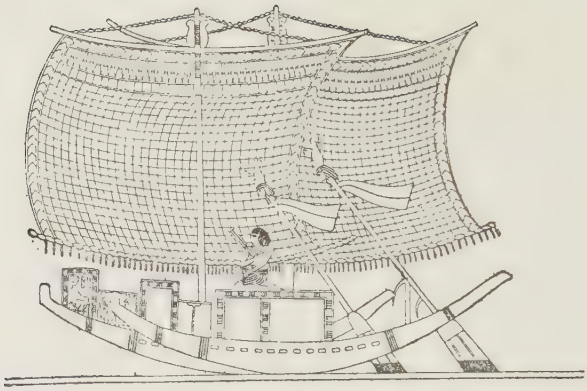
traits, of course, the statues have no value. And yet there are few images in the world more famous than these have always been since the first visitors came to Egypt in the days of Greece and Rome.

Their lasting claim to celebrity is a legend the world knows well, — the story related by early voyagers that these colossi were wont at dawn to give forth musical notes in greeting to the sun. Speculation over this quaint story has been going on ever since the time of Strabo, who first published the tale, but who was, nevertheless, skeptical of its truth. Pausanias, however, inclined to accept it, and, curiously enough, our own matter-of-fact age inclines to agree with him that there may have been something in it after all. The ancient doubters, although they relate that they, indeed, heard a metallic sound proceeding from the statues, ascribed the phenomenon to the trickery of the priests. Later opinion avers that the noise referred to, probably very faint but still audible, was due to the sudden expansion of the chilled stone under the warmth of the advancing day, which might easily have caused minute particles of the surface to snap off with a crackling sound which would be readily perceptible. I am quite ready to believe that, too. It is comfortable to do so. But at least we can no longer consent to speak carelessly of these statues as of "Memnon." They are even more surely portraits

COLOSSI OF "MEMNON"

of Amenhôtep than the Sphinx is a portrait of Khephrên.

I regret to add, however, that the statues at present emit not the faintest suspicion of a crackle, either at morn or at any other time of day. Septimius Severus ruined all that years ago by causing the colossi to be restored, in very clumsy fashion. But there they sit as imperturbably as of old, gazing out of blank faces across the waving grain toward the ceaseless yellow tumult of the Nile, as they have done for the past thirty-four centuries and may continue to do until the day of judgment.



CHAPTER XIV. ESNEH, EDFÛ, AND KOM OMBO

MARCH 10. The steamer left early to-day, and by the time we were awake and dressed was ploughing its way up river again, sniffing occasionally at sandbars, but fortunately not sticking. For this immunity we are doubtless indebted to the generosity of our crew, who made up a purse the other day to toss overboard to a wayside sheik. This form of pious tribute seems to be exacted of every passing craft.

I omitted to mention it at the time, and I do not now recollect which day it was, but at any rate it was well below Luxor when we were steaming merrily along. As we passed a spot on shore marked by the

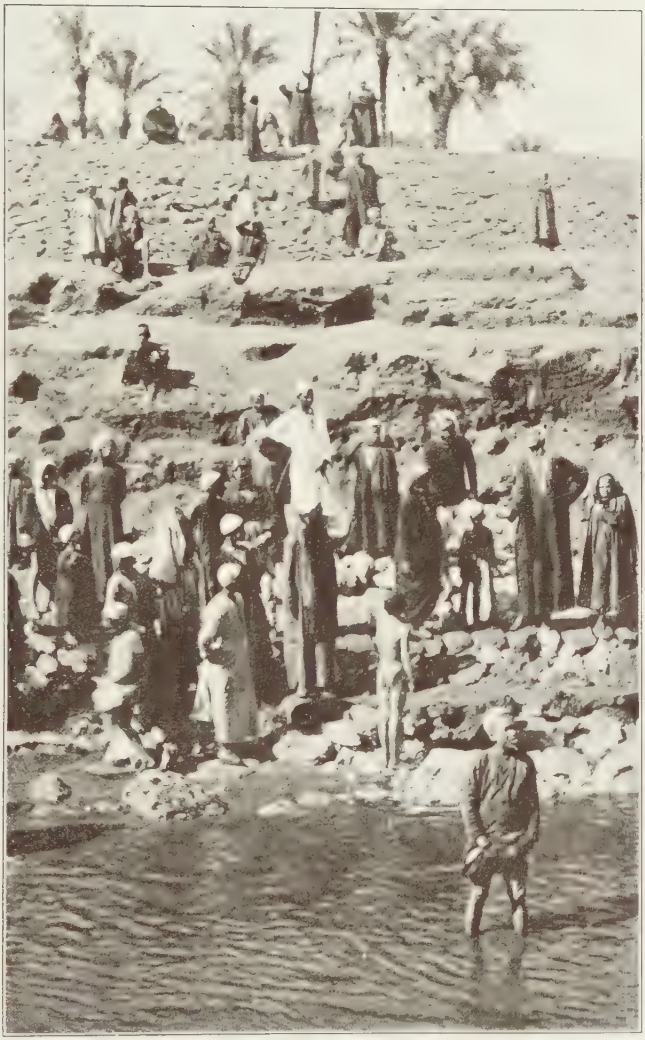
presence of a "marabout," — one of the innumerable domed tombs that serve to contain all that is mortal of certain modern saints who from their labors rest, — a skiff put out to intercept us. It was manned by a hoary old fellow of monstrous holiness, I judge, for he awakened instant interest among the men on the deck forward. The old sheik rowed close to the steamer, which in turn piously slowed down, and tossed aboard a little bag attached to some bamboo sticks. By the time this had been filled with pieces of silver the Egypt was well upstream; but the men tossed the bag into the water and in a little while it had floated back to where the aged saint sat waiting in his boat, bobbing about in the wash from the steamer. How delighted he may have been when he opened it, I cannot say, but the contribution appeared to contain a good store of silver, and I judge the superstition of the crew in itself is ample warrant that no just pretense of the old sheik for backsheesh would be disallowed. By this much are we aided in our advance, for we are well assured that had we refused our dole the steamer would have been fast in the mud ere this.

Soon after breakfast we were locked through the barrage at Esneh, a process which required time, but which was far from dull owing to the presence of a horde of native boys who came down to the bank to

watch the process and incidentally to beg. They waded into the water and caught the half-piastres that were thrown as best they could. One urchin more eager than the rest tore off his single shift and dashed mother-naked into the river to swim for bits of silver that fell too short. It proved disastrous to him, however, because while he was jubilantly disporting in the water some evil-minded comrade stole his blue-cotton robe and so effectually concealed it that it could not be found. Meantime a scandalized local policeman came along the bank, drew the astonished and dripping lad from his bath, and cuffed him soundly for rashly disrobing in so public a spot. He wept loudly, — they weep easily in Egypt and without meaning very much, — but it failed to bring back his tattered shirt, and he stood dripping and disconsolate in the midst of a jeering crowd until the steamer had been warped through the lock and up to her landing in front of the little town.

There proved to be little in Esneh to see, apart from a half-buried temple and some meagre bazaars. None of these sights were far from the dock, and we all walked, attended by the majority of the local population, among whom were half a dozen water-carriers bending under the weight of dripping and distended skins.

The temple of Esneh, dedicated to Khnum, the



BACKSHEESH BOYS AT ESNEH

goat-headed god, generally referred to as the "Moulder of Men," is of a type already made familiar to us by the better excavated shrine of Hathor at Dendera; and from its present half-buried condition one may the more readily understand the plight from which Dendera was rescued. All that has been exhumed at Esneh is the pronaos, or vestibule, of the temple proper, so that it appears as a huge portico standing in a deep pit — a portico of handsome columns, the spaces between which on the front of the temple have been walled in to half their height, precisely as we saw them in Hathor's shrine. A long flight of steps led down into the pit, so that all might descend and inspect the building at close range. How much more of it may lie buried behind this explorable part I do not know; but doubtless it would, if entirely freed from the accumulated rubbish, resemble throughout the general arrangement of the Hathor temple. For architectural beauty the little that can be seen is, to my mind, superior to Dendera. The columns are, of course, not Hathor columns, but bear flowered capitals of much grace; and the whole is admirably decorated in much the same way that the other temples have been. But there is at best very little to be seen at Esneh that cannot be better seen elsewhere, and we were back at the ship in little more than an hour, anxious to forge ahead

to Edfû, where the temple was known to be vastly more worth while.

We reached the landing of Edfû shortly after lunch, and were greeted as usual by almost the entire population, en masse. To these we surrendered at discretion, took beasts, and cantered away through the considerable village — raising an enormous cloud of dust. The temple we knew could not be far away, for its pylons towered over the intervening roofs and were visible from the river as we drew in. And in the course of a few moments we came suddenly upon it — a glorious great shrine, sacred to Horus, and by far the finest temple we have yet had opportunity to examine. As a matter of fact, it is almost as perfect as if recently built, and dates, as do all these better preserved buildings of the district, only from the time of the Ptolemies, though occupying a site hallowed by many centuries of religious use before their day.

We approached it from the rear, skirting along the outer girdle wall as massive as that of a fortress, and as perfect as one could desire. Freed from the accummulations of earth after many centuries of burial, the temple of Horus to-day is so complete in every part that it could be used for worship without the addition of a single stone.

To Horus we needed by this time no introduction, being well acquainted with the falcon-headed god,

FAÇADE OF TEMPLE AT EDFÛ

son of Isis and Osiris, and we were in consequence fully prepared for his grotesque images which were everywhere, inside and out.

The temple of Edfû is entirely encircled by a massive girdle wall which towers to a great height and effectually prevents any view from without. Its orientation is almost exactly north and south. The main entrance is at the southern end, and is graced by an enormous pylon of the best type — two huge pyramidal towers with a gate between them. Within there is the usual vast open court, surrounded by a colonnade and paved with a great stone flagging. This court, with the depth of the great pylon, serves to make up nearly half the temple inclosure.

Close behind comes the temple proper, entrance being had through an imposing portico, very deep, and supported by a dozen massive columns, while its front is closed by the usual balustrade extending to half the height of the frontal pillars. An enormous stone falcon stands guard by the door. Then follows the inevitable hypostyle hall, and beyond it the sacred apartments, quite as we saw them at Dendera, with the sanctuary, or Holy of Holies, in the very heart of the building, shielded from all profane eyes. To this innermost recess of the building none but the high priest — the king — might penetrate, and the reliefs show him receiving the key from the hands of the god.

The little inner shrine which stands in the sanctuary is said to have survived from the pre-Ptolemaic temple on this same spot.

The wealth of picture-writing as usual defies any but the energetic student. It relates, as always, to the service of the gods of Edfû by an array of later monarchs, who are represented as zealously doing all things needful to salvation, under the approving eyes of the deities of the place. Not the least interesting by any means are those which are to be seen on the outside of the temple wall in the narrow open corridor that intervenes between the main building and the encircling outer structure. In these Horus and the Pharaoh are struggling with enemies of Egypt, typified as hippopotami, who are having a sad time of it; for Horus is a mighty hunter and knows well how to wield both javelin and net.

I did not ascend the main pylon because of the heat and fatigue of the day; but those who did gave glowing accounts of the view to be had from those lofty eminences, not only over the temple below, but the Valley of the Nile. Most of us were amply content with the inspection of the vast and splendidly preserved building, as trim and fit as if it had not stood for two millenniums on this quiet spot, and apparently quite unharmed by its long submersion in the débris of centuries. Edfû, like Esneh and Den-

STONE FALCON AT INNER GATE, EDFÛ

dera, had to be dug out of an appalling mass of earth and rubbish, and the piles of dirt that still surround the temple are evidence of the magnitude of the task, looking like sizable hills.

I can readily credit the statement that there is no better preserved old building in the world than this temple of Horus. It is magnificent in every way, imposing in size, grandly designed, and successfully carried out to the last detail. It has every appearance of being able to stand forever — and I for one hope it will, as a monument to the Eternal, under whatever name!

March 11. We have arrived at Assuan at last in the midst of a hot and sultry afternoon. It is the atmosphere of midsummer, and the breeze comes from the Sahara. Nobody has much ambition to tempt the fates by exploring anything to-day, and owing to the low water we are anchored a mile or so below the town.

By dint of a very early start we were enabled to see the temple of Kom Ombo in great comfort before the heat began to be oppressive. It was a beautiful temple, different from any we have yet seen, and likewise admirably executed, although far less perfect in its present state than the temple at Edfû.

It was hardly five minutes' walk distant from the

landing, but the way was beset by the worst array of pathetic cripples and blind beggars I have ever beheld. They wrung our hearts by their appearance and their pitiful pleading — poor scrofulous boys and sightless girls. It took all the humor out of the Professor's stock joke about the twin gods of Egypt being "Psoriasis and Scrofula." They dogged our footsteps all along the bank through plantations of castor-oil plant. But from the temple itself they were held aloof by the custodian, and once within, we were spared the heartrending sight of their deformity.

The great temple of Kom Ombo has this peculiarity, that it is virtually two temples in one, sacred both to the gods of good and the gods of evil. I suspect a slight analogy to the custom of some of our own Indians, who are said to pray, not to the good god, but to the bad god, when it is a question of escaping from evil, on the theory that the good god needs no supplication, while the bad one most emphatically does.

By a parity of reasoning, no doubt, we all voted the bad god the more interesting deity of the place. His representations, with the grotesque head of the crocodile, or hippopotamus, were vastly more diverting than those of the more familiar Hathor, or Horus, or Thoth.

In plan the temple of Kom Ombo is like all the

FAÇADE OF TEMPLE AT KOM OMBO

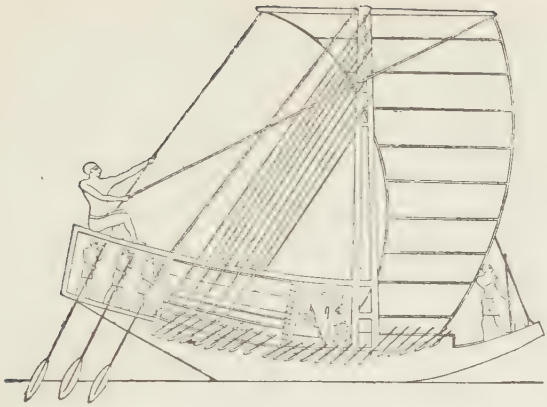
RELIEF SCULPTURE, KOM OMBO

others, except that the river has robbed it of its pylon, while its court before the main building is very small. It is, or was, completely girdled by a wall of brick, only part of which is left. Then follows a sort of inner cincture passing around the actual building and serving to inclose the hypostyle hall, which in this case does duty also as a vestibule. In the heart of the temple proper are two shrines instead of a single one, made necessary by the duplex character of the worship.

Owing to the appearance of an entirely new conception of the gods — the evil ones — the inscriptions of the columns took on a fresh interest. They were easily observed in the brilliant light of the forenoon, and were divided in character between those in low relief and those that were merely incised — a cheaper form of carving which nevertheless is decidedly the more common in these Ptolemaic and semi-Roman temples.

There was nothing else at Kom Ombo to see, and the steamer was able to complete her southward voyage early this afternoon when we came to our final resting-place at Assuan — or just below it. We can descry the town a little farther up the river, located on its eastern shore and facing the black and rocky island of Elephantine, around which the dwindling flood of the river pours in two tortuous channels. I

sailed — or rowed — around it this afternoon, and again by moonlight this evening, but for once the night has brought little chill and the promise is for a hot time to-morrow, when we shall — some of us at least — seek out Philæ and make our farthest southing. To be sure, to-morrow is Sunday, and the official activities of Cook are suspended with true British regard for the Sabbath. The Dean is going to preach at the chapel on shore, and Raschid to-night caused a ripple of laughter by closing his speech with the announcement that "the backsheesh for the clergyman will be five piastres." However, Mr. T., who has a fine family of daughters and a special dragoman of his own, is going to Philæ, and we are about to tempt Providence by going too, making the entire journey by boat. May a disapproving heaven still send us a favoring breeze!



CHAPTER XV. PHILÆ

MARCH 12. To-day we reached our farthest south. We have seen Philæ -- at least what part of it remains above water. And as we turned away from it, under the broiling afternoon sun, I felt, with what was very like a pang of regret, that we had headed about toward home.

It has been a day to remember. The time will come, I fear, when those who go to Assuan will see nothing of the island temples, once the jewel of Upper Egypt, which lie behind the great dam. The addition of fifteen feet more to that structure will almost totally engulf even the higher parts of the shrine. The chaste "Bed of Pharaoh" will be submerged. And when that time comes, those of us who have

actually looked upon these gems of Egyptian architecture in the days of their waning glory will give ourselves airs, no doubt!

Another time — if I am spared — I shall come to Assuan in mid-winter. March is proving much too hot. To-day has been breathless and torrid with the mercury at nearly a hundred — much too hot even for a New England summer day and far too trying for those of us who so lately came hither from ice and snow. We are all a bit prostrated to-night by the experience, but what of that? Have we not seen Philæ, and the great dam, and have we not shot the meagre rapids of the First Cataract?

T., a jovial Englishman of our company on the ship, thoughtfully invited us to go with him to Philæ in advance of the crowd — for T. has a special dragoman of his own, a dapper young Egyptian rejoicing in the name of Taiyah. I met him first on the banks of the river at Bedreschein on the day devoted by all but me to Sakkâra. He introduced himself with a view to future engagements and presented an array of recommendations as long as the moral law, including the potent name of Robert Hichens. However, but few of us are such swells as to afford a special man, and as a matter of fact no one really needs that luxury. If you have a private dragoman he merely goes ahead and meets you at every land-

ing, has some selected donkeys waiting for you, rides over the ground and dispenses misinformation about the ruins which the regular dragoman does quite as well, and finally departs by train to meet you at the next stop. The one appreciable advantage is in being independent of *hoi polloi* and fairly free from bother in the matter of backsheesh problems. The consummate disadvantage may turn out to be that your attendant is almost too anxious to oblige and entertain. You may be asked to the house of some of his relations, which is interesting, and given a dinner of prodigious length and nativeness, which is interesting, too, — but cloying. I have had experience of such — but that was years ago, in Greece, and therefore another story. Suffice it to say that I can hardly to this day abide the thought of beer and oysters, or cups of Samian wine.

All of which, however, does not at all imply that Taiyah did aught to-day but justify his existence to the full. His felucca, gayly decked with flags and a merciful awning, came alongside early, for we were to go to Philæ by water. The craft was manned by six husky Egyptians and an agile monkey of a boy, in addition to Taiyah himself, resplendent in a suit of tremendous checks, a freshly ironed tarbush, and a broad smile that simply would not come off.

We departed under a pitiless sun and over a river

as placid as a mirror. Not a breath filled the flapping sail. The men bent to the oars. The rest of us retreated to the friendly shelter of the awning and abandoned ourselves to the luxury of seeing other people work. Meantime Taiyah took me covertly aside and whispered anxious inquiries as to the depth of the Professor's understanding of Egyptology, being a little wary of professional experts in that line, and having no wish to be contradicted in the full tide of his explanations of hieroglyphic mysteries. I reassured him. Later I discovered that he had likewise sounded the Professor himself, who, by the way, is not an Egyptologist at all, and who knows as much about hieroglyphs as, in the homely New England phrase, "a cow does of calculus."

"He asked me," said the Professor, "if I could decipher inscriptions; and I told him that I could do so 'only with difficulty.' I omitted to add, however, that the difficulty was extreme!"

At all events, Taiyah was reassured and we went on our way, wilted but rejoicing, passing up the western channel by the island of Elephantine and through a maze and wilderness of smooth, black boulders that have been defying the waters of the Nile since the day of creation. Thus far it was familiar ground, — or rather water, — for we sailed over the same stretch of river twice yesterday and

inspected in the process the ancient Nilometer, now far out of water, on which are to be seen numerous cartouches and the marks of famous floods. So low is the river now that the Nilometer seems an absurd distance from the stream, and indeed, the scant flowage of this season deprives the so-called "Cataract" of its wonted majesty. To-day's excursion has not proved it all our fancies painted. It is simply a sadly depleted river running through a narrow gorge in the rocks, the bottom of which is filled with both ragged and rounded boulders scattered all about as if sown by the careless hand of a passing giant. Ugly-looking rocks they are, too, — some very black and hard, some reddish, — such stones, in short, as Rameses and the rest were wont to employ for obelisks and images of themselves. How they ever quarried such obdurate stuff, and how they ever transported such masses of it as they did when quarried in those primitive days remains to me an engineering marvel.

We rowed on and on for five or six miles through this vale of desolation, leaving Assuan far behind. As we advanced, the prospect did not grow more pleasing. On the contrary, it was rockier and rockier and the aspect of the sterile shores became more forbidding. Now and then a bit of a breeze tempted the men to set their sail and rest from the oars, and for a season the boat would be allowed to float gently

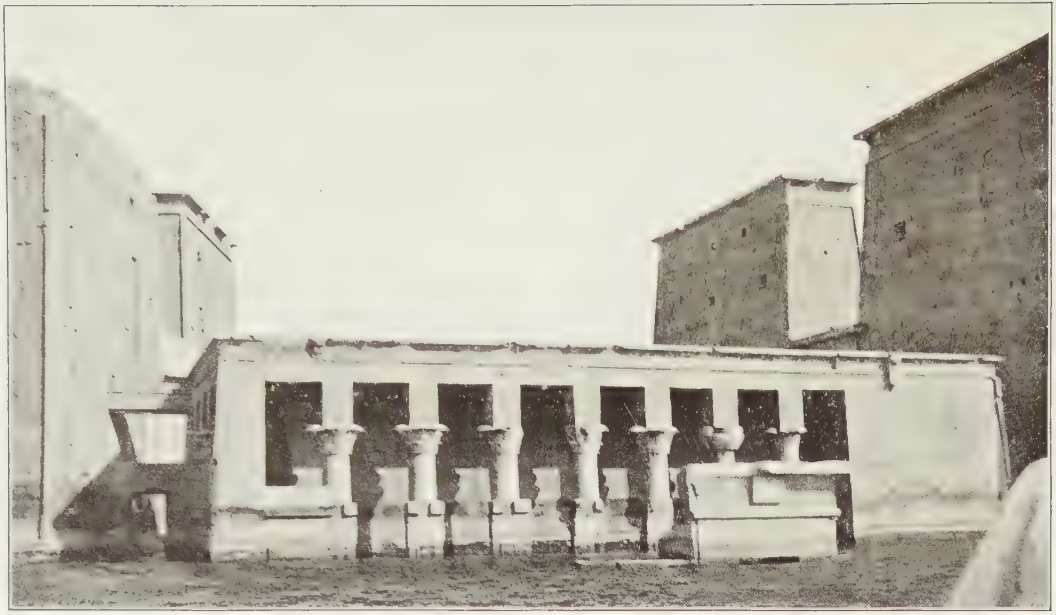
onward against the diminished current, whilst the leader of the crew got out a tomtom and beat it for our edification. It delighted the crew at least, and in their joy we piously pretended to share because Taiyah obviously expected it and had provided the entertainment in the goodness of his expansive heart.

But the breeze never endured for very long, and the men had to give up their instrumental music for the sterner labor of the sweeps. Even then, however, they lightened their toil with song, one man always leading off as chorister and the others joining at the appropriate points in a lusty chorus. Occasionally Taiyah translated — freely, I judge, for residents tell me that not all these ditties are subject to accurate rendition and a few are certainly not to be commended for the uses of a Sunday excursion. Most popular of all was a brief snatch of melody in which the leader always chanted a few words first as a sort of invitation, whereat the rest responded as one man with a throaty refrain not devoid of pleasing qualities. Taiyah said the song was of this import: —

> "My dolly, she walks in the garden;
> She deigns not to speak to me a word."

M. Maspero more elegantly translates it, "In the garden I saw my handsome friend."

Still another chantey, much longer and apparently



MAIN TEMPLE AT PHILAE, SIDE VIEW

of many verses, bore a recurrent refrain which Taiyah rendered thus: —

"Ah, if only I could conquer
This vile whiskey-soda habit,
I a great sheik might become."

But the greatest delight of all was evinced when the men paused from their labors long enough to give what they fondly believed to be a genuine British cheer — "Hip! Hip! Hoory! Hip! Hip! Hoory! Tank you, tank you! Berry good, berry nice!" I suppose no tourist ever went to Philæ without hearing that cheer at intervals all day long — as we did, until weary of it beyond expression. All these things sufficed to keep the men at their oars without ceasing, though the sweat poured off their faces even in dry Egypt.

Toward the noon hour we came in sight of the great dam of Assuan — an ugly structure, more than a mile in length, and devoid of those airs and graces that make the lower barrages such things of beauty. It loomed large and gray across the broadening bed of the Nile, and from such of its sluices as were open there poured a turbulent yellow foam. Below the dam lay the usual mass of forbidding boulders — the cataract proper, and, no doubt, a wild and inspiring sight when the river is in flood. To-day it was but a waste of rock through which ran a dwindling stream — the

"rapids," which Taiyah promised us we should later have the pleasure of shooting. For the present we avoided the swifter current by pulling into a sort of half-finished canal at one side of the river affording a peaceful approach to the great locks.

Now the usual way of going to Philæ, and the one by which our steamer friends are to go to-morrow, is to ride around from Assuan on the eastern bank, by means of a little railroad to a hamlet called Shellal, and there take boats for the temples. Our own course, being by water, brought us to the opposite end of the dam, the western, across the river from Shellal, but close by the buildings of the engineers in charge of the works, and not far from the rest-house provided by the ubiquitous Cook. Thither we made our way over a steep and difficult path, under the broil of a noontide sun. The felucca we moored at the edge of the first lock. It could aid us no farther.

That was a hot walk — up along the top of the masonry that lined the locks and across the platforms that served for cornices on the huge gates, then over a shelving hillside of loose stone and chips from the granite of the dam. The earth returned the sun's rays with compound interest. The breeze was dead. Happily, however, it was not for long. The rest-house lay near by, with the grateful shade of a broad veranda and the prospect of food.

It was from the veranda that we got our finest view over the dam and the broad basin behind it that it is now slowly filling with the accumulating waters of the early summer season. The dam, as I remarked just now, is surpassingly ugly to look upon. The basin, by contrast, is delightful. If you can imagine a towering wall of granite and concrete over six thousand feet long and in places something like one hundred and thirty feet in height, pierced by nearly two hundred narrow sluices and provided with a broad concrete "apron" below, you will have a fair mental picture of the bald impediment which the engineers have thrust into the throat of the First Cataract to enable the water to be regulated for the general good of Egypt. It is a most useful thing — to agriculture. It is a stupendous monument of engineering skill. But for mere looks and for damage to the priceless relics of antiquity that lie behind it, it must be admitted to be a deplorable thing.

Seen from behind, with the water well up towards its crest, the dam was not so ugly. The spreading lake which it accumulates had already covered the wilderness of rocks, and the surface of it was broken here and there by smiling islands. The tops of feathery palms emerged from the water, for the reservoir has not by any means killed the submerged trees. No more striking contrast could well be imagined

than that which greeted our eyes as we passed from the half-dry bed of the cataract to the basin-side of the dam. And with this pleasant prospect before us we ate our lunch, sipped our white wine, smoked our pipes and postponed as long as we dared the dash through the afternoon heat to Philæ.

I am not one of those who deplore the building of the dam as a thing unjustifiable, although there are many who take that attitude with indignation truly Byronic. It is, of course, a thousand pities that modern progress must eventually wipe out so priceless a gem as the temples of Philæ. But the hand of fate is inexorable, and the economic progress of Egypt must and shall be preserved though the temples fall. Meantime the threat of farther inundation, due to heightening the dam by another five metres, has its due effect on the archæologists, who are apparently redoubling their efforts. As it is already, I am told that hosts of ancient bodies have been floated from their last resting-places in old cemeteries and prehistoric battlefields by the rising flood, and that these age-old corpses straightway become as noisome as Lazarus — although they have lain buried for three thousand years! Moreover, a certain world-famous doctor whom I saw at Luxor the other day told me that in the old remains were found many examples of surgical work, such as the setting of broken bones, which

would be creditable to the professional skill of our own times.

By two o'clock we were ordered down the bank and into the boat in which we were to row to Philæ. It was a smaller craft than the other, but it also had its awning and a useless sail. The men as before had to row, but fortunately they were new men, save only the chantey-leader who had so enlivened the toilsome passage below the dam, and who now bore his part at the oar as enthusiastically as if he had not already pulled six weary miles. His voice knew no failing, and his "Dolly walked in the garden" quite as blithely as before. Taiyah, being a "son of the Sun," remained jaunty and unwilted.

It was long before we could see the particular island which the temples occupy because of certain intervening hillocks emerging from the water. These were of considerable size and in some cases were inhabited. But after a laborious passage among these loftier eminences we saw the island shrine — not appearing as an island at all, but as a huge stone temple rising directly from the midst of the waters. It lay a mile or so away across the placid bosom of the river, a tawny structure flanked by colonnades, the columns of which were submerged to about half their height. The ancient pylon reared its mighty bulk nobly from the waste of waters, and behind it in a

compact mass of masonry lay the shrine. Of the contour of the island beneath we got no hint, and the old girdle walls were wholly invisible, although the waters were as yet not nearly at their usual level even for the season, and it was still possible, as we shortly discovered, to explore the main portion of the temple dry-shod.

The boat rowed us up to the western portal — a species of side entrance — and we disembarked by means of a friendly plank. Fortunately the main part of the building lay well above the level of the fore-court, which was flooded, and its floor was still dry, although the air of the entire place was damp and cellary.

Despite the impossibility of exploring the courts below, it was still easy to note a departure from the canonical plan in the manner of their erection; for their sides, instead of being inclosed by mere walls with colonnades, were lined by subordinate buildings. That to the west, which seemed the better preserved, was denominated a "birth-house" on a large and magnificent scale. The structure to the east is credited with being an apartment reserved for the uses of the priesthood. The front of the court was filled with an enormous pylon, with the customary truncated towers. The rear was occupied by the main buildings of the temple in which we stood.

Facing the flooded court and directly inside the lofty main portal there was a small open pronaos, or vestibule, which in turn gave access to a hypostyle hall surrounded by the customary chambers and sanctuaries. Nothing in the character of the decorations sufficed to raise them above the rank of those at Edfû and Dendera, and the carvings on the facing of the pylons without were much the same as those we had seen in the other temples — revealing the king in the act of grasping his enemy by the hair and preparing to dispatch him with a club, much to the approval of such gods and goddesses as stood by.

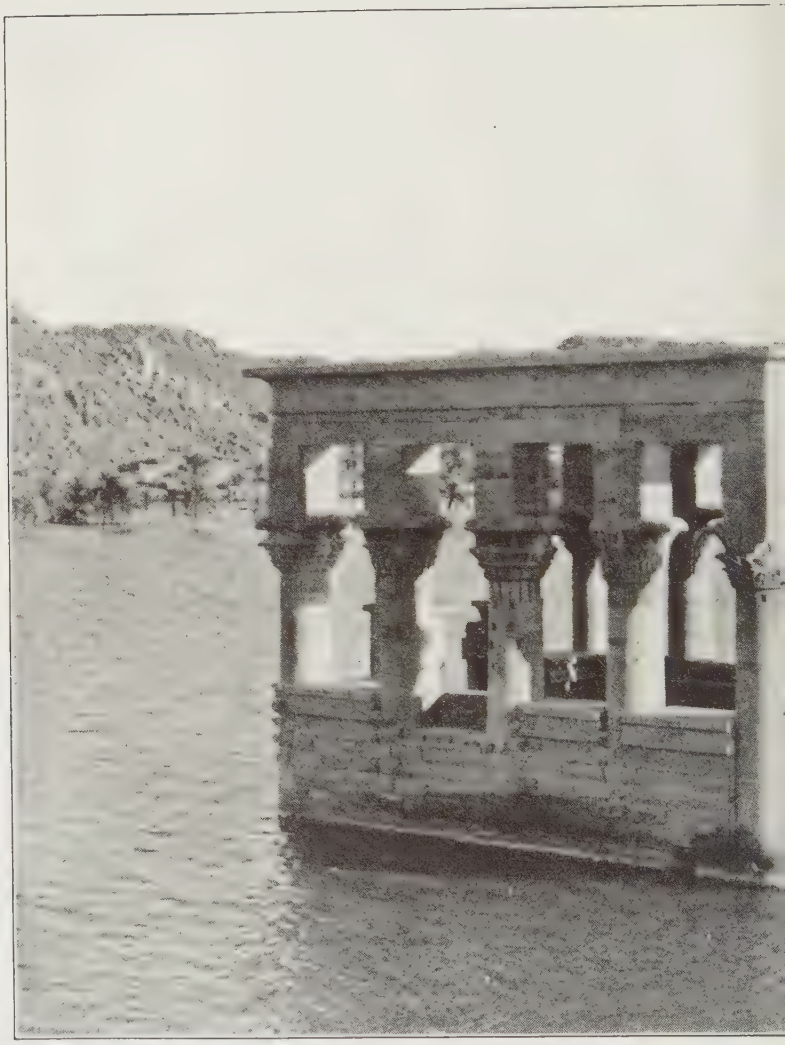
The temple of Philæ was sacred to Isis, and it is entirely probable that the site had been dedicated to her long before the Ptolemies built the existing shrine; for like all such temples this one dates from their period in Egyptian history and is set down as belonging to the fourth century B.C. — most of it, indeed, from a still later date. Isis, however, did not queen it here alone, for Hathor had her share in the "birth-house" of the court and had a separate temple of her own on the eastern shore of the island.

Despite the dampness of the spot, the coloring of the interior decorations is still easily discernible in the gloom and in its original state must have been brilliant. But by far the finest part of the visit was found in the ascent of the inner pylon, an easy climb,

despite some alarming gaps in the ancient flights of steps. From the summit the view was delightful as it stretched away to every side over placid river, shimmering sands, and rosy cliffs. At our feet lay the temple with its watery courts, and just to the east of the building there rose from its bath the exquisite kiosk which they insist on calling "Pharaoh's Bed" — the most delectable thing at Philæ, and the one I had secretly longed most to see.

The pictures give a very fair idea of the elegance and distinction of the kiosk. We were rowed over to it just before it was time to start for home, though all about it lay waters so deep that we could not land. It is one of the few Roman ruins that seem to have a genuine inspiration comparable to that of Hellenic temples, for this is a Roman product of the time of the Empire and from its inscriptions and reliefs is held to be of Trajan's building. Even its present watery setting seems to add to rather than detract from its general charm. I judge that it was submerged only to the height of a man, because all along the edge of the water could be seen the curious grooves in the stone which are so common in the softer structures and which the Professor thinks were caused by the soldiers of old in sharpening their knives.

How Philæ looked before the dam spoiled it may



BED OF

I, PHILAE

be conjectured from the plans and photographs taken years ago. It must have been a surpassingly beautiful spot, the more so because of the fertility of its soil and the abundance of its trees. I envy those who saw it in the days of its glory as much as those to come in after years will envy me who looked upon the dying remnant of its beauty.

Because the foundations of the temple appear to be in the solid rock it seems possible that even the floods due to the higher dam may not undermine it. But they will certainly prevent its adequate exploration and the little "Bed of Pharaoh" will be entirely lost. I am torn between a desire that the latter be removed to a securer spot and the natural revulsion that one must always feel at the thought of a probably unskillful restoration in some place unsuited to so wonderful a bit of work. Perhaps it is better, on the whole, that the shrines of Philæ should share much the same sort of fate that Dr. Holmes bespoke for the old frigate, and go down with their ancient colors flying.

We rowed back as we had come through the still heat of the early evening. At least we had seen Philæ without the handicap of three score and ten feverish fellow travelers crowding their way through those dark corridors and "wunderschoening" over the marvelous grace of the kiosk. Even as we pulled away

to the undying melody of Illy-Haley, a horde of cruising sightseers from Cairo had flooded the temple and made the dim halls of Isis resound with their babble. This much we had mercifully escaped by being early. But we still had many miles of voyaging to accomplish before we could clamber back into the hospitable cabins of the Egypt and rejoin those who had remained dutifully at home and gone to church.

But the sun was lower now. The current was with us. And as we clambered into the old felucca below the dam a suspicion of a breeze sprang up to encourage the men. We shot those rapids — a mere drifting down a short stretch of boiling current — and sailed triumphantly through the desolate valley of the rocks, hot, weary, but inexpressibly satisfied. Thanks to T. and his Taiyah, we had enjoyed one most memorable day in Upper Egypt by ourselves, and had made the memory of Philæ our own.

CHAPTER XVI. ABYDOS: TELL EL AMARNA

MARCH 15. Like Pepys and other diarists less noted, I have been postponing the completion of the record of the past few days until a convenient season, for to say truth the jaunt to Philæ on that torrid Sunday has left most of us a little the worse for wear.

I have nothing much to add of Assuan, for although there are some exquisitely painted cliff tombs on the western bank of the stream, they differ in no marked degree from numerous others already described, unless it be in the greater brilliancy of their decoration. The ancient granite quarries we have been forced to omit entirely from our calendar. And as for the vil-

lage of Assuan, while it is a considerable place and possessed of attractive bazaars which compare favorably in all but extent with those of Cairo, it is in these latter days so devoted to the exploitation of the tourist that it has permitted that profitable pursuit to overshadow everything. I shall long remember those bazaars, however. They may not be large, but the variety of wares displayed is notable, ranging all the way from barbaric cloths and Egyptian stuffs to weapons of a fearful and wonderful deadliness. The Professor has become a walking arsenal in consequence. His stateroom bristles with assegais and dirks. And unless he alters his mind his numerous brood at home are destined to be provided with several bright, new, and interesting ways of maiming themselves.

We slipped back to Luxor without sticking on any bars, but it looks as if we should have our experience of delay before we win to Cairo again. The river is shoaling rapidly day by day, and in the brief interval since we passed over these waters the change is already apparent.

There is one thing to which I wish I might do justice, however, and that is our midnight visit to Karnak. The clouds which persistently prevented it on the journey up mercifully absented themselves on our way down, and we had the temple at its very

grandest. The Professor and I rode out alone, still attended respectively by Joseph and Abd'Allah, but alas, my poor donkey of other days appeared to have succumbed to the strain of our first visit. He was not to be had, and the beast I did secure was beyond peradventure the worst in Egypt. Nothing could stir him from a walk, and all attempts to do so resulted in nothing more than a coy side-step. However, we managed to reach Karnak at last — beset for the last hundred yards by a howling company of pariah dogs — and then came the magnificence!

The temple rose majestic and mysterious out of the yellow sands into that indescribable luminous blue of the night. Its enormous pylon threw a gigantic shadow, and behind it in the moonlight soared the pallid towers of an enchanted palace, stretching on and on until they were lost in the dimness of the distance. We dismounted and strolled at our leisure through the vast and silent corridors, across the spacious and deserted court of Rameses, and on to the crowning glory of Karnak — the hypostyle hall. For the moment we had it to ourselves in all its grandeur. It was an awesome thing. Down between the rows of huge columns led the gloomy aisles, across which here and there shot great beams of moonlight from the grills and apertures above. To the left the hall melted away in shadows. It was like being in an

enchanted wood — a forest of gigantic stone trees whose mammoth tops flared high above under the ponderous roof. We sat ourselves down upon convenient blocks of stone and said not a word. It was beyond speech.

Silently, in twos and threes, others began to arrive through the dim doorways, and these also sat them down to awe-struck contemplation. If Karnak by day is magnificent, it is a hundred times more so by night. Its impressive bulk is magnified. Its mellow stones are glorified. No god ever had a prouder shrine than Ammon — and the sun-god's temple is at its finest when its master is away.

A young man with a tenor voice stole silently from the gathered groups and mounted into the dim obscurity under the great roof by means of a convenient mound of débris — and unannounced began to sing. His song was not of Ammon-Ra. In fact it sounded suspiciously like "the Rosary." It was all very absurd and very incongruous, no doubt, — or it sounds so now; but for the moment, under the spell of that enormous building in the slanting rays of the moon, we were carried out of ourselves and listened spellbound as the voice rang through the silence of the shrine. It flooded the twilight of the gigantic nave and swelled through the deserted aisles like an organ. And when singing's best was done we relapsed again

into the silent awe of the place — sat and wandered by turns until it was time to go home to the ship. That evening I account one of the most memorable of my life. I have wandered among many ruins of a day that is dead, but never among them all have I found one to loom so impressively up from the past as the grand hall of Karnak under the magic of the moon. The memory of it cannot fade. It cannot be described. And to write of it here seems little short of profanation.

Since then we have advanced two days' journey to Baliana, the landing for Abydos, — and, by the way, it appears to be fashionable to pronounce Abydos with the stress on its second syllable. I find this difficult myself, and as local opinion is evenly divided, I have compromised by using the new pronunciation only half the time.

The road to Abydos is better than most in Egypt and partakes strongly of the character of a real highway. It is as level as a floor and the recurrent visits of the steamer-folk have made it locally profitable to maintain a limited number of decrepit carriages for the aged and infirm. As for the distance to the temples, it is not far from eight miles — the longest ride of the voyage and one of the pleasantest.

We were off in a group this time and cantered merrily through the dusty streets of Baliana to the

open country beyond, where the party began to string out into bodies of two or three. The Professor and I rode proudly at the head of the column, setting a smart pace, until his blessed girth-rope broke again. Thereafter we trailed the procession and came into Abydos very warm and dusty. The donkey-boys pattered along contentedly enough until we neared the end of the ride when they began to reveal exaggerated signs of physical distress, groaning and panting fearfully and rolling their eyes. Backsheesh, O Awakener of Pity! The rapidity with which three half-piastres restored them to full bodily health would have been held miraculous in the day of Moses.

Abydos, the sacred, the holy, the thrice-consecrated to great Osiris, lies on the verges of the Libyan Desert far to the west of the Nile. It is not far, presumably, from the site of ancient Thinis whence Menes sprung — the first recorded capital of Egypt. But of Thinis nothing remains but a name which may be spelled in a hopeless number of ways. Even in the days of its parlous greatness Thinis never attained to the proportions of Memphis or Thebes; and the abiding celebrity of Abydos as a cemetery rests on quite a different basis from that of Sakkâra and the royal tombs of Luxor. It is, in short, the reputed burial-place of Osiris himself, thus constituting a "holy sepulchre" for those of the ancient faith. No spot in

TEMPLE OF SETI. ABYDOS

all Egypt was more reverenced, for as the chief end of man was to obtain a happy immortality, and as Osiris was lord of the nether world, it behooved every true Egyptian to be buried at Abydos if possible, — at least, for a little while, — or at the very smallest, to leave during his lifetime some votive gift at the tomb of the potent god.

What temples graced this site in the earlier days may be conjectured from a ruin still extant. The surviving temples are all of the Ramessid period and continue in very fair preservation. As usual, we discovered that Rameses II had been so inconsiderate as to impair the pious works of his ancestors when he came to build for himself, mutilating even the inscriptions of his father Seti. Nevertheless the temple of Seti still bears his name.

It was a curious temple, quite unlike any we have been seeing of late. Nothing now remains of the two great pylons and the open courts which once prepared the worshiper for approach to the shrine. One comes full upon the main façade without any prelude — a handsome but rather low colonnade. Bits of the old girdle wall extend on either side.

Within follow two hypostyle halls much wider than they are long and provided each with seven aisles leading back to seven shrines in the extreme rear of the building. The latter were dedicated to various

gods and to the Pharaoh himself, but I noticed that the central sanctuary was Ammon's, with Osiris, Isis, and Horus at his left and Harakhte, Ptah, and the Pharaoh at his right, all facing the triumphal halls. Osiris, however, as befitting the chief divinity of the place, had a passage leading from his niche to a sort of inner shrine beyond, where he and Isis and Horus were honored exclusively.

The papyrus columns of the hypostyle halls need hardly be spoken of in detail. They are of comparatively small interest after what we have seen, either as architectural members or as bearers of decorative work, especially when compared with the extraordinary reliefs borne by the side walls. Nothing so exquisite as the latter have we beheld since we stood in Ti's tomb at Sakkâra. Here at last the artists of a later age succeeded in regaining the summit which the sculptors of old had occupied in the Fourth and Fifth dynasties. Moreover, the material in which the reliefs are cut is so pure and perfect a white limestone as to make the sculptures seem even finer than they are. In them Seti, the king, is shown worshiping Osiris in various appropriate ways, presenting flowers, images, incense, and so on. The skill with which the details are rendered is little short of absolute perfection. They say the faces of Seti are wonderfully like him as he appears in the flesh in his

coffin at Cairo, but it is so long since we have looked upon him that I must take this on faith.

The whole temple abounds in work of this nature, but it is by no means the only treasure of the place. In a narrow corridor to the south, leading to what seems like an L of the main building, the entire wall is covered with a chronological record of the kings of Egypt, from Menes down. This record has been of immense value to the historians, as from it the various other fragmentary sources of Egyptian chronology and succession have been checked and verified. It does, however, omit a number of the less important kings and it brings the line only down to Seti, who is piously portrayed in person on the opposite wall, and who registers above the tablets of the record a wish for a comprehensive and unfailing meal for the deceased in the form of thousands of geese, thousands of barrels of beer, thousands of loaves of bread, and thousands of everything else that is good. Times have changed but little from Ti to Seti, you observe.

I recall as especially vivid some reliefs of Nile vessels on the walls of the rooms in the L of the temple, worthy to rank with the similar portrayals in the tomb of Ti. However, there is a noticeable contrast between the artistry of various portions of the temple. It is not all good. There is more or less of the

cheaper incised relief — always poorer than the other and especially so when put in direct contrast with it.

Of the general nature of Seti's temple at Abydos it may be well to record a word. From what we have seen and read, I conclude that it differs markedly from the ordinary ka temple and certainly was not meant to be such a shrine for the shade of Seti alone, he having his own appropriate temple near his grave, as we saw at Kurna. But the prayer for the increase of those thousands of barrels of beer and other agreeable things, as registered on the wall of the corridor, certainly gives it the note of a ka temple, perhaps a grand and universal one for the perturbed spirits of all the kings of Egypt dead and gone, a pantheon, in short, where all the gods at once might be worshiped by all the provinces together. At any rate, it was easily the most hallowed spot in the land, and we have been shown numerous reliefs in the past few weeks, and paintings on the walls of old tombs, showing the bodies of mortals being taken up to Abydos by ship for temporary interment, in order that they might the more readily be sure of "justification" before Osiris.

Professor Breasted calls attention to an interesting fact about the columns of the second hypostyle hall which I have not noticed elsewhere, to wit, that the columns in this case are not purely cylindrical, but

PORTRAIT RELIEF OF SETI, WORSHIPING. ABYDOS

have a marked "entasis" or swelling designed to counteract the optical error, which the later Greeks developed so successfully. These columns somewhat overdo it, however, by comparison with those of the Parthenon, in which the entasis does not betray itself to the eye. Attention is likewise called to the interesting way in which the structure at Abydos was laid out, the architect simply transferring his drawing to the level stone floor of the temple when the pavement was completed. We saw several circles laid off in red paint on the stones of the floor as indications of the proper points for setting the columns when they should be ready. But we no longer marveled at the employment of column drums, rather than monoliths, having seen so many of these in other sites. It is true, however, that the first columns were always monolithic, and the drum column only came into vogue when building operations became so numerous and so pressing that the monoliths could no longer be prepared with sufficient speed.

We lunched in the grateful shade of the hypostyle, and I doubt not that the shades of all the monarchs of old, mindful of those loaves and barrels so long denied them by a forgetful generation, looked hungrily down on our improvised board with its abundance of meats and drinks.

To the remaining ruins of the neighborhood we

paid little attention in proportion to their lesser celebrity and greater ruin. The peppery little colonel, however, did manage to penetrate to the Coptic convent in the rear of the ancient cemetery, and as usual he informs us that we all missed the only thing that is really worth while. The colonel is always making discoveries that the rest of us miss. For example, there was the great incubator at Luxor — several thousand years old and still running. The colonel never tires of telling us how he inspected it. It was a long adobe affair made up of a corridor and a series of rooms in which the eggs were laid out in great trays to hatch under the persuasive influence of the heat from a fire of straw. An aged attendant went about from room to room, testing the temperature with the back of his hand, and when he found the temperature too low he put more straw on the fire. Moreover, he tested the eggs that had lain in the heat for three days or so by holding them to the light. If they did not reveal satisfactory signs of germination they were at once rejected and were sold to the public as "strictly fresh" — I suppose. At any rate, the fresh eggs of Egypt are often a trifle musty to the taste — born so, I 'm told.

I have since discovered, however, that the colonel's Luxor incubator is by no means unique, for there are said to be several such in Egypt. Eggs brought to

the doors by the peasantry are exchanged for hatched chickens in the ratio of one chick to two eggs. And that in turn reminds me that several times we have seen open inclosures marked with the name of local banks, apparently devoted to the reception of cart-loads of grain as a sort of security for loans or similar accommodation. One such we passed on our way back to the steamer this afternoon after a delightful ride across the smiling plain. Once again we were favored by the north wind, which not only cooled the air, but blew the dust of our cavalcade to the side of the road into the open fields.

March 16. We paused to-day at Assiut for a season, chiefly for mail and to send on passengers who must hurry back to Cairo by rail. It gave us one more chance for a ramble through the town and a final chaffering in the bazaars — but that was by far the least eventful part of the day. The real excitement has been afforded by our getting firmly stuck in the mud — hopelessly and unmistakably stuck for once. It gave us an entirely new idea of the resourcefulness of Nile pilots, those swarthy and beturbaned creatures of whom we have seen so little, but whose skill has been constantly with us.

The delays of the forenoon were trivial. My earliest vision this morning was from the stateroom window

overlooking a waste of placid waters immediately following a thud that bespoke a solid impact on the continent of Africa. There was a scurrying overhead, a bedlam of chatter and a clatter of chains. Then the splash of oars and much chantey-singing, which speedily brought into view the ship's dinghy, manned by the entire crew and weighted down at the stern by an enormous anchor. This they carried out into mid-river and planted with a prodigious splash, whereupon the windlass started and we were warped off into deep water in a trice. That was a mere incident. The real excitement came at about four in the afternoon when we were steaming merrily downstream and dashed full upon a bar that the leadsmen failed to locate in time. The current caught us by the stern and had us broadside on that mudbank in a jiffy.

We were there for eight hours by the clock. The paddles churned repeatedly without making as much impression as would have been produced by Sydney Smith's expedient of "patting the dome of St. Paul's with the design of pleasing the dean and chapter." The crew worked like beavers and filled the air with every known brand of fo'c'sle ditty. We planted no less than three anchors and warped away at the cables, with no better result than that of tearing away one stanchion and three lengths of the port rail. We broke three big hawsers by chafing them.

It was evidently time for heroic measures — and they were taken.

A huge post was brought forward and driven down into the mud beside the bow. When it was firmly planted a rope was attached to the ship, carried up through a pulley at the top of the pole and back to a steam winch. The word was given and we began to pull away at our own bootstraps, so to speak. This we did at intervals from six o'clock until midnight — and at last it worked to a charm. The boat slowly moved off the bar, her tired crew cheering as excitedly as a bevy of lunatics. She floated into the current and came to anchor there in the dense blackness of the night. The crew wrapped their heavy brown cloaks around them and retired to their rest along the decks. Silence settled on the ship and we prepared for another day.

March 17. Despite yesterday's delays we came up to the bank at Tell el Amarna on time — which is to say eight o'clock in the morning. It was the final shore jaunt of the cruise and the easiest, for it involved nothing more strenuous than a pleasant stroll of perhaps a quarter-mile through dewy fields in which the grain stood waist-high. There were no donkeys and only a few natives with antiquities for sale — some of them said to be genuine by the ex-

perienced. But we passed temptation by and strode on through the meadows toward a low shed which now serves to cover the remnants of what was once a regal palace.

Various museums have gobbled up the priceless treasure which Tell el Amarna gave to the world, a store of ancient records in the form of letters which were exhumed from the ground near by. The discovery was of incalculable value to Egyptology, for the letters were nothing less than the diplomatic correspondence of the Amenhôtep period, the most flourishing time of the empire, and consequently threw a flood of light on the politics of that day, not alone in Egypt, but in Palestine and beyond. Incidentally, no doubt, they gave added information of the great religious movement which led to the founding of Tell el Amarna — to give it only the modern name — as a new capital city in Egypt.

To my mind that movement is one of the most interesting things in all that long and misty record of antiquity. It represented nothing less than a deliberate revolt under the leadership of Amenhôtep IV, son of the great emperor, against the overweening power of the priests of Ammon, and to some extent it foreshadowed a monotheistic theology. Amenhôtep formulated a new religion which knew not Ammon, and he fondly hoped that he might cause

it to spring into being fully grown, as Athena sprang from the brow of Zeus.

The young monarch still deified the disc of the sun, but with the name of Ammon he would have nothing to do. He went to the extent of changing his own name, which of course embodied a reference to the god, from Amenhôtep to Ikhnaton (Splendor-of-the-Sun's-Disc), and he removed himself and his court from Thebes to a new site now occupied by the village which bears the name Tell el Amarna. Tradition says that he derived the impulse to this new and monotheistic cult from his mother, the famous Queen Tii, who is alleged by some to have been a woman of foreign birth.

There survive several hymns written for the new god in Ikhnaton's time which bear a striking resemblance to the old poems of the Hebrews preserved in our own Bible. But the new religion did not venture to associate with its new god any such ethical concept as we now imply in the notion of deity. Ikhnaton's advance, while considerable, did not go so far. But even so it proved too advanced for the times, and when the king died without issue worthy to carry on the government his faith perished with him, Ammon returned to his throne, and Thebes once more became great. The new city, built by a dreamer's fiat, perished from the earth, leaving little

but some distant tombs in the rock and a bit of pavement once the pride and glory of Ikhnaton's palace.

Such fragments of the palace floor as remain are wonderfully fresh and vivid in their decoration, and if I mistake not, this is the only surviving relic of an actual habitation — especially a royal one — that we have seen in Egypt. Our explorations have had more to do with temples and tombs. But here at last we came upon a floor once trod by living men and as bright and clean as if it still were used. It is of stucco, and in any climate but that of Egypt would have perished miserably years ago. As it is, one may still see in it not only the marks of its ancient columns, but the highly creditable paintings with which the artists adorned it. These are pictures of animals, fish, and vegetable life such as one finds in a marsh, and the drawing is worthy to be compared with the best in ancient Egypt. Enough of it remains to furnish forth several connecting rooms in the lowly shed that now shields them from the weather, an humble but useful successor to the old palace of Ikhnaton. The whole work is significant of the fact that Ikhnaton's reign was marked, not only by a new religious tendency, but also by a distinct revolution in art — a revolt from the set conventions of the Imperial period toward the lively realism which had so distinguished the painters and sculptors of the Memphian times.

The tombs, including Ikhnaton's own, which are impossible of visitation from the Nile steamers because of the brevity of their stay, are said to afford further examples of the realism of the period — examples which reveal a lamentable tendency toward exaggeration, more especially in the matter of portraying the excessive spareness of the monarch, who was a person of a leanness truly marvelous. These we had no opportunity to see. As for the famous Tell el Amarna letters, inscribed in cuneiform characters on bricks, none exist longer in the spot where they were found, but have been scattered among the museums of the world, including at least one in America.

So ends our Nile cruise. Behind us lies an enchanted country, and before us the haunts of men. We have seen our last great temple, our last rosy pylon, our last painted and sculptured tombs. The colossi of Rameses and of Memnon, the desolation of the desert valleys, the terraced cliffs glowing in the sunset, the villages huddling under the palms, the peasants toiling at the shadouf — all these have blended in a mellow memory. Before us loom the massive pyramids that stride in an imposing line along the western shore, all purple in the twilight haze under a cloudless firmament where blazes a single star. At the bank the black feluccas are mooring

for the night, and men swarm like spiders up the lofty yards, furling the sails. Darkness descends from the wing of night and "on either hand the lone and level sands stretch far away."

THE END

MAP SHOWING RIVER DISTANCES

INDEX

INDEX

Abu Sergheh, church of, 85, 87.
Abu Simbel, 9.
Abydos, 104; 309–17.
Alexandria, 30–31.
Amenemhet, 126.
Amenhôtep II, 131, 257–59, 262.
Amenhôtep III, 108, 128, 239, 245.
Amenhôtep IV, 129, 320–22.
Ammon (Ammon-Ra), 109, 235, 236 et seq., 321–22.
Amr, mosque of, 83–84.
Anubis, 115, 116.
Aquarium, at Cairo, 73.
Arabic, language, 12, 64; money, 13.
Artists, 165, 173, 312, 314, 322.
Assiut, 201–14, 317.
Assuan, 287, 305–06.
Assuan dam, 26, 295–98.

Backsheesh, 13, 52.
Barrages, 23, 206, 279.
Barkuk, mosque of, 76–77.
Basilica, prototype of, 272.
"Bed of Pharaoh," 302.
Bedreschein, 158, 185.
Beggars, 39, 286.
Beni Hassan, 102, 192–200.

Cairo, mosques and bazaars of, 30–66; situation of, 32; cardinal points, 36, 37; citadel of, 37, 38–41; Oriental quarters, 43–66; bazaars, 46 et seq.; people of, 51; mosques, 53 et seq.; environs of, 67–91; zoölogical gardens, 71–73; aquarium, 73; tombs of Caliphs, 74 et seq.; Old Cairo, 83–87; museum of, 87–91.
Camels, 140.
Capitals, of columns, 199, 223, 272.
Cataracts, First, 9, 293, 304; Second, 9.
Chantey-music, 183, 191, 294–95.
Cheops (Khufu), 123, 125, 137; pyramid of, 146 et seq.
Chronology, of Egypt, 122 et seq.
Citadel, of Cairo, 38–43, 78.
Cliff tombs, 101, 195–200; 211–12; 305.
Climate, 5, 6.
Columns, Protodoric, 197; Papyrus and Lotus, 199; Hathor, 223; Osiris, 272; entasis of, 314; monolithic, 315.
Copts, 20, 27–29, 51, 85–87.
Coptic churches, 83, 85 et seq.
Crowns, forms of, 116.

Dahabiyehs, 11, 70–71.
Dates, earliest known, 124.
Davis, Theodore M., 263.
Dehr-el-Bahri, 266–68.
Delta, 32.
Dendera, 219–30.
Dragomans, 47, 290.
Dynasties, summary of, 122–23.

Edfu, 283–85.
Egypt, climate of, 5, 6; peculiarities of, 8; travel in, 9, 10; seasons, 15; modern Egypt, 17–29; subjection to Turkey, 17; Brit-

ish occupation, 18–22; government, 18, 19; population, 20; irrigation, 23–27; excavations, 27.
Egyptians, 27–29; 51.
El Azhar (university), 29–62.
Elephantine, island, 289, 292.
El Kab, 93.
England, position in Egypt, 18–22.
Entasis, in columns, 314–15.
Esneh, 280–83.
Eye-diseases, 208.
Ezbekiyeh gardens, 36.

Fellaheen, 28.
First Cataract, 9, 293, 304.
Flies, 208.

Gamal ed-din, house of, 62.
Gebel el-Tayr, 202.
Ghezireh, 68.
Ghizeh, 136–54.

Hatasu, Queen, 4, 129–30, 194; temple of, 254, 264–68.
Hathor, 111, 112, 116, 219, 223, 301.
Herodotus, 105–06, 148–49.
History, of Ancient Egypt summarized, 119–35; tabular view, 123.
Horus, 109, 110, 116, 282, 284.
Hyksos, 124.

Ikhnaton (Amenhôtep IV), 129, 321–22.
Illahûn, 126.
Incubators, 316–17.
Irrigation, 24–25, 203, 220.
Isis, 110, 112–15, 301.

Ka, 94–97, 152, 167–69, 259–60, 269, 273–74.
Kait Bey, 53, 75–76.
Karnak, 232, 234–50; by moonlight, 306–09.
Khamasin, 7.
Khephrên, diorite image of, 89, 97; pyramid of, 145, 150; sphinx of, 153–54.
Khnum, 111, 116, 280.
Khonsu, 111, 235–36.
Kings' Tombs, Valley of, 255–62.
Kiosk, at Philæ, 302.
Kom Ombo, 285–88.
Kurna, 254–55.

Luxor, 230 et seq.; 306.

Mamelukes, 39.
Mastaba tombs, 99–101, 163–64.
Medinat-Habû, 274.
Memnon, colossi of, 275.
Memphis, 125, 155–56, 160.
Menes, 123, 125, 313.
Mohammed Ali, street of, 37; mosque of, 39, 41–43.
Mokhattam hills, 63, 78–82, 40.
Mortuary chapels, 100–02, 152–53.
Mosques, of Mohammed Ali, 39, 41–43; Sultan Hassan, 53–56; Kait Bey, 53, 75, 76; Red Mosque, 57; El Azhar, 59–62.
Mouski, 37, 45, 46–47.
Mummies, 89–91, 94, 105–06.
Museum, of Cairo, 87 et seq.
Mut, 110.
Mycerinus, 126, 145–146.

Nile, means of travel on, 10; floods of, 22–23; peculiarities of, 22.
Nile bridge, Cairo, 34, 68–70.
Nilometer, at Assuan, 293.
Nile steamers, 181.

Oases, 9.
Obelisks, 242.
Old Cairo, 82–87.
Old Religion, 92–118; revolt from, 320–22.
Orientation of temples, 249.
Osiris, 94, 104, 109, 112–15, 310–12; Osiris pillars, 272.

Pasht, 194.
Pavement, at Tell el Amarna, 322.
Pharaoh of the Oppression, 132.
Philæ, 289–304.
Protodoric columns, 197.
Ptah, 111, 161.
Ptah-hotep, 165, 173–74.
Ptolemies, 123, 132, 223, 235, 282.
Punt, 265–67.
Pyramids, 80, 100, 125, 136–54; theory of size, 146.

Ra, Ammon, 109, 235, 236 et seq.; revolt from, 320–22.
Rameses II ("The Great"), 131; colossi at Memphis, 160; colossi at Luxor, 247, 254; mortuary temple and colossus at Thebes, 270; 274; buildings at Abydos, 311.
Rameses III, 274.
Ramesseum, 270, 275.
Ramessids, 123, 131 et seq.
Red Mosque, 57.
Religion, ancient, 92–118, 321–22.

Sakiyeh, 24.
Sakkara, 155–77.
Sandbars, 187, 190, 317.
Sandstorms, 7.
Scarabs, 106–08.
Scent Bazaar, 47–49.
Serapeum, 106, 174 et seq.
Sesostris, 126, 196.
Set, brother of Osiris, 113–15.
Seti I, 123, 132, 194, 254, 311, 312–14.
Shadouf, 25, 203, 220.
Sheik el Beled, 97.
Snofru, 125.
Sowaheen in Egypt, 3–16.
Speos Artemidos, 194.
Sphinx, 142 et seq.; 153; at Karnak, 237.
Spinners, 75.
Stables of Antar, 194, 212.
Stelæ, 96, 169–70, 313.
Step-Pyramid, 100, 125, 145, 162.
Sultan Hassan, mosque of, 53–56.

Tarbush, 49, 50–51.
Tell el Amarna, 93, 129, 319–24.
Thebes, 102, 123, 128–29; west bank of, 251–77.
Theology, 108–18; 320–22.
Thinis, 310.
Thoth, 115.
Thutmosis, 123, 128.
Thutmosis III, 130, 194, 239.
Ti, tomb of, 165 et seq.
Tii, Queen, 108, 130, 263, 321.
Tombs, mastaba, 99–101; 163–64; cliff, 101, 195–200, 211, 305; at Thebes, 253, 257 et seq.; pyramids, 80, 100, 125, 136–54; decoration of, 197; of Caliphs, 74 et seq.; of the kings, 103, 255–62.

Valley of the Tombs, 255–62.

West Bank at Thebes, 251–77.

Zoo, at Cairo, 71.
Zoser, 123, 125, 135, 145.
Zuweileh Gate, 58.

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